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A view of Strand Lane looking toward the Strand. At the right is the door leading to the steps that descend to the Roman bath

RAMBLES IN OLD LONDON

By

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PREFACE

MY object in writing this book is nothing more than the gratification of a desire. The task has been done entirely for my own pleasure and for no other purpose whatever. If I happen to give pleasure to another, so much the better. If, however, someone should say that there are enough books on London, I am ready to deny it; there can never be enough books on London for its variety is infinite. The truth is that many labours must yet be done, many new chapters must yet be written and many old ones revised before the Book of London can be called even approximately complete. The length of its history has been wrongly reckoned, the continuous process of that history has been often overlooked, and the impress of a remote and primitive past on the highest product of civilization, the London of today, awaits a clear exposition and a valid interpretation.

It is commonly supposed that London was founded by the Romans. Even Roman London is usually dismissed by writers with a word as though it were something detached and alien to the London of history. Most writers are content to begin that history with the close of the Saxon settlement and many seem unable to realize that it had much of an existence before the Norman Conquest. Yet if we may depend upon evidence that would be accepted with-

out question elsewhere, the beginnings of the City were more remote from its later Roman days than these are from the present. The same evidence would go to show that four hundred years of Roman rule was only one of many episodes passing in succession that left the essential City intact. In its outward and material form we can visualize three periods of building, each quite distinct from the others and offering some striking contrasts; the Roman, the Norman or Mediæval and the late seventeenth century. These three come within the historic period and afford facilities for their reconstruction but their fabrication was in each instance only the changing outward aspect of a stable community. In the prehistoric period the evidence points to a similar condition of inward stability in frequent and violent contact with external forces that sometimes wrought changes in the outer fabric while affecting its organic life only in a minor degree. Its population was not cast out by the Saxons or by the Romans or yet by the Ancient Britons who found a settlement of the Stone Age there before them. The same race of people who made that first settlement several millenniums before Julius Cæsar were as we shall see still living in London in the seventeenth century and are still living there.

There is in this statement no matter for incredulity. We have ample proof that during a period from twelve thousand to three thousand years B. C. a race of people in Western Europe was living in settlements provided with strong fortifications and

that the same people were erecting huge structures of stone, earth and wood as places of worship or as monuments of some kind, of which works Silbury Hill and Stonehenge are among the surviving witnesses. The same people were the real founders of London and they held their own through every prehistoric storm and historic catastrophe, never retreating before an invader, absorbing strength from without while resisting external pressure and never giving up what they had once made their own. It is a long record of continuous possession that must be taken into account in any attempt to reconstruct the history of London, for the most serious task of history today is to adjust the brevity of recorded events with the long drawn drama that preceded this brief flight of years and to estimate the relative values.

This singular situation of London—its great antiquity, its unbroken continuity, its steady growth and its present supremacy—furnishes the motive of my book. But the persistence in London of the race of its founders, though typical of its history, becomes subordinate to the process of absorption by which outside elements have been continuously attracted and retained. It was in this way that it reacted to external pressure and to the stress of invasion from the beginning of the Bronze Age. In this way it has always responded to the conditions of war and peace, reinforcing itself with fresh accessions of strength and consolidating each advantage gained, without jeopardizing its essential character, for there is an essential London that remains immutable.

In this matter of London's beginnings, I am only anticipating what will yet be accepted by all, for such is the inevitable and logical conclusion and tendency of all prehistoric study. The methods employed in this connection are first, anthropological, second, archæological, and third, the evidence of tradition. Besides, there is the argument from analogy. Wherever ancient historic cities are being excavated, it is the invariable rule that their beginnings are found to antedate history and tradition and to reveal long connection with Bronze Age culture in layers that rest upon well defined traces of Stone Age occupation. I am compelled to admit that I have not excavated the site of London. That is a task that calls for vicarious treatment, but casual excavations connected with building operations and accidental finds, furnish enough evidence to show that London does not differ in this respect from other ancient cities now deserted where scientific exploration has been developed on an elaborate scale. Everywhere, it would seem, great cities occupied the same sites as the primitive settlements that preceded them, with long intervening periods of growth and decay, of destruction and rebuilding.

The reason for this apparently universal condition of urban communities is simple enough. The first settlers had an eye for the best sites and the advantages that appealed to them served their successors as well. Moreover the mere fact of an existing settlement in the absence of violent dislocation or abnormal conditions would always attract the

newcomers, immigrants, conquerors, friends or foes, and determine their choice of a location. It is an inveterate human habit to follow where others have gone before. The evidence of archæology is at one with common experience.

It requires a mental effort to associate London with archæological research. A City teeming with life, however ancient, does not rouse the interest of archæologists like the mounds of Memphis or the sand-buried cities of the Gobi Desert. In the most populous city of the world, which is also one of the most ancient, life is too absorbing for the detached frame of mind that attends the pursuit of archæology in depopulated districts. Who can remember, in the midst of so much life, the records of past ages that lie in layers beneath his feet, or project his mind into the Age of Bronze? Only, once in a while, a group of buildings is removed and the contractor may burrow thirty five feet through those compact layers before he reaches his levels, to lay the foundations of a bank. London has monuments in the light of day, not unknown and not inconspicuous in history, but what sort of man will dwell long on them when he may contemplate history in the making? On the Nile banks or even in Rome, life does not intrude itself between us and antiquity and in either place it is easy to detach ourselves from the present. But in the City of more than seven million souls life is too vivid, too insistent; its claim is too strong. Its movements, moreover, are adjusted to the quickened pulse of an age impelled by thoughts and reflexes

impatient of the past. It is as hard to think of the beginning of London as it is to think of the beginning of Time; but it had a beginning and to lay bare that beginning is as much a task of archæology as to lay bare the beginnings of Babylon, though the task may take a different form. It may take a different form because the clues may be found imbedded in life itself. The threads of history are not cut; they are continuously woven into patterns that are always changing with life's movements. Amid these movements the ancient monuments stand unchampioned or yield to pressure and dissolve into the rising ground on which the life of London recreates itself in the image of its gods. But Life itself, ceaselessly remoulded in accordance with a fixed tradition that outlasts all monuments and discounts all change is as compact of antiquarian lore as the strata on which the pavements rest. Life itself and not so much the ancient monuments or the unexplored fathoms below, invites exploration and rewards research. Wall and moat, keep and castle, crypt and tower and aisle, treasure trove and relics in Museums—all these serve only to accentuate and symbolize the living pageant of history. The life of London goes on apparently oblivious of its past and heedless of its history, but it goes on secreting tradition as an organ secretes a product peculiar to itself. And the secretion crystallizes into custom, and custom regulates life and the subconscious cycle is complete. And it all looks very simple and it is less expensive and less afflicting than amateur legislation and perhaps we

will all possess the secret when we get to be as old as London is—but I doubt it for it is compounded of something more than antiquity.

. . . . . .

These chapters are the substance of some lectures given to the Public in the University Museum in Philadelphia. There is no pretense at anything like completeness in the picture. There could be none, for one might go on forever. The localities selected for crystallizing some of the thoughts that crowd around them are among many easily visited or known to everyone. They are, like every spot in London, crammed full of human interest. The names of places supply the key even when no trace of the past remains between the pavement and the sky.

I know I ought to make some acknowledgment to the authors living and dead of whose writings I have made free use, but it would mean adding several pages of bibliography and even then I should be sure to omit someone. Rather than that I prefer to rely on the understanding of the authors to whom I am so much indebted, and who are themselves familiar with the methods by which knowledge is acquired. Besides I have read in the Bible that it is a foolish thing to write a long preface and a short book.

G. B. G.

1628 Locust St.,
Philadelphia,
May 17, 1924.

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Rambles in Old London

I

THE GEOLOGY OF LONDON

In some parts of London we may go back through the whole English history, perhaps through the history of man.—LEIGH HUNT.

THE accumulations that mark the progress of a city are closely related to the geological sequence in the earth's surface. Cities may even be regarded as very recent and very minute parts of the geological record. They are laid down in strata corresponding in their history to the life that successively dwells in them. When this life has ceased to exist they present characteristic outlines and well marked features of the landscape. They then take the outward form of rounded elevations subject to denudation by rain and wind and all the forces that mould the hills and valleys. An ancient city long deserted, like Troy or Memphis, looks like a low hill that by its isolated position and rounded contour betrays its character to the accustomed eye. Excavations made in the hills that once were cities full of life reveal a succession of layers each containing relics of the former population that may be compared to the fossils in the rocks by which geologists determine the age of the different strata in the earth's

crust. The age of each layer in the city hill may be determined by the corresponding traces of the works of man, such as iron, bronze, copper, writings, coins, sculpture, pottery, worked flints.

The formation of a city is a result of a congregation of human life persisting continuously throughout a period of time. In its ultimate configuration that formation consists in its substance of the works of man and his bones. The geographical factors that determine the site of a city are themselves closely related to dynamic geology and to forces that are as old as the earth. There is no break in the continuity from the time of the nebula to the deserted city and its obliteration by the forces of erosion. But the period of a city's existence is so infinitesimally minute that it could not be shown on any possible chart of the geological sequence.

London is a product of the Thames and the history of the Thames valley takes us back to the early part of the Tertiary, called the Eocene. The Thames valley is scooped out of Eocene strata that conform to the layer of chalk on which they rest. This chalk bed is 650 feet thick and above it the Eocene strata attain a total thickness of about 300 feet at London. The lowest of these Eocene strata, the Thanet Sand where it rests on the chalk is two hundred feet below sea level under Charing Cross. Over the Thanet Sand lie the Woolwich and Reading beds 50 feet thick. Then comes the London Clay 142 feet in thickness. The London Clay is capped by the Bagshot Sand of which a patch on Hampstead

Heath is all that remains in London. The rest has been removed by erosion.

All of these Eocene beds were laid down in shallow seas. Like the chalk below them they are of marine formation and contain tropical fossils indicating a warm climate. The London Clay is rich in palms, crocodiles, and large serpents. At the end of the Eocene, England had risen above the sea and was jointed to the Continent. Owing to this elevation there are no deposits in England corresponding to the middle Tertiary or Miocene. During the late Tertiary or Pliocene, the land still remained above water except a part of the eastern counties which again sank beneath the sea and therefore have Pliocene deposits. Through a valley that is now the English Channel a river of which the Thames was a tributary flowed. Traversing the great plain that is now the North Sea this river entered the Arctic Ocean. The Tertiary ended about five hundred thousand years ago.

The Quaternary is the name given to the relatively short period that has elapsed since the end of the Tertiary. The climate of England which had been warm was turning cold by degrees at the approach of the Great Ice Age. This Ice Age was not a single phenomenon but a series of four glacial periods with warm intervals between, beginning about 500,000 years ago and ending about 50,000 years ago. The first of the ice sheets that have left their mark on the land advanced from the Pole as far as the Thames valley. When it retreated after many thou-

sands of years the glacier left the land strewn with sand, gravel, clay and boulders, the débris of the mountains over which it had passed during its advance. These deposits choked up the rivers, forcing them to cut their way through or find new channels. In the first Interglacial Period after the first ice sheet had retreated, the Thames was 100 feet above its present level with reference to the land and its valley was much broader than it is at present. Flowing in much larger volume than now, it transported quantities of sand, clay and gravel left by the glacier and, washing them over and sorting them, deposited them on its flood plains. These deposits can be seen today as high as 100 feet above the present level of the river on the high terrace that corresponds to the first Interglacial Period.

As the second ice sheet advanced, Britain sank in large part below the sea that was strewn with icebergs. A glacier again advanced as far as the Thames valley, now submerged below sea level. When in the course of ages this ice sheet retreated, two things happened. England rose again till the land surface stood about two hundred feet higher than at present and another deposit of débris was left on the land. Then the rivers began again their work of cutting through these deposits, and at the same time they transported and redistributed the new Glacial Drift on their flood plains. All this time the Thames, like other rivers, was cutting its valley deeper and deeper into the old Eocene beds. During the second Interglacial Period the hippopota-

mus, the elephant, and the rhinoceros advanced north again and lived in the Thames valley, showing that the climate must have been warm. Their bones have been found where they left them about two hundred and fifty thousand years ago.

In its third advance the ice sheet reached only as far as the Midlands, but the climate was even colder than during the previous periods of maximum cold. The Thames valley with the south of England had then an extreme Arctic climate and was inhabited by the mammoth and the woolly rhinoceros and other Arctic animals. When at last the climate grew warmer again and the third period of glaciation was over, the deposits of glacial débris—sand, gravel and clay—acquired still greater thickness and the rivers were forced to renew their work of sorting out, transporting and redistributing these sands, clays and gravels. In this third Interglacial Period the Thames had cut its valley down to its present level, a distance of more than 100 feet since the beginning of the Quaternary. In fact, during the third Interglacial Period, all of the valleys were about as they are today, but the coast line was very different, for England was still joined to France. The terraces formed by the Thames in successive ages, as it had gone on excavating its bed that grew always narrower and deeper, were more clearly defined in the third Interglacial Period than they are today for they had not been smoothed off or covered with loam. The third Interglacial Period was succeeded by the Fourth Glacier which simply repeated in a general

way the action of the others. The third Interglacial Period ended about one hundred thousand years ago, and the fourth and last Glacier ended about fifty thousand years ago. During the Postglacial Period that followed, different things of great importance were taking place. To understand these it will be necessary to have a clear understanding of certain of the events that preceded. The phenomena attending the Great Ice Age with its warmer intervals, embracing a stretch of half a million years since the close of the Tertiary, are extremely complicated, but a relatively simple sequence of events concerns us in particular. It will be recalled that between the first Interglacial Period and the third, the Thames had finished the work of excavating its bed downwards to its present level, a distance of more than one hundred feet, and that in the course of this major work it was performing also a minor task in conveying the débris of the land left by the glacier, sorting it out and depositing it in the form of beds of sand, clay and gravel on its flood plains at different levels. As the valley deepened and narrowed, its banks presented a series of terraces, corresponding to the Interglacial periods and carrying beds of the Drift. Then the lateral or tributary streams carrying the drainage of the banks cut into these beds, lifted and transported once more the Glacial Drift, shifting it to lower and lower levels down to the present river banks mixing the different deposits and adding to the confusion. The Drift is therefore distributed over the slopes of the valley today in de-

posits of varying size. It should be remembered that in their origin the sands, clays and gravels composing these deposits are of different ages, and that the Thames is much older than any of them. If I understand what geologists have to say of it, the Thames is the oldest river in England, though most of them existed before the Ice Age.

The three principal terraces formed by the Thames while it was digging in and disputing with the glaciers and their barricades of Drift during its half million years of war, are called the High Terrace, the Middle Terrace and the Low Terrace. The first is about 100 feet above the present river level, the second about fifty feet lower and the third just above high water. The first may be seen at Islington, the second in the CITY, and the third at Westminster Abbey, at Chelsea, at Lambeth and most of South London. On these terraces, its old flood plains, the river disposed of the Drift in the way we have seen,—as beds consisting almost entirely of sand and gravel. Between these terraces and the river, in narrow but very irregular strips is the alluvium consisting simply of mud. There are stretches however, as at Westminster and Lambeth, where the Lower Terrace comes right up to the Thames and forms the river bank, a fact of very great importance for it gives firm flat ground. Of supreme importance is the fact that for a certain stretch the Middle Terrace comes right up to the river and forms the actual bank. That stretch is from Charing Cross around to the Tower Bridge on

the North side of the river, where the steep bank attains a maximum height of fifty feet capped by a bed of gravel about twenty feet thick. Since the formation of that bed, a small stream called on its lower course the Fleet and higher up the Hole Bourne (Holborn) has directed its course straight across the deposit and has there excavated its narrow channel down through the twenty feet of gravel and into the London Clay beneath. Its chosen course was such that the land on its left bank rose sharply and that on its right bank more gently. Its left or Eastern bank was therefore steep and the land after reaching its maximum elevation fell away gradually towards the River Lea. This high bank with its gravel bed was cut across by another small stream that divided it into two hills. That was the Wallbrook that came under the wall and by way of the Mansion House entered the Thames at Dowgate. That gravel bed on the high bank cut off on the West by the Fleet, protected on the East by the marshes of the Lea and intersected by the Wallbrook determined the exact position of London.

One factor remains to be accounted for, the presence of men. In the third Interglacial Period a race of men roamed the banks of the Thames with the Mammoth, the woolly rhinoceros and the Arctic fox. They made implements of chipped flint, rather rudely shaped but requiring a good deal of skill and intelligence. They belonged to the early part of the Old Stone Age in human history. Imbedded in the Glacial Drift on the banks of the Thames are found

the remains of their industry of a hundred and fifty thousand years ago. These men were of the Neanderthal race, regarded as a race distinct from and inferior to the one from which we are descended and believed by some authorities to have become extinct in early postglacial time, owing to the pressure of another race that followed the retreating ice sheet of the fourth Glacial Period, moving with the advancing warmth and with the warm fauna from more southern latitudes. This new race was of superior type and intelligence but its characteristic industry, like that of its predecessor, was that of working flint by means of chipping. That industry differs from the preceding simply in showing greater variety and ingenuity. The people of this new race belonged to the upper Old Stone Age of human history and they are called the Cro-Magnon race. They entered England and replaced the Neanderthals between forty and fifty thousand years ago. They had no difficulty in reaching the Thames valley from Europe, for England was still joined to the Continent by a land bridge, an isthmus which, however, was growing steadily narrower.

We are not concerned further with these two races of men. They hunted and fished on the site of London but they are not known to have been builders in any sense of the word and they are not known to have made for themselves on a site of this kind anything like permanent habitations or even settlements that might grow into cities or towns. They appear to have dwindled and declined and some

people believe that they disappeared altogether from England before their successors arrived, but there is no necessity for believing in their total disappearance. The evidence on the contrary appears to show that the later race at all events survived to mix with their successors. We now come to a movement with which we are more directly concerned.

About twelve thousand years B. C. an entirely different race made its appearance in western Europe and in its turn invaded the Thames valley. These were the men of the New Stone Age (the Neolithic Culture). In addition to a highly developed industry in chipped stone they had developed the art of grinding hard stones to desired shapes and polishing them. They had domestic animals and they made permanent settlements and cultivated cereals. They came with their herds by the same route as the races that preceded them, for England was still connected with the Continent. But a geological change of the greatest significance was slowly taking place. England was sinking and the encroaching sea gradually altered the coast line. At last the valley of the river into which the Thames had flowed since the Miocene became submerged and Great Britain became an island. The land continued to sink till quite recent times. The English Channel was formed about six thousand years B. C. The Thames was formed in Miocene or Pliocene times, several million years ago, long before there were men of any description upon the earth.

As the land continued to sink, it brought the level

of the Thames valley nearer and nearer to the level of the sea, thereby retarding its current and sending the tides farther and farther up its course. Since a tidal river cannot run in a channel that is below sea level, the Thames, at the lower part of its course, began to lay down deposits in its bed to maintain itself above sea level. The level of the Thames below the City of London was once some twenty five feet under its present level and the continuation of the Thames valley can be traced for many miles under the sea. Moreover the encroaching ocean converted the mouth of the Thames into a long deep estuary that gives a deep seaway to a point far inland. This situation, affording ready access to the sea from an easily defended point in the interior, was one of the first factors in the making of London.

But another factor was so decisive that it fixed the site of the City to within the fraction of a mile. If you will take an imaginary journey up the river from its mouth about the time of the arrival of men of the New Stone Age, when the Thames already flowed directly into the ocean but a narrowing neck of land formed a bridge to the Continent, the country on either side of the river will present to your observation a low marshy tract, subject at times to inundation. At no point does higher land approach close to the river till you have reached that spot on the north side where a broad and elevated terrace advances to the bank of the river and is cut off on the west by the steep slope that descends to the Fleet. Going up the Thames this bank is the first ground

that affords the requirements of occupation. In other words, going down stream it is the last suitable place of settlement. It has already been explained how this bank is topped by a layer of gravel twenty feet thick. That gravel rests directly on the London clay, a stiff tenacious substance impervious to water. The gravel bed receives the rains and absorbs them, and when they reach the clay underneath the absorption is stopped. The gravel therefore acts as a receptacle for water and the clay beneath acts as a watertight bottom to that receptacle. Hence the gravel bed is always charged with clear fresh water while presenting a firm dry surface. A well sunk a few feet in that gravel affords a good water supply. Where the London Clay comes to the surface in the surrounding territory, no water was to be obtained and the ground remained devoid of buildings till waterworks were introduced. For ages the stored water of that gravel bed was the water supply of London. When that natural supply became contaminated by the presence of the City, holes were bored down through the London Clay to the old Thanet Sand, the oldest of the Eocene strata, lying between the London Clay and the Chalk. Now it so happens that the great Chalk bed is bent like an elongated shallow dish with its bottom directly below the Thames. It is the bottom of a long fold. The Chalk does not absorb water readily and the Thanet Sand, spread over the sides of the fold and sloping in like manner on both sides, is between the impervious Clay above and the Chalk below. It can therefore get no

percolation from above and its charge of water is not drained into the Chalk. It gets its charge of water at the points where it comes to the surface, for its curvature brings it to the light and air many miles to the north of London and many miles to the south of London. At these exposed edges the rains are absorbed by the sand and, by force of gravity, are carried down the sloping sides of the dish till they are concentrated three hundred feet beneath the Thames, and are there under pressure owing to the dip of the stratum below and the impervious character of the overlying stratum of Clay. Therefore when holes were first bored at London down about three hundred feet through the London Clay to the Thanet Sand, the water came up with a rush through the bore holes. Thus a new supply of water was tapped and this is still a considerable part of London's water supply. But the City's first water supply was the readily accessible store in the surface gravel, that might be tapped by twenty foot wells.

The considerations that determined the site of London were the following: (*a*) The River Thames. (*b*) The high bank at the junction of the Thames with the Fleet and the Wallbrook. (*c*) The gravel bed that gave a firm dry surface with a ready water supply directly underneath. The first would have been useless without the second and the second would have been useless without the third. It was an ideal site. When the earliest settlers were attacked they assembled with their cattle within their enclosure where they had a water supply that could

not be cut off. Moreover they were protected on the West by the steep bank of the Fleet, on the East by the Marshes of the Lea and on the South by the Thames itself. The first real settlers, the people who first chose the site for permanent occupation, were the people of the New Stone Age, who as I have said, arrived in England about twelve thousand years B. C. At what date they established themselves at any given point we have no means of knowing. This race did not become extinct and it follows that it forms an element in the present population but their blood is much attenuated and they may have disappeared as a distinct type.

II

TOPOGRAPHY. MORAL AND PHYSICAL

Underground are all great treasures and wonderful things.—Rabelais.

But of all this pointe is there no certaintie and whoso divineth uppon conjectures maye as wel shoot too far as too short.—Sir Thomas More.

London's Definition

THE picture of London that I have in my mind and that I wish I might present to you is not exactly the London you know so well, the metropolis of brick and stone with its weather stains, its grey sunshine and its fog, but rather London as a living organism with its continuity of life and its persistent tradition. We do not realize what a very old place London is because its history is largely unwritten and it is not yet a ruin where excavations are made to reveal how it rose, layer resting on layer and cycle on cycle. But it is not antiquity alone that matters. What I want to call attention to is rather that continuity which has persisted without break from the beginning. There has been no conquest, no revolution, no cutting loose from the past. That is fundamental, the enduring essence of London life. I often hear it said that London has experienced vital changes even in our own generation. This is a careless observation, for

London has not changed at all and the connection between Chaucer's London and the London of today is a very close connection.

We must bear in mind that the name London has two principal and quite distinct applications at this day. First it is the name of the CITY[1] that lies within the ancient boundaries of London Wall together with a narrow encircling strip. It is identical with the city built by the Romans, including the prescribed belt outside the walls on which the Romans did not permit any buildings to be erected and known historically as the Liberties. That is the CITY OF LONDON. It is what Londoners call the CITY. Its chief magistrate is the Lord Mayor who within his own boundaries takes precedence of every other subject of the Crown, even of the Royal Princes. It is the London that the King himself may not enter without permission of that same Lord Mayor. It is about a square mile in area and its resident population is less than fifteen thousand. In the daytime except on Sundays, its working population swells to near half a million. Altogether more than a million people pass into that square mile every day for one purpose or another and pass out again. It is the London of the Tower,[2] the Bank, the Royal Exchange, the Mansion House, the Guildhall, the houses of the Livery Companies, and St. Paul's Cathedral. It is the heart of the Metropolis that is

[1] For the sake of clearness I shall use capitals wherever the word occurs in this sense.

[2] The Tower is actually outside the CITY limits but the Lord Mayor holds the keys from the King.

built around it covering 693 square miles and containing a population of seven and a half millions. London the Metropolis consists of the CITY OF LONDON and twenty eight boroughs together with an outer ring.[1] The CITY has its own government, its own constitution, its own police, its own courts, its own revenues, its peculiar customs and privileges and its ancient prerogatives that have been inherited from Saxon and even from Roman times. It has always had its own military establishment called the Trainbands—trained bands recruited and officered from the citizens.

> John Gilpin was a citizen of credit and renown
> A Trainband Captain eke was he in famous
> London Town.

These ancient military organizations are now represented by certain distinguished regiments in the Imperials.

Until the middle of the eighteenth century, the walls of London were standing and you entered through one of the seven gates—Newgate, Bishopsgate, Ludgate, Moorgate, Aldgate, Aldersgate, Cripplegate.[2] Today the walls are down and the gates are gone but you can always tell when you are within the CITY by looking at a policeman, for the CITY police wear red and white bands on their

[1] Besides the CITY and the Metropolis, there is also the County of London which includes the CITY and the Boroughs but which is itself swallowed up by the Metropolis. It is now proposed to add another outer ring to come within the jurisdiction of the London Board of Health. This will give to London a population of over 9,000,000.

[2] On the River side were two gates, Bridgegate and Billingsgate.

sleeves and crested helmets whereas the Metropolitan police outside the CITY wear blue and white bands on their sleeves and helmets without crests.

LONDON'S DIFFERENCE

The earliest traveller who gives a detailed description of London is Fitzstephen who wrote in the twelfth century. I will quote just one sentence translated from the Latin original by John Stow, the Tudor antiquarian. "In London the calmness of the air doth mollify men's minds, not corrupting them . . . but preserving them from savage and rude behaviour and seasoning their inclinations with a more kind and free temper." In this and other quaint passages, Fitzstephen records his observation that London is not like any other place. Many writers since have made the same observation and everyone who knows London at all is aware of its unexampled difference. George Borrow expresses what everybody feels when he says: "Everything is different in London from what it is elsewhere. The People, their language, the horses, even the stones of London are different from others."

Fitzstephen, in the passage I have just quoted, explained it as an effect of climate but I think it can be shown that the difference is due to another cause altogether. It is elemental and primordial; it proceeds from within; it lies deeply imbedded in the foundations of life itself; it concerns the very sources of London's existence and it is written in every

chapter of London's history. It is a difference as elementary and as obvious as that of gender. London is a masculine city. All other cities are of the feminine gender. Paris is feminine; Rome and Vienna are feminine; Berlin is feminine; Petrograd and Moscow are feminine and New York is also a feminine city. London is the one and only masculine city and moreover it is the most masculine of all things made. Every man feels better in London than in any other city on earth and the reason is that the manhood in him responds and vibrates to the virile drift that whirls about him like the cosmic stream of which worlds are made.

There is but one recorded capture of London, when it was taken by a woman. Boadicea has the unique distinction of being the only person who ever conquered London and they have raised a monument to her on the Thames Embankment. Have you ever thought why the suffragettes tried to capture London and let other cities alone? Simply because London is a he city. Those violent women knew perfectly well that if they tried the same methods in Paris or New York, these cities being feminine would know exactly how to deal with *them*. London didn't know in the least how to deal with them.

In the London Museum, among the relics of the Stone Age, there is a case containing some bones of a man with a flint spear head sticking in his skull. I understand that these are the melancholy remains of the first unfortunate wight who tried to start something in London. His imitators in every age shared

a similar fate till the suffragette arrived, and then . . . But the masculine mind works that way.

Compare the London police with the police of any other city you know. The London policeman wears soft gloves; he carries no club and he has no weapon of any kind about his person, either concealed or unconcealed. In Paris the policeman is armed with automatic pistol and club, one in either side of his belt. In Berlin before the war at least the policeman carried a huge sabre and a monstrous pistol slung about his haunches. In New York—but I need not multiply examples. The difference is one of gender. The masculine mind recoils from even the appearance of violence and brutality. Therefore the London policeman wears soft gloves and carries about his person no suggestion of force. The feminine mind reacts in an entirely different way and therefore these other cities dress up the guardians of the law to make them look like brigands and permit them to behave a good deal worse sometimes. They love the appearance of force; they adore the gesture of violence; they flaunt the emblems of brutality. These cities are of the feminine gender.

A man likes to wear fine feathers and walk in procession through the streets or sit in lordly state. If you doubt it observe the habits of the Lulus or look at the House of Lords. All male creatures are alike in this. The stag's antlers are not for fighting but for show. Thus London arrays itself in royal purple, in scarlet and in gold, decks itself with

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feathers, puts on its gorgeous raiment and moves in the stately procession of the Lord Mayor's Show and all its pompous pageantry—the plumage and the antlers of the harmless male.

London has another obvious quality. It is a silent city. It is more than that—it is one of the silent places of the earth. James Russell Lowell said that London reminded him of the roaring loom of Time. I know very well what he meant and the only fault I have to find with that admirable rhetoric is that London does not roar.[1] The stream of traffic rolls in silence over its wooden pavements that are laid like the foundations of the earth and kept like the quarterdecks of the Royal Navy. Stand on the curbstone in front of the Royal Exchange facing that open space, with the Bank on the one hand and the Mansion House on the other. It is the place or near it where the Forum of the Roman City stood, and it is said to be the busiest spot in the world today. Upon that open space converge seven main thoroughfares filled with traffic and its lines of communication are the circumference of the earth. What are your sense impressions? A mass of traffic of every description, a policeman, a few magic passes of his hand and from the appearance of inextricable confusion the traffic rolls in and out through its seven main arteries without interruption, smoothly, silently. There is a mighty murmur that neither rises nor falls; subdued, continuous, steady,

[1] Neither does a loom. The printing press roars as it spews its blatant miles of inky pulp, but the power loom hums a tune, a distaff tune learned long ago at cottage firesides.

insistent, like a psalm intoned. There are no pauses; neither are there any sharp intrusive sounds to strike across that even pulse or shatter that majestic symphony—London's Psalm of Life. No clatter, no cries, no horns, no noise. It is a silent city.

I do not know that it has ever been said that London is a beautiful city. That could hardly be said with truth. Parts of it are hopelessly ugly. Its monuments, with a few remarkable exceptions, are indifferent or mean. Yet bits of it are among the most beautiful spots on earth; the incomparable charm of its quiet nooks and corners claims a tribute of affection and in certain atmospheric conditions peculiar to itself it takes on a quite unearthly grandeur. It is not like Paris, that city of splendid broad boulevards and wide open spaces all beautifully laid out like the ideal city of the future. I do not know how any city could be better laid out than Paris. There you have a contrast, for London is not laid out at all. It has no plan and I am persuaded that it is better so, for I have heard said that the English, when they plan anything, are apt to make a mess of it but in any case they have a wonderful way of doing things supremely well by accident; and London, devoid of plan and heedless of design, is a most splendid accident—like Orion and the Milky Way. It was no human prevision that made London what it is; it was "Time and the Ocean and some fostering Star."

London's Beginnings

If you would get a comprehensive view of what Time has done for London, go to the London Museum in Stafford House, Saint James's, and if you would see what the Ocean means to London, pay a visit to London Dock or take a journey through that part of the Port of London that stretches for thirty miles along the Thames from London Bridge to Tilbury Dock.

London Museum is like Time's Workshop, filled with the refuse left behind by the Master Craftsman. Stuart, Tudor, Plantagenet, Norman, Saxon, Roman, Celtic Briton, Man of the New Stone Age, Man of the Old Stone Age. There you have them all, following each other in a long procession down the ages till they disappear in a Tertiary London fog.

In the days before the antiquarians and the scholars began their violent invasion of the provinces held so long by the bards and the sages, everybody accepted the legend of the founding of London written down by the old Welsh churchman and historian, Geoffrey of Monmouth, in the twelfth century. According to that venerable ecclesiastical authority London was founded by Brute, a grandson of Æneas, who landed in Britain, conquered the race of giants he encountered there and founded New Troy, afterwards called London. We may not believe that story any more but it is such a brave old lie that I always like to tell it.

The first people to build on the banks of the Thames where London stands and protect their

settlement with earthworks and stockades were, as I have said, the men of the New Stone Age, and they occupied the site for a period of unknown duration, but what they called their settlement we shall never know. The time came when these men who fought and hunted with flint spear heads were driven from their stronghold by a new race that appeared from across the channel. The invaders had bronze swords and axes and shields and the natives with their flints, however brave, were no match for so formidable an enemy. These supermen with their new inventions, so mighty in battle, were of the Celtic race which swarming into the Island, soon possessed it, gradually submerging the aboriginal inhabitants to whom they imparted the Celtic language but whom they never entirely displaced.[1] They arrived not later than 2000 B. C. and on the spot where the Walbrook and the Fleet ran into the Thames, already occupied by the native settlement, they found a place suitable for a stronghold of their own. They called the place London, which in the ancient Celtic language means the Stronghold in the Waters, because it was partly surrounded and protected by the Thames which was not then confined within its embankments as it is today, but which at high tide overflowed a wide strip of marsh and at low tide left a broad

[1] A few years ago there were opened in Bishopsgate and Whitechapel some seventeenth century crypts containing a large number of skeletons. An examination of the skulls shows that they conform closely to the skulls of the people of the New Stone Age found in the long barrows. In other words the inhabitants of Bishopsgate and Whitechapel in the seventeenth century were descendants of the Stone Age population of London. That being the case it is probable that some of the present inhabitants are of the same origin.

expanse of mud. But I think they must have consulted the stars when they called it London—Stronghold in the Waters. They worshipped, among other divinities, a god of the waters called Lud, and they built him a shrine on the high ground where Saint Paul's now stands, and the name of that god is preserved in the name of Ludgate Hill. The name of London therefore and its earlier history take us back not less than 4000 years.

These ancient Britons of the Bronze Age had cattle and horses and sheep; they cultivated the land and mined tin and traded with the Continent and had contact by sea with the eastern Mediterranean. During many centuries before the Romans came, London was an important commercial centre as well as a Stronghold in the Waters.

The point has never been definitely settled as to whether Julius Cæsar ever saw London or not. On the evidence it seems more than doubtful. In any case it is certain that when Cæsar withdrew after four months in the Island, London remained exactly as it had been and continued to grow in size and importance and in the volume of its foreign trade. It had a gold coinage, iron had replaced bronze and chariots were used both in war and in peace. London was a flourishing and a populous city before England was again disturbed by the Romans. That happened in the year 43, ninety eight years after Cæsar's first landing and in the reign of Claudius when Britain was finally conquered and the Romans began that rule and colonization of the Island which

lasted nearly four hundred years. During this conquest of 43, London was presumably occupied and a Roman administration installed, but of that event we have no record. In its Latinized form it became Londinium and the very first time that the name appears in writing is where Tacitus tells us of the capture and burning of London and the massacre of its inhabitants by the British Warrior Queen in the year 61, only eighteen years after the Roman occupation.

Immediately after Boadicea's revolt had been suppressed, the Romans started to rebuild Londinium and to provide for its defense. They renamed it Augusta but even they found that you can't change anything in London. It was then that the Romans began to build the wall and put a new bridge across the Thames. Romans and Britons then settled down together in peace with occasional outbreaks for four hundred years. They intermarried and their offspring are still in London as in other parts of Britain. Under that joint régime London became one of the largest and most important cities in the Roman Empire, a colonia managing its own affairs, very much as it does today, for the Roman Imperial Authorities never interfered with the affairs of a city of London's importance. It was in reality a State in itself and that fact is at the foundation of London's present constitution. The continuity is unbroken.

In 410 the Roman legions whose presence was necessary for the defense of the province were with-

drawn owing to the general stress upon the resources of the Empire. London, like the other cities of Britain, was left to defend itself against the Anglo-Saxon invasion which quickly ensued. Then follows a period in London's history that has puzzled all historians. Unlike the other cities of Britain, it disappears from history for nearly two hundred years. During that interval of Anglo-Saxon Conquest and Settlement, London is not mentioned at all in the Saxon chronicles though the events of that conquest including the occupation of other cities are all duly set forth. Some modern historians have interpreted this silence as meaning that London was deserted when the Saxons arrived. According to that view, it stood silent and ghostly within its massive walls beside the Thames and was therefore avoided by the Saxons as a place haunted and accursed. This theory seems incredible from every point of view and other historians have advanced a theory that meets with more and more support as time goes on. It is argued that the silence of the Saxon chronicles can be reconciled with known facts only on the supposition that London simply shut its gates on the invaders, carried on within its walls, and made such a formidable show that the Saxons decided to leave it severely alone. They settled all around and built their villages on the outskirts. Kensington, Paddington, Islington, and all the places with names ending in -ton and -ham were Saxon villages. Finally when the whole country was occupied, when Roman and Briton settled down

peaceably with the immigrants, the Saxons were admitted to London on peaceful terms and they gradually assumed their part in the government of the City, introducing their own customs, which continued for centuries to dispute supremacy with the governance of the old Roman City State, Londinium Augusta.

When London is finally mentioned in the Saxon chronicles after nearly two hundred years of silence, it is in the year 604. London is then identified with the East Saxons. It is a part of the Kingdom over which Ethelbert ruled. Ethelbert, the convert of Saint Augustine, had become a Christian. A Bishop was installed in London. Saint Paul's had just been built, but London was still largely a Pagan City and after the death of Ethelbert and his nephew Sebert, Sebert's sons renounced Christianity and sent the Bishop to exile in Gaul. His faithful converts, however, were allowed to keep up the forms of Christian worship in Saint Paul's.

More than two centuries later the Danish invasions began. King Alfred in 883 repaired the walls of London and made it his base of operations against the Danes by land and sea.[1] After the death of Alfred, the struggle against the Danish invasion continued and London withstood half a dozen sieges in the next hundred years. At last the great Canute, the last and greatest of the Danish leaders, having

[1] It is commonly stated that London was several times in the hands of the Danes between the years 851 and 883. These statements appear to be due to a misunderstanding of the Anglo-Saxon Chronicles which are very obscure about this period. The Danes occupied Southwark on several occasions but never actually got possession of the City.

made himself master of England with the exception of London, concentrated all his resources, naval and military, against the stubborn city on the Thames. The Witan of England had already elected Canute King, but within its closed gates, the Witan of London elected Edmund Ironside King. Then came that heroic year of struggle between Edmund Ironside and King Canute. The siege of London was fierce and of brief duration, for Canute, with his ships sunk and his army shattered, was driven to take refuge in another part of England. It was a wonderful year, that year of Edmund Ironside, but at its end Edmund died and the Witan of London reversing its former policy, elected Canute King and having brought him to London, crowned him at Saint Paul's. That is characteristic. First they knock their enemy down, then they pick him up and shake hands with him, and offer him the best they have. In this instance the citizens never had occasion to regret their choice, for next to Alfred, Canute proved to be the strongest of their kings. The Danes settled between the CITY and Westminster, especially in the region called Aldwich. The Church of Saint Clement Danes in the Strand marks the place where these Danish settlers had their place of worship.

King Canute died in the year 1035 within thirty years of the Norman conquest, a short interval that it is very important to remember for it means that when William arrived, there were many men living in London who had helped to defeat Canute and afterwards to make him King.

At the battle of Hastings London was represented by its Staller at the head of its citizen army that went out and fought at Harold's side all day long and when the day was lost, Ansgar, the Staller, covered with wounds was carried back to London in a litter. After the battle William marched straight on London where he found the gates closed and the walls manned. After taking a look at the walls, he made a wide circuit and leaving the City far behind, set up his headquarters at Berkhampstead. London was not afraid of William and he knew better than to attempt what Canute, with much more formidable forces, had failed to do. Eventually a deputation of London citizens waited upon the Norman Duke and offered him the Crown on conditions, all of which he accepted, whereupon they escorted him to London to be crowned; but whereas Canute and Saxon Kings had been crowned at Saint Paul's, within the City, William was crowned without the City at Westminster Abbey, where every sovereign since his time has also been crowned; and to this very day, the King of Great Britain and Ireland and of the Dominions beyond the Sea, Emperor of India, after being crowned at Westminster asks permission of the Lord Mayor of London to enter his own capital.

London's Oldest Monuments

When we look about to see what remains to meet the eye in London streets from the earliest periods of its history we find that there is little enough, for the process of pulling down and rebuilding has gone

incessantly on with much destruction by fire since the day when Boadicea left the City in blood and ashes nearly two thousand years ago.

One of the very oldest works of man that has successfully resisted the action of time and continues to do service is the Thames Embankment, a wonderful work of unknown origin and antiquity. It is a great system of earthworks lined with stone running from London Bridge down both sides of the River to its mouth—more than two hundred miles of embankment to keep the river within its bounds, reclaiming the marshy land and converting it into tillage. There is no record of its construction, and it is probably a growth of ages, having been begun by the ancient Britons of the Bronze Age.

Another very ancient work to be seen outdoors is the tumulus on Hampstead Heath popularly called Boadicea's grave. Popular tradition may be correct; nothing can be proved. The tumulus is undoubtedly the grave of some king or queen or chieftain of the ancient Celtic Bronze Age Britons, but more than this we cannot say.

But the very oldest object in London streets is London Stone, which under that name has been closely identified from time immemorial with the fortunes of the City. We are looking at the outer wall of Saint Swithin's Church in Cannon Street at the point where London Stone is so deeply imbedded in the Church wall that it can hardly be seen. The oddest thing about London Stone is that no one knows what it is and therefore I am going to tell you all

about it. What we know about it historically amounts to this. In an early Saxon document it is reported to have been mentioned incidentally, a certain property being said to lie adjacent to London Stone. The Mediæval Kings after their coronations used to strike London Stone with their swords in token of the City's submission and you will recall that in Shakespeare's play of Henry VI the rebel Jack Cade rides into the City and striking London Stone with his sword pronounces that famous speech beginning "Now is Mortimer lord of this City." It was originally a tall upright stone deeply imbedded in the ground but time and the weather and London fires have reduced it to a stump, a mere fragment. It stood in Cannon Street and when Christopher Wren was building the Church of Saint Swithin's after the fire, London Stone was imbedded in its outer wall, protected by a stone casing reinforced by an iron grill and securely sealed by virtue of its traditional sanctity. Geoffrey of Monmouth accepting and handing down a legend of his day tells us that London Stone was the pedestal of the Statue of Diana in Troy, and having been brought to Britain by Brute and his companions became the Sacred Altar of New Troy. But London Stone is much older than that. It was an object of great antiquity when the Romans arrived and their predecessors the ancient Britons found it on their arrival more than two thousand years before. It was erected by the people of the New Stone Age and belongs to that class of stones found in different parts of Britain and

the Continent that from time immemorial have been respected as objects of venerable and sacred associations. To this feeling London Stone owes its preservation. It is a monument of the Stone Age and the oldest thing in London Streets to-day.

At a depth of from twelve to twenty five feet below the present pavements are the ruins of Roman London and wherever excavations have been carried to these depths, some relics of Roman life have invariably been found. In the London Museum, the Guildhall Museum, and the British Museum, you may see beautiful mosaic floors that belonged to Roman houses, as fine as anything of the kind found in Italy. You may see statues in marble and bronze, and a great deal of domestic furniture, and every appurtenance of trade and industry as well as the materials of commerce. A Roman galley sixty feet long, dug up from the banks of the Thames, at the Surrey end of Westminster Bridge, is among the most interesting exhibits of Roman London.

Besides these rich collections in the Museums some pieces of the Roman wall remain in position. The largest piece, not far from the Tower, is enclosed in the structure of a huge warehouse, for which reason it is not readily visible to the visitor in London. It is about 120 feet long, 35 feet high, and 9 feet thick. On its top the battlements are still in place and the footway where the sentry used to walk is still intact. In London Museum you can find the spear, short sword and shield used by the Roman sentry and the very shoes in which he walked the battlements.

In a vault deep under ground, below the General Post Office, is the stump of a huge Roman bastion, a grand and imposing relic that conveys a vivid impression of the strength of the Roman walls and the magnitude and importance of the City. There are still a few fragments of the Roman wall in positions where they may be seen by the wayfarer in the streets, such as that bit within the wards of the Tower, or the fragment at St. Alphage London Wall which serves as a foundation for the houses that shut in the old churchyard of St. Alphage. There is a bit at All Hallow's in the Wall and another in the old Churchyard of St. Giles Cripplegate.

Opposite the little church of St. Mary le Strand is Strand Lane, a narrow passage leading down towards the River. Walk down about fifty paces till you see on your left a small wooden door in the brick wall of an old house. On that door in faded letters, you may read the legend "Old Roman Bath." Push open the door and descend a flight of steps within till you come down to the Roman level and there you will find the only Roman bath to be seen today in London. It was a private bath belonging to a Roman villa that stood at a distance outside the walls. It is still supplied by a spring of clear cold water and until a few years ago, it was used by a club as a plunge bath. This private bath[1] and the few fragments of the Roman wall are all that is left in position of the opulent city of Londinium Augusta.

[1] I am told that there are some remains of more elaborate Roman Bath beneath the Coal Exchange but I have not seen it.

III

SOME MEDIÆVAL MONUMENTS—THEIR ASSOCIATIONS

Walk about Zion, and go round about her: tell ye the towers thereof, mark ye well her bulwarks, consider her palaces, that ye may tell it to the generation following.—PSALM 48.

SAXON AND DANE

OF Saxon London, few traces are to be seen today except in the Museums. The Chapel of the Pyx together with adjoining parts in Westminster Abbey, remnants of the work Edward the Confessor executed in the Norman style, is almost the only preconquest edifice that I know in London. As for the Danes, you will find in the Guildhall Museum a single Danish tombstone, the only authentic relic of the Danes that has ever been found in London.

THE TOWER

The Normans however have left us enduring monuments, of which the most famous and the most imposing is the historic Tower. There was an ancient British fort, a Roman fort and afterwards a Saxon fort at the point where the Tower stands, but William the Conqueror built the Tower not as a fortress to defend London but as an argument to convince London and to confirm his authority over

the City. William never felt quite secure in his new capital. He couldn't forget that his invitation to be crowned carried with it certain reservations and conditions and that his tenure of the crown depended on his good behaviour for which he had given solemn pledges before his coronation.

William's first official act as king was to confirm these pledges in a State document still preserved in the Guildhall. It is the shortest State document in existence, and is usually known as London's first Charter. It is written on a strip of parchment about six inches long and an inch and a half broad. There are four and a fraction lines of text in the English language.

William the King greets William the Bishop, and Gosfrith the Portreeve, and all the burghers within London, French and English, friendly; and be it known to you that it is my will that ye shall be possessed of all your rights according to the law as it was in King Edward's day. And it is my will that every child shall be his father's heir forever. And I will not endure that any man offer any wrong to you. God keep you.

There is no mistaking the meaning of that, and it is perfectly clear that it was dictated by the Londoners themselves. It simply confirms the ancient customs, rights and privileges of London as they had been hitherto observed. It is a more eloquent document than the later Magna Carta, often erroneously and extravagantly called the First Charter of English Liberties. So far as I can discover there never

was a time when the Londoners did not have a distinct understanding with their rulers that they would do just about as they pleased, and so long as that understanding was faithfully observed on the part of the ruler they have ever been the staunchest of loyal subjects.

Let us return to William's great keep. The Tower was first of all a Royal residence, a fortified castle which might protect the City or maintain itself against the City. Like other keeps it had accommodations for prisoners. It was enclosed by a wall with bastions and towers and surrounded by a moat. In the middle stands the great Keep called the White Tower, the core of the whole formidable plan, with its walls fifteen feet in thickness. The White Tower is used now as an armory and it contains the Chapel of St. John, the oldest church in London. Among the towers that encircle this Norman Keep one of the most interesting is Beauchamp Tower where famous prisoners left inscriptions carved on the walls. In the Wakefield Tower are kept the Royal Regalia. The crowns, sceptres and swords of State do not include any that is of earlier date than Charles II. All the old Regalia of England, including the crown of Alfred, was taken from Westminster Abbey by the Commonwealth government shortly after the death of Charles I and destroyed. The Tower is English History. The heritage of its enduring walls is the sum of England's tragedy during several centuries and the theme of her darkest story. But what excites my amazement when I read the

history of the Tower is not the long list of distinguished names of its victims but the wonderful spirit that pervades the whole grim business. A queen, Katherine Howard, awaiting her execution at dawn, has a block brought into her room in the night to rehearse her part in the morning's performance. Lady Jane Grey—sixteen, innocent, beautiful, accomplished—spent her last night writing a letter to the father whose ambitions had brought her to the scaffold. There could be no nobler document than that tender letter,—lines of cheer and comfort and not a tremor from beginning to end. A few days later that same father, the Duke of Suffolk, was himself brought to the block on Tower Hill. Carrying himself with great dignity and composure he addressed the crowd. He made no plea, no complaint, no attempt to exonerate himself, no charge of wrong or injustice, no repentance, no self pity. He had played and lost and that was all there was to it. He ended his speech by saying there would be some in the crowd who would feel like praying for him and he wished to thank them. Then occurred one of those little comedies with which men are so apt to mix their tragedies. A tradesman standing in front of the crowd spoke up and said,—"But Sir, how am I going to get the money that you owe me?" The Duke replied, "You come to me at an awkward time. I must refer you to my executors." And as he laid his head on the block, who knows but his last sensation was a feeling of grim satisfaction that for once in his life he had evaded a creditor.

There were two scaffolds, one within the wards of the Tower on a spot that is marked by a plate in the pavement and the other outside on Tower Hill where its position is marked today by a square of earth in a green field surrounded by an iron railing. Most of the executions took place on Tower Hill, but Anne Boleyn, Lady Jane Grey, the Countess of Salisbury, Katherine Howard, the Earl of Essex were executed within the wards.

The Tower has been long neglected. No Sovereign has lived there since James I and for more than a hundred years no State prisoner passed within the gates till the World War. Then the old fortress must have been reminded of the days when the paths of Glory led straight to the Traitors Gate. About a score of the German spies were executed there, and one at least, Carl Lodz, was brave for he conducted himself as well as even the traditions of the Tower could demand or as anyone could wish for in an enemy.

It is strange how the threads of history lead in that direction. Once in London it occurred to me to look up the home of William Penn. I had a vague notion that he was claimed by some place near London. I consulted the Dictionary of National Biography. I learned that he was born on Tower Hill next door to the Tower of London. He was baptized at All Hallows Barking, a step from the Tower. Then I came to Lincoln's Inn where he lived and then back to the Tower itself which he also inhabited.

It is commonly supposed that the Tower is a

gloomy place inhabited by ghosts and warranted to break the spirit of the strongest. It has never struck me as a gloomy place and why should ghosts be gloomy? No rents to pay and immunity from arrest. True there is the Tower's tragedy but what human habitation has not known tragedy or what smiling field from Gettysburg to Gethsemane? To me the Tower has always seemed a cheerful place fit for a Royal residence. Of course Penn was a prisoner in the Tower, but so was Queen Elizabeth and it does not seem to have broken *her* spirit. It probably gave that demure Princess a dawning sense of her own importance. Doubtless it had the same effect on Penn. It was not thirteen years of the Tower that broke the heart of Raleigh, but unmerciful Disaster that followed his steps from the day he left the shelter of its walls. If he had stayed there writing history and making chemical experiments, his life would have been longer and happier and the world would have been richer.

Domesday Book

In Chancery Lane stands the Record Office where the State documents of England are kept on file. It is a most formidable and precious array of papers sacred to the uses of History. Among them are some very human documents and some that are very businesslike. There are ancient Charters, Treaties, letters of Kings and Queens to each other and to their subjects. Letters of great subjects to their sovereigns. Records of State trials and most precious of all the

Domesday Book. It is a record of the survey which William the Norman caused to be made of all the land in England, with its valuation, the names of the owners, together with the number of houses, plows, cattle and other property. It was popularly called Domesday Book because the people said that what was written in it would hold good till Doomsday. From it there was no appeal and its aid is still sometimes invoked in the law courts. Just before the survey was finished, William during a visit to Normandy was killed by a fall from his horse. Domesday Book is written on parchment in Latin and in a beautiful clear script. An interesting thing about it is that London is omitted from the survey. The reason is not positively known but we may readily surmise that the Londoners said that they never kept Domesday Books and it wasn't done. Formerly Domesday Book was kept in the Chapter House of Westminster Abbey and was removed to its present quarters only in 1865. In the same place may be seen the old oaken chest in which it was formerly kept. The Record Office is on the site of the Rolls House and chapel, a building erected by Henry III in the thirteenth century for converted Jews. As the number of converts diminished it was taken for the use of the Master of the Rolls. The site of the Chapel is now occupied by the Museum that preserves the dimensions and some parts of the old Chapel. In this Museum is exhibited the Domesday Book and some other documents of vivid interest.

St. Bartholomew the Great

In the summer of 1923 London celebrated the eight hundredth anniversary of the founding of St. Bartholomew the Great, the Church and the Hospital, both founded in 1123 by Rahere whose story sheds an interesting light on the times in which he lived. Accounts of his origin differ and the exact position which he came to occupy at the court of Henry I may not be entirely clear. The story that has as good a claim as any assigns to him a humble origin and avers that he improved his fortunes by his wits and by making fun for those who could reward a gift that gave them light entertainment. By these means he attained to the position of court jester and to considerable wealth. Then he became converted, gave up his gay life and made a pilgrimage to Rome. It happened that seven years earlier the bones of St. Bartholomew were found in India, brought to Rome and deposited on an island in the Tiber where there had stood a shrine of Esculapius and there was a good deal of popular enthusiasm for the new relics. Accordingly when Rahere was taken sick at Rome he made a vow to St. Bartholomew that in case of his recovery he would build a hospital in London. In a vision the saint appeared to him, accepted the vow and promised a return to health. In London afterwards St. Bartholomew again appeared to Rahere who in his gratitude for health restored and a safe return allowed his benefactor to persuade him to build a regular religious

establishment as well as a hospital. His businesslike visitor then pointed out to him that the heath outside the north wall of the City, the smooth field—Smithfield—was frequented and inhabited by a lot of grooms, horse dealers, jockeys, stable boys and the rough, heterogeneous and unclassified crowd that congregated near the horse fair. These people had no church and were without priests or religious discipline. Smithfield was therefore selected as the site of the hospital and the priory both of which Rahere set about building, the one close to the other but each established under a separate foundation. The priory was placed under the Canons of Saint Augustine to which order Rahere himself now belonged for he became the first Prior of St. Bartholomew. On the tomb of Rahere, the founder, in the Church of St. Bartholomew the Great his effigy may still be seen, attended by the figures of two kneeling monks with Bibles open at the 51st chapter of Isaiah, 3d verse.

> For the Lord shall comfort Zion: He will comfort all her waste places; and He will make her wilderness like Eden and her desert like the garden of the Lord; joy and gladness shall be found therein, thanksgiving and the voice of melody.

All that remains of Rahere's Priory is the choir of the Church. The Nave, together with the Cloisters and all of the conventual buildings were destroyed after the dissolution and the whole place thereafter fell into neglect and decay. Next to an earthquake

or a building corporation Henry VIII was the most destructive agency I know. Afterwards a forge was installed in the North Transept; a parochial school in the North Triforium and a Presbyterian Meeting House in the South Triforium behind Prior Bolton's oriel window whence in the fourteenth century he used to watch the celebration of Mass. The Lady Chapel was bought by Sir Richard Rich who used it as a dwelling house. Later it became the shop of Samuel Palmer, Printer, the shop in which Benjamin Franklin worked during his first visit to London. In the nineteenth century, the Lady Chapel became a fringe factory, but towards the end of that century it was reclaimed and since that time everything possible has been done and is being done to preserve all that remains of the old Monastic Church. The churchyard now occupies the ground that was formerly the Nave, the pavement of which is nearly five feet below the present level of the ground where the tombstones stand. The present front of the Church was built after the Nave was destroyed by Henry VIII and the narrow approach by which the entrance is reached was excavated through the graveyard in 1863. This approach leads from Smithfield by an ancient gateway that was originally a part of the west façade of the Church of which it formed the southwest entrance. Looking towards Smithfield this surviving fragment of the original church marks the position of its western front.

Next to the chapel in the Tower the Church of

Room in Beauchamp Tower Where Famous Prisoners Left Their Names Carved on the Walls

The Chapel of St. John in the Tower

St. Bartholomew is the oldest in London. It is one of the finest examples of Norman architecture to be seen in England.

The hospital just to the south of the Church was in charge of a Hospitalier assisted by eight brothers and four sisters subject to the Prior. Its good work has never been interrupted since the day of its foundation. There Harvey discovered the circulation of the blood, and lately it has been the refuge of the maimed in the war. Its service to Humanity is a long one. What it must have witnessed during the Black Death of 1348 and the Great Plague of 1665 is too appalling to think of, but I can picture the doctors of that day exposing themselves to infection in their heroic efforts and dying by hundreds. There was little medical science in 1665, and few safeguards. The people could only chalk crosses on their doors, while the dead carts rolled and the doctors watched the stars and dissected the bodies of the victims in their desperate efforts to learn something. One often hears the just praises of the doctors who in our own day, armed with science and with modern safeguards are making such a noble fight against disease. But something is to be said for the old doctors who with little science and no protection made the same old war on behalf of their fellow men.

> Yes when the crosses were chalked on the doors,
> Yes when the terrible dead cart rolled,
> Excellent courage our fathers bore,
> Excellent heart had our fathers of old.

It must not be forgotten that when the great plague appeared in 1665 London had already experienced three visitations in the same century and when the greatest scourge of all arrived the authorities were prompt to make regulations respecting it. In the orders issued by the Lord Mayor, every parish was provided with watchers, searchers, doctors and nurses, grave diggers and dead carts. Each infected house was isolated till it got so bad that isolation had no meaning. Each house where the plague had entered had to be marked on the door with a red cross a foot long with the words, "Lord have mercy on us." Moreover in each parish one or more citizens were sworn in as examiners whose duty it was to keep in close touch with the conditions within the parish and report the same to the Lord Mayor and Council. Anyone refusing to serve was sent to jail. The old hospitals like Saint Bartholomew's were soon overcrowded and temporary ones were opened.

In that dreadful time, about 75,000 people, or one person out of every six of the entire population, died of the plague in London. The situation was really worse than these figures would imply for it appears that about two thirds of the inhabitants left the city to escape contagion and that being the case the deaths accounted for one half of the people that remained. Yet somehow the food supply was kept up and all needful work was done. The finest description of the Plague is that by Defoe who at the age of five years survived it and lived to write more than his truthful story of the event of which he must have

retained vivid impressions. There are also contemporary accounts, including that of Pepys, that of Evelyn, and that contained in the letters of John Allin. The following written by the Rev. Thomas Vincent is sufficiently vivid.

Now death rides triumphantly on his pale horse through our streets, and breaks into every house where any inhabitants are to be found. Now people fall as thick as the leaves in autumn when they are shaken by a mighty wind. Now there is a dismal solitude in London streets. Now shops are shut, people rare and very few that walk about, insomuch that the grass begins to spring up in some places; there is a deep silence in every street, especially within the walls. No prancing horses, no rattling coaches, no calling on customers nor offering wares, no London cries sounding in the ears. If any voice be heard it is the groans of dying persons breathing forth their last, and the funeral knells of them that are ready to be carried to their graves. Now shutting up of visited houses (there being so many) is at an end, and most of the well are mingled amongst the sick, which otherwise would have got no help. Now, in some places, where the people did generally stay, not one house in a hundred but what is affected: and in many houses half the family is swept away: in some, from the eldest to the youngest; few escape but with the death of one or two. Never did so many husbands and wives die together: never did so many parents carry their children with them to the grave, and go together into the same house under earth who had lived together in the same house upon it. Now the nights are too short to bury the dead: the whole day, though at so great a length is hardly sufficient to light the dead that fall thereon into their graves.

Smithfield

The Church of St. Bartholomew the Great and St. Bartholomew's Hospital stand at Smithfield (originally Smoothfield) a site that has served for many uses and witnessed many extraordinary scenes. It was a level, grassy field where from 1150 till 1855 the principal horse and cattle market of London was held on certain days of the week. It was also a fair ground and a favourite resort for strolling players, acrobats, jugglers and mountebanks. It was the scene of many famous tournaments. In very early times it was also a place of public execution.

In 1381 there happened at Smithfield an event so dramatic and of such striking effect that it deserves more space than I can give to it. The King, Richard II, was a boy of fourteen, handsome, chivalrous and courageous. In that year the rebel Wat Tyler appeared with his uncouth rabble from Kent and Essex. It seems that London did not deem it worth while to shut its gates on a crowd of peasants who entered the City without resistance. Having committed depredations and having given an exhibition of mob violence during which a number of citizens lost their lives, they drew off to Smithfield to plan what they would do to the City that was apparently at their mercy. Their plan was to kill certain people, take the young king prisoner, exhibit him in different parts of the kingdom to terrorize the country and then put him to death. Still the City authorities had done nothing to deal with the situation. The King

who was at the Tower rode to Smithfield to meet the rebel leader and learn his demands. With him were a band of courtiers and prominent citizens among whom was the Lord Mayor, Sir William Walworth. As he parleyed with the King, Wat Tyler grew insolent, whereupon the hottempered Lord Mayor rushed upon him and struck him down with a blow of his sword. His followers, seeing their leader killed, raised a great outcry and began to string their bows. But the King, spurring forward alone and standing in his stirrups in front of the infuriated mob cried out—"Will you shoot your King? I will be your leader." It was a rare inspiration. He then led them to an open field some distance away where he held them in parley till Walworth who had hastened into the City returned with a sufficient number of armed men to give him some show of support. Why hadn't he done that before? The King then persuaded the rebels to go home and the peasants' uprising was brought to an end. Thus by his presence of mind, his courage and his sense of the dramatic, Richard at the age of fourteen saved the City from the vengeance of the most outrageous and disorderly mob that London had ever known.

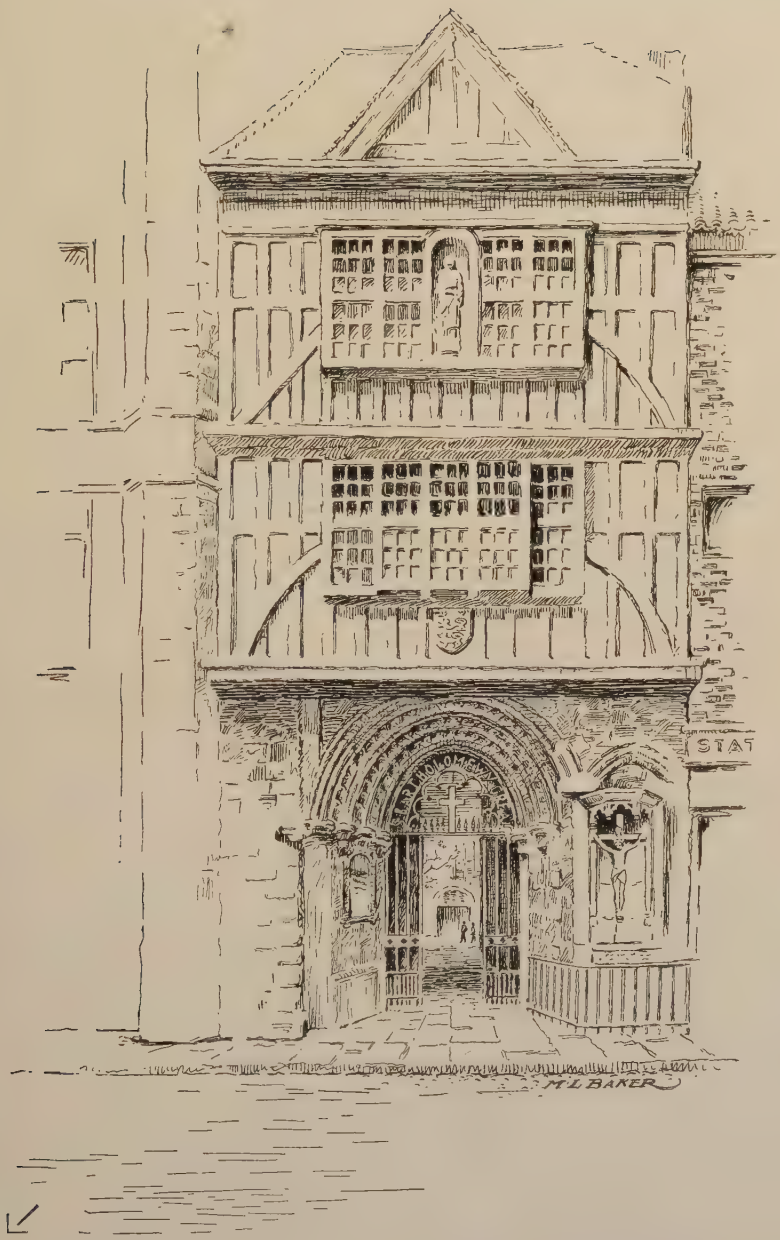
But more deeply engraved in history is the memory of the fires of Smithfield, for there the Stake was fixed and more than a hundred men and women, Protestant and Catholic, were burnt to death on that field for Religion's sake from the reign of Henry IV to the reign of Mary Tudor. On the wall of St. Bartholomew's Hospital is a poor little plate half

hidden, recording the names of some of those who were burned in Mary's reign. It is strange to think that the fires of Smithfield had a church on one hand and a hospital on the other. But the fires of Smithfield have burned themselves out whereas the Church and the Hospital, surviving from an earlier day, are still among the noblest sights in London.

On the corner house of Cock Lane there is a gilt figure of a naked boy marking the spot where the Great Fire of 1666 was stopped, just short of Smithfield, by blowing up some houses.

The Great Fire

Near the approach to London Bridge stands a tall column designed by Wren to commemorate the Great Fire. It is known as The Monument and though it has taken its permanent place among the topographical terms of London, like the Embankment or the Bank, its significance is overlooked. I suppose that if the Great Fire of 1666 had happened in ancient Babylon, or Jerusalem, or Rome, or in any mediæval or modern city outside of England, its magnitude and its significance in human events would not be missed by the historian. But in the English histories it figures as a fire that burnt a lot of houses and was rather a good thing because it appears to have put a stop to the plague. I once had an idea that the Great Fire was a sort of providential intervention sent to cleanse the City from the plague, an event for which London had to be thankful. Having with great diligence and labour found out



St. Bartholomew the Great. The Gateway in West Smithfield, Leading to the Church. This Gate Was Originally the Entrance to the South Aisle and Formed Part of the West Facade of the Monastic Church. The Arrow in the Left Lower Corner Points to the Position of the Stake a Few Yards Away

the facts for myself, I have now a very different view of the Great Fire. It was an unmitigated calamity. It was also the most overwhelming and disastrous conflagration in history. Antiquity presents no example on a scale so tremendous and no modern instance is to be mentioned in the same terms. The burning of Rome was of much less consequence. In the first week of September were destroyed the landmarks of a thousand years. The greatest and finest city of Europe was swallowed up in smoke and flame. Mediæval castles, palaces and great houses by the hundred, hospitals, almshouses, libraries, the Halls of the City Companies—a hundred in all—markets, more than fourscore churches, the greatest mediæval cathedral in Europe, 13,200 houses, 640 streets, four of the seven City Gates, all the stores of merchandise, records, paintings, tapestries, furniture, and the accumulated treasures of centuries were completely burnt. There remained a fringe, mostly outside the walls, including the Tower, a part of the Temple, part of Smithfield with St. Bartholomew's Church and hospital, the Charterhouse and a few streets of houses. The fire began near where the Monument stands and at the end of a very hot and dry summer—the dreadful summer of the plague. It burst upon the City like a sudden storm. The upward rush of the heated atmosphere caused a great wind to blow and like a gale at sea, it lashed the flames into billows that rolled with incredible speed from river to wall and over the wall. Once more the Londoners fought for their City but the enemy

was more swift and terrible than Saxon or Norman or Dane. The ablebodied men put themselves across the track of the fire. With the aid of gunpowder and with all the implements they could command, they opened broad lanes across the City. The fire jumped the open spaces they had made. Driven back and blowing up houses as they went, they worked through days and nights, and met defeat at every point till at last in the very outskirts they prevailed on two or three sections of the battle line. King Charles himself was among the fighters; his brother James, Duke of York, was one of the most active in organizing the work. Everyone worked; princes, noblemen, shopkeepers, artisans, labourers, sailors home from the sea; rich and poor together. They were defeated. For a week London was a furnace and then it was no more.

Meantime women and children and the older men were streaming out of the City. Some of them snatched what they could save, but there was little time for salvage and few means of transporting possessions. Countrymen swarmed towards the City with their carts and I am afraid we have it on good authority that some of these countrymen at great profit to themselves hired their carts to Londoners in their need. There have been profiteers always.

When it was over the population was living in shelters on Moorfields and in the open country to the north of the City. Yet the merchants met their obligations promptly and there was not a single failure. Within four years, more than ten thousand new

houses had been built and in a few years more the City with its churches, halls, palaces and markets, and its great Cathedral had risen from its ashes. I know of no parallel to this rapid building of a city unless we may find it matched in the city building of the Romans. The new City was well built of brick and stone. No wooden buildings were permitted and the houses were substantial.

At a depth of several feet below the present pavements, relics of the fire are sometimes brought to light in the sinking of foundations. In 1910 there were found the entire contents of a jeweller's shop, quite undamaged by the fire, a beautiful collection of exquisite seventeenth century jewellery, that may be seen in the London Museum. Who knows what treasures lie hidden under the streets and houses of modern London?

By a happy coincidence, a great architect was on hand. Immediately after the fire Sir Christopher Wren came forward with a comprehensive scheme for laying out London on a splendid new plan with broad highways and squares and Thames embankment and many architectural and ornamental features. The plan was approved by the government but the Londoners did not want a city on a new plan, they wanted the City they had known. They had their way for in the rebuilding of the houses, the streets were kept as they had been. But Wren left his mark on London in the astonishing number of houses and churches that he designed and that remain among the finest in the City till today. To

crown his work he received a commission for rebuilding St. Paul's on the old site.

St. Paul's

It was the traditional site of the Temple of Lud, worshipped by the Ancient Britons, and of the Roman Temple of Diana. In the seventh century the Church of St. Paul was founded by Ethelbert, for Mellitus the first Bishop of London. As an endowment the King gave the church the Manor of Tillingham in Essex and that Manor remains to this day the property of St. Paul's Cathedral. This seventh century church of St. Paul's was burnt down in the eleventh century when the Normans began to replace it by the great church known as Old St. Paul's destroyed by the Great Fire in 1666. Old St. Paul's was two hundred years in building. The generations of its builders saw the change from the Norman Style to the pointed or Early English Style and both were represented in the finished edifice. It was an immense cathedral that must have made an impression of vastness and grandeur more pronounced than anything seen in London since its time. According to Stow it was 700 feet long and therefore 200 feet longer than New St. Paul's. The top of its steeple was a hundred feet higher than the cross on the dome of the present edifice. It had more open space about it. London was not so large, or so crowded with houses. The Cathedral must have dominated the whole City with superb and overwhelming effect. In time its great Nave came

to be used for many public purposes not connected with religion. There the lawyers met their clients, each man of law standing by his pillar. All kinds of business was transacted amid a general uproar. There servants went to be hired. Falstaff claimed to have bought Bardolph in St. Paul's. Gallants walked up and down in search of adventure or to learn the news. It was known as Paul's walk and must have been very public for we find proclamations of Elizabeth's time forbidding all persons to transport barrels of beer or to lead horses through the great Nave. Its extreme pollution came with the Puritans, for during the Commonwealth it was used as a stable for the cavalry horses of the Army of Parliament. Extensive plans had already been made for repairing Old St. Paul's when the war broke out and a large sum of money had been subscribed for that purpose, money that was afterwards confiscated by Cromwell.

Wren's masterpiece of Portland Stone with its sombre mantle of London fog spun by the winds, adds to the dignity of the ancient memories that are there enshrined together with the illustrious dead, for Nelson and Wellington are both buried in St. Paul's.

On the west front of the Cathedral are two towers; that on the north contains the peal of bells and in that on the south are hung the hour bell of the clock and the bell known as Great Paul. It weighs nearly twenty tons and is rung for five minutes at one o'clock on every day of the year, year in and year out. That is the far off booming sound that is heard, or used to

be heard, in the City about one o'clock, and that seems to come from somewhere overhead. The great dome, lifted over the City crowding round it, focuses the vision from all quarters of the compass, but great though it is, the Cathedral Church of London suffers by comparison with its mediæval predecessor, Old St. Paul's.

In an open space beside Saxon St. Paul's stood a bell tower and the ringing of that bell was a summons calling together the citizens of all classes for the public meetings of the Folkmote. In a similar position beside the Norman Church of Old St. Paul's stood Paul's Cross, a kind of open air pulpit surmounted by a large cross. To Paul's Cross came on Sundays many orators, preachers, reformers and agitators of every description to express their opinions in public, to air their grievances, to expound some doctrine, to advertise some idea, to advocate some right, to plead some cause, to spread some news, to denounce the government and to harangue the patient London crowd. The King, the Court, the Church, the Lawyers, the Nobility, the Capitalists were spoken of in terms adapted to the speakers' sentiments and the sorrows of the poor were dwelt upon with much feeling. The windy corner of Hyde Park opposite the Marble Arch inherits the tradition of Paul's Cross, for the Sunday orations in that expansive precinct are not very different from those that formerly fulminated from the older rallying ground. The right of free speech in relation to civil government and social institutions is as old as Lon-

In St. Bartholomew the Great. North Transept and Ambulatory

The Tomb of Rahere in St. Bartholomew the Great

don. Only in religious feuds and during periods of bitter conflict was there a diminution of that right, and even then it was not suppressed. True they occasionally talked themselves into jail or to the gallows during these warlike episodes but they talked just the same.

Cheapside

From St. Paul's Churchyard to the Mansion House runs Cheapside, in ancient times a market place. It was much broader than at present. The Guildhall marks its northern side as late as the fourteenth century. On the southern side, on the line of the present buildings, rose a stately row of shops, taverns and dwellings. In the middle of that broad street the marketmen had their booths or selds. In narrow lanes leading north and south various trades carried on their business. On the south side are Old Change, Fountain Court, Friday Street (where they sold fish on Friday), Bread Street, Bow Churchyard, Bow Lane, Crown Court, Queen Street, Bird in Hand Court. Then comes Bucklersbury where the apothecaries had their shops and after that Cheapside becomes the Poultry. On the north side are Foster Lane, Gutter Lane, Wood Street, Goldsmith's Street opening out of Wood Street, Milk Street, Honey Lane, Freeman's Court, Lawrence Lane, King Street, Ironmongers' Lane. Then comes the Poultry. Cheapside may look modern but the moment you turn into any one of these wilful lanes and alleys that plunge at once into ancient London you leave all the modern world behind and lose yourself

in the past, where if you wish to make yourself at home, you may lodge at Williamson's Hotel in Bow Lane, one of the ancient landmarks of London, under the shadow of Bow Church steeple.

Of all these side streets, lanes and courts the most famous is Wood Street named after a goldsmith of great renown, Sheriff in 1491. He built a beautiful row of houses known as Goldsmiths' Row in Cheapside and contributed largely to the funds for building St. Peter's Church at the foot of Wood Street. The church is gone, but a part of the churchyard remains with a few tombstones and a single plane tree. The little churchyard and the plane tree are shut off from Cheapside by two little shops only one storey high for there is a clause in the ancient lease that the tree must be protected and in order that it may have plenty of light and air, the height of the houses must not be more than one storey.

The goldsmiths' shops of Cheapside were reputed to be one of the great sights of London. They have long since moved elsewhere but Goldsmiths' Hall still occupies its original site in the famous quarter. The Goldsmiths' Company, one of the oldest of the City Guilds, owns and exercises the right of assaying and stamping every piece of gold and every piece of silver manufactured in London. All objects of gold and silver, as soon as they leave the workman's hands, are sent to Goldsmiths' Hall. A portion is there scraped from each article and passed to the Company's assayers. If the article is found true to standard it is passed, if not, it is destroyed without com-

pensation to the owner. The scrapings used in the assay belong to the Company but no profit is made. Each piece passed receives the Company's stamp as follows. The sovereign's head, a lion, a letter of the alphabet indicating the year of the sovereign's reign. This stamp, applied in Goldsmiths' Hall and nowhere else, has given rise to our word hallmark.

Besides this extraordinary privilege, the Goldsmiths' Company has a still more remarkable right—The Trial of The Pyx. The Company has custody of the Pyx, the chest containing the standard pieces for testing the national coinage. All gold and silver coins issued from the mint are sent to Goldsmiths' Hall, there to receive the official trial by a jury of the Company. All coins of the realm after leaving the mint are tried by the Goldsmiths' Company in their own Hall before they become current.

Four famous monuments stood in the middle of Cheapside. At the east end was the Great Conduit; the Little Conduit stood at the west end. They were supplied with sweet water conveyed underground by lead pipes from springs in Paddington. They were built in 1285 for the service of the City. On great days the water was turned off and the conduits flowed with wine instead for all who chose to drink. The third monument was Cheapside Cross, one of the twelve crosses erected by Edward I to the memory of his Queen Eleanor. Cheapside Cross stood opposite the end of Wood Street and may be seen in old engravings. It was damaged in 1441 and then rebuilt by the Lord Mayor. Later it was again dam-

aged and rebuilt, but the Puritans regarded it as an idol and by order of Parliament it was demolished during the Commonwealth with other monuments that had given much pleasure to the Londoners.

There was also the Standard in Cheapside which appears to have stood opposite Bow Church in the middle of the road, but what it was like I do not know. Beside it offenders against the law were punished by standing in the pillory and for great offenses were beheaded. It was also the place for burning false weights and measures and false merchandise.

The taverns of Cheapside were many and of joyful memory. A favourite sign for an ale house was a long rod projecting horizontally over the street with a bough or bush dangling at the end of it. Hence the proverb "Good ale needs no bush." These signs attained such a length in Cheapside that they were restricted by law to seven feet. But Golden Cheapside was celebrated in other ways. It was the special scenic background of the mediæval Royal pageants on their way from the Tower to Westminster when its lavish decorations included gorgeous towers, triumphal arches and hangings of rich tapestry and cloth of gold. Cheapside was moreover the scene of many tournaments when the King and Court came to witness the glittering shows which they viewed from stands erected at Bow Church.

If you will look up at the north front of Bow Church where it faces Cheapside you will see a little balcony projecting over the street below the tower. This feature was introduced by Wren when he re-

built the Church after the fire to commemorate an old tradition. There had stood in front of the older Church a stone tower, "one fair building of stone called in record a seldam, or shed, which greatly darkeneth the said church; for by means thereof all the windows and doors on that side are stopped up."[1] This structure had been erected by Edward III as a stand from which he and his Queen and court could observe the tournaments. Eventually after many reigns this building passed into private hands and appears to have been converted into some kind of a tavern or place of entertainment called the King's Head of which Stow tells the following story. In 1510 on St. John's eve King Henry VIII, disguised as a yeoman of the Guard and carrying a halberd over his shoulder, came to the King's Head and there took his stand the whole night to see the procession of the City Watch. In the morning, when the Watch was done, he went home, none having recognized him. When St. Peter's Eve came round in mid-summer, Henry appeared riding in state with the Queen and court and all spent the night at the same place seeing the City Watch.

The procession of the City Watch like all great pageants passed through Cheapside and must have been a very splendid spectacle, but there were also the Royal Ridings which were the occasions of the richest display and costliest decorations. On Lord Mayor's Day Cheapside was similarly decorated in honour of the Lord Mayor's Show.

[1] Stow.

In Cheapside was born St. Thomas à Becket; the author of Paradise Lost was born in Bread Street, Cheapside, and the author of Utopia was born in Milk Street, Cheapside. Between Friday Street and Bread Street stood the Mermaid Tavern where Shakespeare and Raleigh and Ben Jonson and other friends used to meet to drink port wine and exchange the gossip of the day. In Cheapside today if you have letters of introduction you may gain admission to Goldsmiths' Hall, Saddlers' Hall, Mercers' Hall, Grocers' Hall and other famous halls of the City Companies. On the south side is old Bow Church with its graceful spire where Bow Bells call the Cockney home, for everyone born within sound of Bow Bells is a Cockney and however far he may wander he always hears the call of Bow Bells.

They have a friendly greeting for the stranger too, these ancient bells of Bow, for when Dick Whittington as a lad walked to London looking for a job, he was so overpowered by the busy life of the streets, that he turned his face towards home again.

Resting for an hour on Highgate Hill he heard Bow Bells calling:

Turn again.
Turn again Whittington.
Turn again Whittington, turn again.
Turn again Whittington, thrice Lord Mayor of London.

The first line represents the quarter hour, the second line the half hour, the third line the three quarters and the last the hour.

And he turned again and Bow Bells kept their promise after many days, for Dick Whittington became Lord Mayor of London, not thrice but four times. The bells are twelve in number and they hang in Wren's most graceful spire, for the Church of St. Mary le Bow was rebuilt after the Great Fire. It was founded before William the Conqueror, and its ancient Norman crypt survives.

That is Cheapside, celebrated by Chaucer and by Shakespeare and made famous also by that great Londoner, John Gilpin, in his memorable ride, for "the stones did rattle underneath as if Cheapside were mad." This loquacious quality of London brick and stone, this familiar gossip of engaging ghosts, is one of the sweet influences that make the streets so habitable for us all. The bells have friendly tongues, and tavern doors repeat familiar legends and snatches of old song, and there are voices in the very stones that conjure us with hallowed music of the mother tongue.

The Temple

. . . Those bricky towres
The which on Themmes brode aged back doe ryde,
Where now the studious lawyers have their bowers,
There whylome wont the Templer Knights to byde,
Till they decayd through pride.

—Edmund Spenser.

The Royal Courts of Justice occupy a new building on Fleet Street, erected on historic ground associated with legal traditions of London. On the opposite side of the busy street is Middle Temple Gate,

an archway giving access to a passage that leads to the sacred precincts of the Temple. I have said that the streets are silent, but in these storied courts, a hundred paces from the busy tide of traffic, we have penetrated to a stillness that makes our footsteps seem strangely loud and alarming. The air is hushed. In Fountain Court the water whispers softly and the very birds in the leafy overhead have tuned their little throats to the cloistered quietude that broods over the Middle and the Inner Temple, the Sanctuary where IT sits enshrined—the awful Majesty of the Law.

The Temple was the seat of the Knights Templars, that famous order, half military and half religious, founded during the First Crusade, an order which spread throughout Europe, became rich and powerful and if we are to believe the charges brought against it at the time of its dissolution, very corrupt. The attack upon the order which became general on the Continent was not shared in England, but when the dissolution was pronounced by the Council of Vienna in 1312, the properties passed to the Knights Hospitaliers. In London however that Order did not take full possession of the Temple when the Knights Templars were disbanded. The three parts of the properties lying contiguous to each other were called the Inner, the Middle and the Outer Temple, according to the relation of each to the CITY. The Knights Hospitaliers were allowed to occupy the Inner, which included the more sacred parts. The Outer was granted by the King to the Bishop

A View of Cheapside, Showing Some of the Houses on the South Side Decorated for a Riding. In the Foreground is Seen Cheapside Cross, the Companion of Charing Cross and One of the Twelve Erected by Edward I to Queen Eleanor. The Riding Shown in the Picture is the Coronation Procession of Edward VI. After a Contemporary Painting

of Exeter and was eventually acquired by Robert Devereux, Earl of Essex, and with Essex House became the seat of that illfated nobleman. There he surrendered to the officers of Elizabeth and thence he proceeded to his trial and execution. The properties continued in private hands and so the Outer Temple disappears except as a name and a location extending from the Strand to the River along both sides of Essex Street. Within a few years of their occupation of the Inner Temple the Knights Hospitaliers were in possession of the Middle as well and we find them renting parts of the Inner to a certain company of lawyers, and the Middle to another company of lawyers, the rent paid in each instance being ten pounds annually. It was therefore early in the fourteenth century that the lawyers got their first footing in the Temple and from the first they appear to have formed two distinct societies, one in the Inner Temple and the other in the Middle Temple. In the hands of these two societies the Temple became at once a seat of learning and of many pastimes besides the law. Young men were sent to the Temple to acquire the accomplishments that were befitting a gentleman and necessary to a useful citizen, among which accomplishments music and dancing were prominent. Chaucer was a member of the Inner Temple and it is on record that he was there fined two shillings for beating a Franciscan Friar in Fleet Street. In the Canterbury Tales we have a description of a Manciple or Chief Cook of the Temple, one of the pilgrims going to Canterbury.

From Chaucer to Lloyd George the Temple roll includes among the greatest in English History the names of Walter Raleigh and Francis Drake. The gardens, courts, walks, alleys, stairways and chambers are haunted by the shades of men whose greatness fills the annals of England for the last six hundred years.

We are not to suppose that life in the Temple was one of routine for masters or students. We hear a great deal of revels at Christmas followed by masques, at both of which ladies were present and which were sometimes attended by the Court itself. These entertainments, lasting often all night, and the banquets that attended them were on such a gorgeous scale, with costumes so costly that only the very rich could participate. In the Hall of the Inner Temple the Masque and the Miracle Play developed into the Stage Play under the direction of Christopher Hatton, the Dancing Chancellor, a favourite of Queen Elizabeth.

The Temple has not been spared the calamities that have been visited upon London. One occurred during the peasants' revolt in 1381 under Wat Tyler. The peasants who regarded the lawyers with special aversion, moved in a mob to the Temple with the avowed purpose of hanging its inhabitants. The lawyers having got wind of the plan, had business elsewhere on that day. The rebels however plundered the houses, some of which they destroyed, and made a bonfire of all the books and records.

Till the dissolution, the Knights Hospitaliers re-

mained the owners of the Temple, receiving rents from the two societies of lawyers. That Order was dissolved by Henry VIII, who confiscated the property and allowed the lawyers to remain as tenants of the Crown at an annual rental of ten pounds a year for each of the two societies. It seems that Henry had a scheme for turning out the lawyers and converting the Temple into some use of his own devising, but it also seems that the lawyers were too smart even for Henry and managed somehow to retain the properties at the same rent that they had been paying for over two hundred years, the only difference being that the Crown became their landlord. In 1608 James the First made an effort to deprive the lawyers of the premises by effecting a sale. Again they scored, this time by presenting the King with a gold cup weighing two hundred ounces filled with gold pieces in exchange for a charter granting them the Temple forever at the old annual rental of ten pounds a year for each Society. In 1673 however the two Societies together purchased these rents from Charles II and became the absolute owners forever, the one of the Inner Temple and the other of the Middle Temple.

Thus the Temple premises, the heritage of an ancient order of chivalry identified with the Crusades, became the permanent property of the lawyers who have been in continuous occupation since 1312, and whose present title is based on the rental of £10 which each of the two societies paid at that time for its share as tenant. In no instance does the persist-

ence of custom in the City of London show to better advantage, with deeper meaning or with greater honour than in this Temple of the Law where students come from all over the British Empire to gain admission to the Bar. It exemplifies in itself the lasting quality of justice, the strong foundations, deep laid in precedent on which the English law is based and the equity that tempers the practise of the English Courts. The students and the barristers living in the Temple cannot fail to draw from its associations a sense of the dignity and proportion that stamp the heritage of the Bar. Breathing its atmosphere they become a part of its tradition.

Always there have been four Inns of Court: the Middle Temple, the Inner Temple, Lincoln's Inn and Gray's Inn, the last two lying outside the Temple precincts in Holborn. Each has its own independent organization but the four are in close affiliation and on absolute equality. They are the only power in England that can admit to the Bar. Clifford's Inn on the north side of Fleet Street in Chancery Lane, Clement's Inn, Strand, and Staple Inn, Holborn, were Inns of Chancery [1] formerly associated with the Inns of Court, to which they stood in the relation of preparatory schools. The Inns of Chancery have no longer any functions and their buildings are devoted to other uses. The members of an Inn of Court are Benchers, Barristers and Students. The Benchers

[1] Thavie's Inn in Holborn Circus, Barnard's Inn on the south side of Holborn and Furnival's Inn on the north side of Holborn, all now demolished, were also Inns of Chancery attached to the Inns of Court.

are the senior members, charged with the government of the Inn, the admission of students, the call to the Bar and the discipline of members.

One of the rules of the Inns is that each student during the three years of his studies, must dine four times a year in the Hall of his Inn. This may be the student's only acquaintance with his Inn but it constitutes his legal title to be admitted to the bar, for it establishes a presumption of his having pursued his legal studies within the precincts of the Inn, the actual studies being carried on in the Chambers of the barristers. In the Middle Temple the ceremony of dining is still announced each day by the blowing of a horn. At a half hour before the dinner hour the Warder of the Temple in a top hat and gold lace walks round the Courts blowing a horn. The Benchers, Barristers and Students then assemble in Middle Temple Hall and dine together. Nothing can excuse a student from this duty. The dinner hour which used to be six o'clock has lately been changed to seven as a concession to modern conditions. Another change that has been made in recent years was the substitution of a new horn for the ancient silvermounted horn that had become cracked, and that now in consequence reposes in safety in the Middle Temple. The horn blowing, of course, like some other practises still kept up, has been inherited from the Knights Templars. There is still a servant in each Inn of Court called the panyer man, whose duties are to wait in the Hall of the Inn to which he is attached during dinner, but these duties appear

to have undergone modification for he used to blow the horn, lay the cloths, set the salt cellars, cut the bread, ring the bell and wait on the gentlemen. If I am not mistaken the waiters in the Halls are called the panyer men today. Originally I suppose the panyer man—pannier man—was the man who brought in the bread in a pannier. Other customs inherited from the Templars are those of sitting in messes of four each and the rule which restricts conversation to remarks required by courtesy. These practices and the rule that prohibits the carrying into Hall other weapons than daggers were presumably devised to promote peace and avoid quarrels.

The banquets are still kept up with much ceremony but the revels appear to have died out in the eighteenth century. The following is an account by an eyewitness of what I understand to have been one of the last of the revels. It took place in the Inner Temple Hall.

On the 2nd of February, 1733, the Lord Chancellor came into the Inner Temple Hall about two of the clock, preceded by the Master of the Revels, and followed by the Master of the Temple, and by the Judges and Serjeants who had been members of that house. There was a very elegant dinner provided for them and the Lord Chancellor's officers; but the Barristers and Students of the house had no other dinner got for them than what is usual on all Grand Days; but each mess had a flask of claret, besides the common allowance of port and sack. Fourteen students waited on the Bench Table, among whom was the Lord Chancellor's eldest son; and by their means any sort

Fountain Court

Middle Temple Hall

of provision was easily obtained from the upper table by those at the rest. A large gallery was built over the screen, and was filled with ladies, who came, for the most part, a considerable time before the dinner began; and the music was placed in the little gallery, at the upper end of the Hall, and played all dinner time.

As soon as dinner was ended the play began, which was *LOVE FOR LOVE,* with the farce of *THE DEVIL TO PAY.* The actors who performed in them all came from the Haymarket, in chairs, ready dressed; and, as it was said, refused any gratuity for the trouble, looking upon the honour of distinguishing themselves on this occasion as sufficient.

After the play the Lord Chancellor, the Master of the Temple, the Judges and Benchers, retired into their Parliament Chamber, and in about half an hour afterwards came into the Hall again, and a large ring was formed round the fireplace (but no fire nor embers were on it); then the Master of the Revels, who went first, took the Lord Chancellor by the right hand, and he with his left took Mr. Justice Page, who, joined to the other Judges, Serjeants, and Benchers present, danced, or rather walked, round about the coal fire, according to the old ceremony, three times, during which they were aided in the figure of the dance by Mr. George Cooke, the Prothonotary, then upwards of 60; and all the time of the dance the *ancient song,* accompanied with music, was sung by one Tony Aston (an actor), dressed in a bar gown, whose father had been formerly Master of the Plea Office in the King's Bench.

When this was over, the ladies came down from the gallery, went into the Parliament Chamber, and stayed about a quarter of an hour, while the Hall was putting in order; then they went into the Hall and danced a few

minutes; country dances began about ten, and at twelve a very fine collation was provided for the whole company: from which they returned to dancing, which they continued as long as they pleased; and the whole day's entertainment was generally thought to be very genteelly and liberally conducted. The Prince of Wales honoured the performance with his company part of the time: he came into the music gallery wing about the middle of the play, and went away as soon as the farce of walking round the coal fire was over.—Wynne's *Eunomus,* 1774, vol. IV.

Grand Days are functions held four times a year, once in each term, when judges and distinguished guests sit with the benchers in State at the High Table, separated from the barristers and students. The Readers Feast is a function held at regular intervals, when extra wine and extra commons are served.

The ancient revels presided over by the Lord of Misrule are represented today by balls, concerts, garden parties and other entertainments. Plays are given occasionally in the Hall where Shakespeare gave a first performance of Twelfth Night but the Masque of Flowers perpetuated until recently in an annual Flower Show of the Horticultural Society held in the Temple Gardens but now moved to Chelsea Hospital Grounds, has deserted the Temple Precincts altogether. The Temple gardens are much as they always were, except for one thing. It was there that the champions of the rival houses plucked the red rose and the white to be the emblems of York and Lancaster. The roses are there

no more, only chrysanthemums. It has been said that the roses could not stand the smoke and fog of London, but I am inclined to think they would come back if they were invited.

When in King Henry IV, Prince Hal said to Falstaff, "Jack, we meet tomorrow in the Temple Hall," he meant the Middle Temple Hall, one of the noblest edifices to be seen today in or out of the Temple. It was built in the early sixteenth century, and although the outside was refaced in the eighteenth, the interior remains unchanged with its fine old roof of oak timbers, its carvings and its stained glass windows. It is a venerable Hall where Fame in its mellowest and most reminiscent mood fills the obscurity of each dim recess and sits in splendour at each festive board—boards hewn from the timbers of the Golden Hinde. It was in this Hall that Shakespeare gave a performance of Twelfth Night in the presence of Queen Elizabeth.

The floor of Middle Temple Hall was renewed in 1764 and when the old worn out boards were removed we are informed that about one hundred sets of ivory dice, dark with age, were recovered from the retirement in which they lay since they had fallen through the chinks. Another strange discovery was made in 1894 when the walls were being wired for electric lights. Concealed in a closed recess near the roof was found a box containing a well preserved skeleton that must have been lying there for about two hundred years. How it came to be in that position we may leave the lawyers to decide.

In the Temple Cloisters, I saw one day a low square window with small panes looking towards Pump Court, and above the window in large letters the one word SMITH. There was no further information and no sign of a door. A search however revealed in a narrow alley leading from the cloisters a small wooden door like a secret entrance to a smuggler's hold. This being the only entrance visible, I plucked up courage to knock, for though not aware that I had any business with the tenant, I had great curiosity. I was received very courteously by the occupant of that tiny tenement with its mysterious window. It was the queerest little shop I have ever seen, the shop of a wigmaker, the successor of a long line of barber wigmakers among whom have been some well known characters. Lord Chancellor Campbell in his Lives of the Chief Justices relates how Dick Danby, tenant of that shop, in his day used to cut his hair, make his wigs and aid him at all times with his valuable advice. There is another wigmaker in the Temple with another long line of distinguished predecessors, Allin whose little window looks on Essex Court.

The Temple Church was built by the Knights Templars in the twelfth century. It is the third oldest church in London and in it the Knights Templars were accused of performing some very strange Pagan rites. In the Great Fire of 1666 the Temple Church barely escaped. The Duke of York with a volunteer force was fighting the fire in this quarter trying to save the Temple whole, but they

were driven back and back till they were within the Temple precincts. Then the Duke, as a last desperate resort, decided to blow up some of the Temple buildings themselves to save the rest. The story is quite simply told by that remarkable person who has bequeathed to posterity the name of Samuel Pepys and his diaries. While the Duke was engaged in the hurried work of bringing in the gunpowder by which he was to make his last resistance to the flames, one of the lawyers accosted him and calmly informed him that it was against the rules to bring gunpowder into the Temple. The Duke's equerry, who was with him at the time, took the lawyer and beat him with a stick till he saw the force of the argument. The Temple buildings most exposed to the fire were blown up and the rest were saved. At one moment the Church seemed doomed. A great firebrand carried by the wind fell on the roof and clung there, melting the lead and quickly burning through to the wooden timbers of the roof. A sailor among the Duke's volunteers somehow climbed up on the roof and beat out the fire with his hands. Afterwards the Corporation of the City of London voted that sailor an award of fifty pounds.

The Temple has close historical associations with the American Republic. Five of the signers of the Declaration of Independence were members of the Middle Temple: Edward Rutledge, Thomas Hayward, Thomas McKean, Thomas Lynch and Arthur Middleton. Besides these, George Rutledge, William Livingstone, John Dickinson of Pennsylvania

and Arthur Lee of Virginia and Payton Randolph, President of the Continental Congress of Philadelphia, were all members of the Inn.

The relation of the Temple to the CITY is a very good example of London government. Great and glorious as is the Lord Mayor of London—a King in his own domain—there is yet one place within that domain where he has no jurisdiction. That place is the Temple, the territory of which lies for the most part within the CITY but is yet an independent estate. The Lord Mayor may not enter it as he goes in State through his Dominions. How can such things be? It is ancient history but this strange situation did not declare itself finally without rumblings and mutterings, ending at length in a great battle. It was one of the decisive battles of history—and it was the Lord Mayor who was defeated. Who can say what the subsequent history of London, of England, of the Empire, of the World might have been if the issue of that conflict had been otherwise—if the Mansion House had triumphed over the Temple? It all began with the Knights Templars who in the days of their power and pride formed a highly privileged order. They governed within their territory according to their own laws without interference from any outside authority. When the lawyers took over the property they inherited or assumed the like privilege and independence, a position that they have stoutly and resolutely and successfully maintained until the present day. For centuries the Lord Mayors declined to acquiesce; they were careful to do nothing

The Temple Church

The Temple Cloisters

that could be construed by the lawyers as an acknowledgment of their claim of independence, but they never cared to put it to the test; they simply stayed away from the Temple. Then in a certain year of grace during the reign of Charles II, the then Lord Mayor, Sir William Turner, decided to assert the CITY'S right and prove that the lawyers could not limit his jurisdiction. Having been invited to a dinner in the Temple by the Benchers, he was pleased to accept and at the same time intimated that he would come to dinner in State, as the ruler whose authority extended to the Temple. The Benchers warned him in return that this could not be permitted. He ignored their warning and went in State, with his sword bearer and mace bearer and his followers. The students and barristers when they learned what was contemplated, mustered in force and met the Lord Mayor on their own ground, blocking his way and interrupting his progress. The uproar was terrific; its echoes reverberated through the CITY and the trainbands were called out. It reached the ears of the King at Whitehall, where he was informed by breathless messengers that there was war in the Temple. Charles dispatched a messenger post haste to propose a truce, but both sides were too busy and too much in earnest to pay attention. It was fought to a finish. The Lord Mayor was taken prisoner and locked up in one of the chambers of the Temple after some of his attendants including his sword bearer had been knocked down. From his prison the Lord Mayor made his escape

by a back way and retreated through an alley to his undisputed domain. He had lost the battle and his dinner.

No treaty has ever been signed and no articles of agreement have ever been drawn up, but since that day, it is tacitly agreed that the territory of the Temple is outside the Lord Mayor's jurisdiction. What Charles II thought or said on that memorable occasion is not recorded. That is a distinct loss, for, knowing well that he himself could not enter the CITY without asking permission of the Lord Mayor, the emotions of the Merry Monarch may be imagined when he learned of his Lordship's situation.

I may claim for myself a certain historical connection with the defeated Lord Mayor. I have lodged in the house that was designed by Christopher Wren and built for Sir William Turner and occupied by him when he was Lord Mayor and during the events that I have briefly and inadequately described. That house, situated in Bow Lane, Cheapside, remained the Mansion House or residence of the successive Lord Mayors till the present Mansion House was built. Its entrance is up a narrow court protected by an iron gate presented by William and Mary. It is called Williamson's. I could write a most excellent book about the week I spent there—if I had the ability.

LONDON AND THE COLONIES

London had a special stake in the colonies. It was linked through its trade, by the investments of its

citizens and it was linked through the colonists themselves, many of whom came from London or had connections therein. In the earliest ventures overseas its merchants had an active interest. The voyages of discovery and plantation appealed to their trading instincts, for the possibilities afforded by these adventures for the enlargement of commerce were well known to them. Even the spoils of conquest were scarcely less alluring in their eyes. When Francis Drake returned from his voyage round the world loaded with plunder of Spanish possessions, he sailed up the Thames and anchored below London Bridge and London caught a glimpse of that astounding Argosy and its incredible captain. Queen Elizabeth in her gorgeous barge of State went in splendour to visit the great Adventurer. Drake was dined by the lawyers at the Temple where his name was already enrolled, and the taverns of Southwark and Fleet Street and Holborn and Cheape buzzed with the epic happenings and with healths to Francis Drake. Raleigh was at the Court, Shakespeare was getting ready to come to London, and all three, the Sailor, the Statesman and the Poet, must have met in the years that followed when men's minds were still moved by that new vision of the earth encompassed and its treasures brought to London Dock. How these events must have stirred the emotions of him whose passionate love of England thrills even the cold audiences of today. Incredible far off days! In such a conjunction of the stars were the colonies conceived amid signs and

wonders. I know of no event that presaged the founding of the Empire overseas like the arrival of the Golden Hinde at London. It was the most colossal and most daring propaganda that ever encompassed the earth. Westward Ho!

From that time on the Londoners developed and fostered the colonizing spirit and from the time that Englishmen got a foothold in America the plantations were nourished and powerfully supported by London merchants. Virginia was founded by the City of London and the City Companies together. Moreover the settlers who had been born in London carried with them overseas the London outlook. They brought with them their old attitude towards the State, transplanting the long familiar London posture of one who stands on guard, of one who knows to a hair the boundary line between his private domain and the domain of public authority. The definition of his rights that the Londoner continued to assert could not be challenged in Virginia, in Pennsylvania or in New England any more than it could be challenged in the Temple or in Cheapside. The ideas that had shaped the CITY'S history remained a strong link between it and the new Commonwealths of the West. Among the leaders in the New World were men learned in the law who had lived at the Inns of Court and sat with the Benchers in the Temple . Not the law alone but the customs, the traditions, the faiths of London penetrated the Thirteen Colonies.

In the reign of George III, London's political

power happened to be at the ebb. If the CITY had been in this trying time the arbiter of political destinies as it was before and as it has been since, the concessions made to the colonies by the government would not have stopped short of complete satisfaction of all their demands. Indeed if London had been in a position to assert itself strongly it is probable that no taxes ever would have been imposed. Certain it is that the unwilling country never would have been led into a war, feebly prosecuted to an issue determined in the end by a sentiment and a conviction that from the beginning found almost unanimous expression in London. Whatever difference of opinion there might have been in the colonies about the policies of the government there was none in London. Right or wrong these policies were opposed by the Londoners from the beginning. The Lord Mayor and Aldermen, as spokesmen for the CITY, sent one remonstrance after another to the King on the throne till, incensed at their persistence, he informed their representative in Parliament that he would receive on the throne no more communications from the Lord Mayor. This was a denial of one of London's ancient rights. The Lord Mayor promptly reminded him that London's right of making representations to the King on the throne had never been challenged. The King acknowledged the right. The Lord Mayor and Aldermen continued to send their remonstrances against the colonial policy of the government. They were no perfunctory warnings that the CITY sent to the

throne. The feelings of the Londoners were deeply involved and they were running true to their traditions.

We lament the blood that has been already shed; we deplore the fate of those brave men who are devoted to hazard their lives—not against the enemies of the British name, but against the friends of the prosperity and glory of Great Britain; we feel for the honour of the British arms, sullied—not by the misbehaviour of those who bore them, but by the misconduct of the Ministers who employed them, for the oppression of their fellow-subjects; we are alarmed at the immediate, insupportable expense and the probable consequences of a war which, we are convinced, originates in violence and injustice, and must end in ruin.

Then France entered the war and Spain followed France. This was a bitter dose for the Londoners. They were well aware that the occasion of the taxes that the government sought to impose on the colonists was the cost of the wars in which England had been involved to protect the colonies and the overseas subjects from French aggressions. Yet the Londoners had made it known that they regarded the tax as unwarranted and unjust. They had made it clear that they were prepared to uphold on behalf of the colonists all that they had ever claimed on behalf of themselves. And now the colonies for whose preservation they had gladly paid and for whom they were prepared to fight, made common cause with the old opponents, the rivals of England on American

soil for colonial claims. The Londoners found themselves in a difficult position. They had been let down. Their protestations were no longer possible. It was war with France. Their interest in the issue died. It was humiliating either way. Their support of the war was without heart and without purpose.

Many of the colonists as I have said were Londoners. Among the leaders were men who had been educated in that great training school of good citizenship, the Temple. London therefore understood quite clearly the meaning of the American contention, but the Declaration of Independence and French intervention were events that did not march with their traditions or harmonize with that clear understanding. They could not go along with their children in that new undertaking and in that association. As for kings and governments, they had elected their kings, they had deposed their kings, they had seen their King beheaded, which they knew was a bad business not to their taste. They had overthrown governments, made and unmade parliaments. They were prepared to reënact the events of history if necessary. They had done many things and were prepared to do more, but they had never been disloyal to England. Never. That was their limit. Now they must part company with the colonies. . . . So the colonies went their way—and then within a century and a half came the first World War and threatened chaos. The two events are linked as the hole in the dyke is linked with the

flood that drowns the land. But in both events London stood exactly where we would expect London to stand.

IV

IN THE APPROACHES TO THE CITY

The Lord loveth the gates of Zion more than all the dwellings of Jacob. . . . The Lord shall count, when he writeth up the people, that this man was born there.—PSALM 87.

My purpose . . . has been to plead for understanding of the London of the past as a help to knowledge of what is needed for the London of the future. . . . In designing great London improvements we ought to revere, and so far as possible to conserve, what is left of the London of the past.
—THE MARQUESS OF CREWE.

TEMPLE BAR

ADJACENT to the Temple in Fleet Street and sharing its traditions are or were many ancient landmarks with memories preserved in literature and history, in song and in legend. Conspicuous among these landmarks was Temple Bar, a barrier or gateway extending across Fleet Street, a little to the west of the archway leading to the Middle Temple. Temple Bar was not a part of the main defences of the CITY—not a part of the continuous wall pierced by seven gates. It was a detached gateway in an advanced position towards the west on the boundary line between the CITY and Westminster, for it should be remembered that the wall itself was not the boundary of the CITY but a line running parallel to the wall and enclosing a

narrow belt outside the wall, called the Liberties. Some of the wards lie outside the wall. This explains such surviving names as that of Farringdon Without and Farringdon Within, two distinct wards; also Bishopsgate Without and Bishopsgate Within, two parts of one ward. Where the main roads crossed the boundaries of this outer zone as they approached the CITY gates, they were interrupted by bars for additional protection. Of these the one that survived longest was Temple Bar. Old Temple Bar, of unknown antiquity, was destroyed shortly after the Great Fire of 1666 and was replaced by another designed by Sir Christopher Wren, a fine arched gateway that was still in perfect repair in 1878, when it was removed to accommodate the increasing traffic. Temple Bar is represented today by a monument in the middle of Fleet Street, surmounted by the figure of a griffin, the Crest of the CITY.

Fleet Street is in many respects the most important and the most famous street in London. It takes its name from the River Fleet that ran outside the western wall past Ludgate, where it was spanned by a bridge to carry Fleet Street to the gate. On the south side of the street, and without the wall, stood the Royal Palace or Manor of Bridewell, where Henry VIII lived at times, where Wolsey had apartments and where the whole of the third act of Shakespeare's King Henry VIII took place. This spacious palace had frontages on the Thames and on the River Fleet. It was at last given to the CITY by Edward VI as a hospital and asylum for the poor.

Temple Bar

Later it was converted into a house of correction and lunatic asylum which it remained up to the time when it was demolished in 1863.[1] Its site today is a maze of streets and buildings with shops and offices, among which is embedded the Church of St. Bride. Next to Bridewell, which took its name from the ancient well of St. Bride—lying between it and the Temple—was Whitefriars. The Royal Palace and the seat of the Carmelite Brothers lay therefore between Ludgate and the Temple, and between Fleet Street and the Thames. Lying outside the wall but inside the CITY, they had Temple Bar as an outer protection. Temple Bar is at least as old as the Temple whence it derived the name by which it has been known to history. From time immemorial the spot has been marked by some kind of a barrier; at first, as has been surmised, perhaps nothing more than an iron chain.

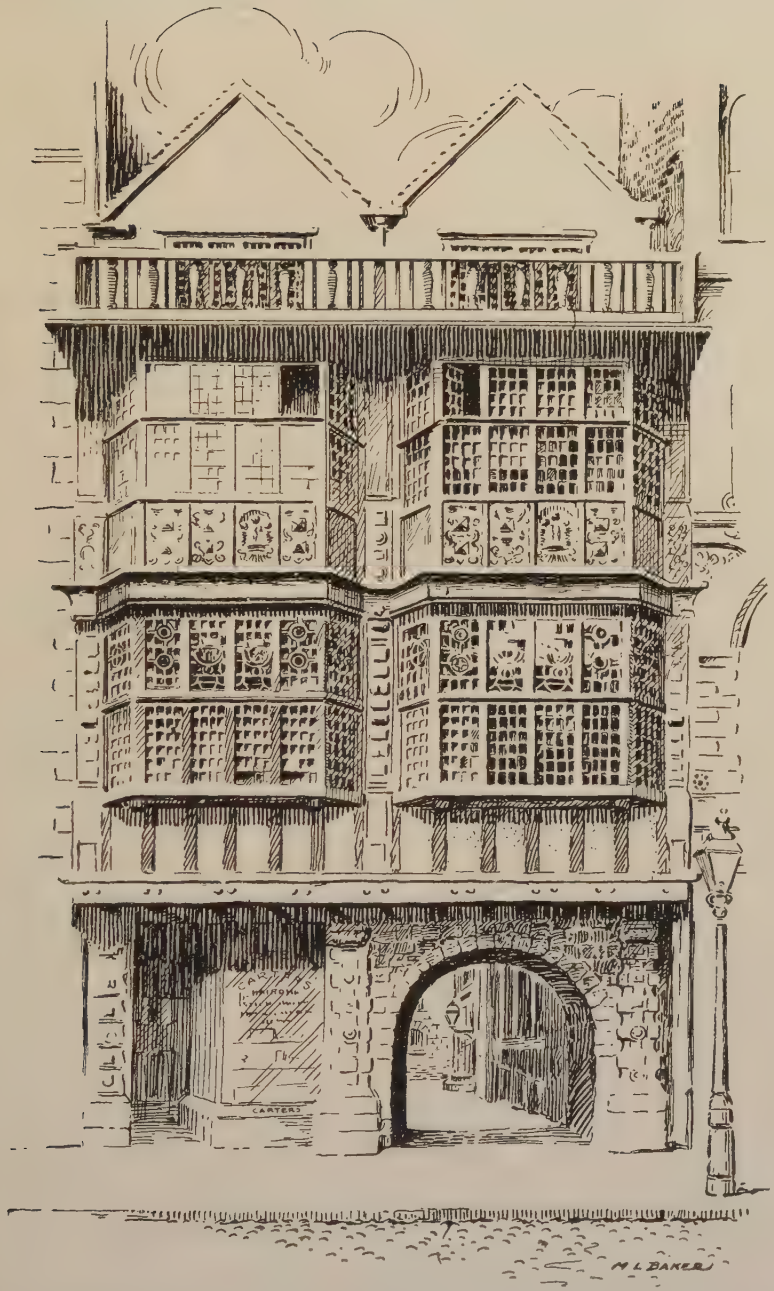
Ludgate being the principal gate of the CITY looking west and the outlet towards Westminster and having in its vicinity the Royal Manor of Bridewell, its approach was of special consequence and Temple Bar has witnessed and continues to witness many impressive ceremonies attended by great pomp and splendour. Its colourful fame rests substantially on the picturesque part it has played in relation to the Royal Processions in their entry into the CITY, for Temple Bar is the official entrance to London. There the Sovereign halts, members of the Royal

[1] See Hogarth's drawing in The Harlot's Progress, fourth in the series.

household on the King's business halt and troops marching with fixed bayonets halt to remove them, for troops do not pass through the CITY streets with fixed bayonets though they go with fixed bayonets everywhere else. To enter the CITY at all, the troops must first get permission from the Lord Mayor. Only one regiment, the Buffs, has the right to march through the CITY with fixed bayonets and with its colours flying. The Buffs are a CITY regiment and represent the ancient Trainbands.

In accordance with that ancient custom that requires the Sovereign on his way to visit the CITY to knock and ask leave to enter, a ceremony is performed at Temple Bar on these State occasions with all the stately pageantry that Royalty on the one hand and the Lord Mayor and Corporation of London on the other can command. We have an account of the entrance of Queen Elizabeth when she went to St. Paul's to give thanks after the defeat of the Armada. At the accession of James I a great triumphal arch, a magnificent affair described as a Temple of Jauns, 90 feet high and 50 feet broad was erected beside the Bar to give greater dignity to the entrance of London. It was provided with battlements and turrets. It had a great gate in the middle. It was adorned with allegories and within was delivered an oration prepared by Ben Jonson. From contemporary descriptions it would appear to have been an affair of extraordinary grandeur even for the London of that day.

Coming down to a later day, Queen Victoria on



The Arched Entrance to the Middle Temple and the Gatehouse Containing Prince Henry's Room, Which Occupies the Floor Directly Over the Gate and Which May be Rented for Meetings. The Floor Above is Used for a Tea Room. Tradition Has it that Prince Henry Occupied the Room that Bears His Name, as the Office of the Duchy of Cornwall

her Diamond Jubilee procession was received by the Lord Mayor at Temple Bar with all the accustomed ceremony. At each of these Royal entrances the Lord Mayor presents the Sword of London to the Sovereign who immediately returns it.

When a Court official on the King's business enters the CITY he likewise is halted at Temple Bar to receive the Lord Mayor's permission. The most recent observance of this time-honoured custom was in July 1919 when a gorgeous company from the Heralds' College rode into the CITY from St. James' Palace to read from the steps of the Royal Exchange the King's Peace Proclamation on the day that the delegates signed the Treaty of Peace in Paris.

But Temple Bar has memories of another kind. Like the gate of London Bridge it was adorned at times with the heads of traitors fastened on spikes that were prominently placed on the pediment above the central arch. Among the heads thus exhibited was that of Henry Oxburg who took part in the uprising of 1715 under the Old Pretender. A contemporary writer thus describes the placing of the head.

> On the evening of the execution a man was seen with a small bundle under his arm ascending a ladder to the top of Temple Bar. Arrived there he took the white cloth off that which he carried in it and then the men and boys gathered below saw that it was a human head. The man thrust it on to an upright iron rod, then descended to the cart

which awaited him and drove away towards Newgate. Next day idlers were peering at the head through a glass and pious people crossed themselves.

But one of the pious people was a Jacobite who, enraged at what he saw, cried out, "God damn the people who put that head up there," and proceeded to involve himself in a small riot. If it was his purpose to have his own head placed on the gate he was disappointed. He only got a month for making a disturbance.

Another head that adhered to the Old Pretender's cause adhered to Temple Bar for thirty years, a record. It was finally blown down one night during a gale and was picked up by an attorney who showed it to some friends in a public house near by. Dr. Rawlinson, the archæologist, according to a story, hearing what had happened, wished to purchase the head and to accommodate him someone sold him another which he carefully preserved.

The last heads exhibited on Temple Bar were those of persons condemned for their part in the rising of 1745 under the Young Pretender. It was in 1746 that the last of these, Townely and Fletcher, were executed, when their heads completed the ghastly toll. Horace Walpole, writing the same year, says, "I have been this morning at the Tower and passed under the new heads at Temple Bar where people made a trade of letting spying glasses at a halfpenny a look." Twenty seven years later, in 1773, Dr. Johnson told a story often repeated of

The Yard of the King's Head in Southwark. From a Photograph Made About Forty Years Ago by the Society for Photographing Old Buildings

The Yard of the King's Head Inn in Southwark. From a Photograph Made About Forty Years Ago by the Society for Photographing Old Buildings

the same heads at a dinner of the Literary Club. It appears that the two heads remained together until March 31, 1772, when one of them was reported to have fallen down. Temple Bar itself remained for 106 years longer, till 1878, when it was removed stone by stone and reërected at the entrance of Theobalds Park, Cheshunt, where it may still be seen. There is some talk of having it brought back to the CITY and set up anew on the Thames Embankment.

On the south side of the street at Temple Bar, with which it formerly communicated, is Childs Bank, the oldest bank in London, rebuilt in 1878. This is the bank described by Dickens in A Tale of Two Cities under the name of Tellson's. Next door to Childs stood the Devil Tavern, an ancient and celebrated tavern and the favourite haunt of Ben Jonson, who there presided over the Apollo Club. In 1687 the Devil was bought by Childs and replaced by an extension of the bank. In Childs Bank may still be seen the old sign of the Devil Tavern, Saint Dunstan in company with the Devil. In the same place is preserved a bust of Apollo and a tablet taken from the room in which the Apollo Club used to meet. In gold letters on that tablet you may read the rules composed by Ben Jonson for his club.

Another famous house in Fleet Street was the Mitre Tavern—one of Samuel Johnson's resorts. It stood where Hoare's Bank now stands and the Mitre Tavern in Mitre Court near by is a modern establishment. The Rainbow, one of the first coffee houses

in London, was opened in 1656 by James Farr, sometime a barber. He was prosecuted " for making and selling a sort of liquor called coffee as a great nuisance and prejudice to the neighbourhood." Nevertheless the Rainbow prospered and though it has been remodelled is still one of the attractions of the district. Also close to Temple Bar on the north side of Fleet Street stood the famous Cock, where Samuel Pepys entertained two lady friends to a lobster supper and got in trouble with his wife as he relates in his diary. Tennyson's Will Waterproof adds a later and better known lay to the literary traditions of the Old Cock. The gilded sign, carved by Grinling Gibbons, a fireplace and other features long remembered, form part of the decorations of the modern Cock Tavern on the other side of the street, erected when its predecessor was pulled down in 1886.

Dick's Coffee house, reached by a narrow passage on the south side of Fleet Street near Temple Bar, adjoined the buildings of the Temple in Hare Court. It was a favourite resort of Steele and Addison as well as of many others whose names are known to fame, down to the year 1899 when it was demolished.

All of the taverns I have mentioned and many more living in London's memory with Temple Bar—all these ancient haunts of fellowship and freedom from care that ministered to the dwellers in the Temple and to travellers to and from the CITY, have been swept away within the last half century but linger still in the memories of living Londoners.

The George Inn, Southwark. This is Still Standing. It was the Southern Side of the Inn Yard, Which was Surrounded on Three Sides by Gallerifd Structures. It is a Good Surviving Fragment of a Gallerifd Inn, Which was the Type Where the Coaches Put Up

One of the old taverns of the Temple neighbourhood remains unchanged, the Cheshire Cheese in Wine Office Court, Fleet Street. The present building dates from the seventeenth century. The tradition that Dr. Johnson at times frequented the Cheshire Cheese is denied by some, but I see no reason to doubt the innocent story. Certainly it was there in his time and I am sure he frequented every tavern in his kingdom.

Opposite the end of Chancery Lane is the gate of the Inner Temple, with its gatehouse known as Prince Henry's Room. It was built in 1610 and named in honour of Henry, Prince of Wales, the son of James I. Its most interesting feature is a large square room with fine carved oak panelling and pilasters and an ornamental plaster ceiling. It is one of the few private houses that the Corporation of the City of London together with the London County Council has decided to preserve.

Henry, Prince of Wales, is one of those bright attractive spirits that pass quickly across history's stage and are gone. The eldest son of the first James, he showed all the qualities that a prince should have. He was handsome, eager in pursuit of knowledge, fond of learning, but also fond of games and outdoor life and manly sports. He was by nature generous and affectionate and was beloved by the Londoners. He was a great friend of Raleigh whom he constantly visited in the Tower. He died in St. James's Palace in his nineteenth year. One cannot help wondering what the fortunes of the Stuart Dynasty might have

been had it survived in the person of that most promising scion of the House.

Southwark Inns

There are certain thoroughfares that lead one's footsteps on amid a throng of ghosts by ways frequented since that far off London dawn that saw the first arrival on the Thames. As one travels these highways, memory threads the passages of time till step by step the journey leads through crowded centuries to dim horizons where spirits refuse to be summoned from the vasty deep. One of these thoroughfares is Fleet Street; another is that which begins at the southern end of London Bridge and runs through Southwark away towards the south-eastern counties of England. It was the road that led from London to the coast before the Romans came and, connecting with the Continent, carried the rising tide of London's foreign trade before Cæsar sailed from Gaul. The Romans improved that Dover road and, where it approached the bridge-head, it became lined with houses that spread along the river and from the river into Surrey till the Roman City claimed the southern side of the Thames opposite the frowning bastions that guarded the stronghold on the northern bank, with which it was connected by the bridge. That was the beginning of Southwark. It was created by the most important approach of London, the road that led to the coast and the Continent and straightaway to Rome. Today that road is called Borough High Street and

Staircase in the Oxford Arms, in Warwick Lane, Newgate Street. From an Old Photograph Made by the Society for Photographing Old Buildings About Forty Years Ago

Staple Inn, Holborn. From a Photograph Taken before the Plaster Covering was Removed, by the Society for Photographing Old Buildings

time has obliterated its monuments but not its memories. It has swept away the Roman Hippodrome and Shakespeare's Theatre, the Globe. It has swept away Chaucer's Inn and Jack Cade's Inn but the road runs as it always ran adapting itself to all changes without ado. No other road to London brought so many travellers from all lands and no street in London had more famous inns.

> Byfel that in that sesoun in a day,
> In Southwark at the Tabard as I lay.

Thus Chaucer, who gives a picture of the jovial landlord as well as of the company that was setting out for Canterbury on a pilgrimage to the shrine of Thomas à Becket, London's patron saint, a pilgrimage so popular that the Southwark inns did a profitable business with the pilgrims. Tabard Inn survived till 1876, when it was pulled down to make room for more modern uses. A hop merchant's office and a modern inn called the Old Tabard now occupy the site.

The advent of the railroads and the dislocation of the old traffic caused the first general removal of old inns, but the last quarter of the nineteenth century and the first decade of the present century witnessed the obliteration of many more.

Another historic inn on Borough High Street was the White Hart Inn, built in the fourteenth century. It was there that Jack Cade had his headquarters in 1450, when he attacked London, according to the chronicles and according to his own announcement

in Shakespeare's King Henry VI. Dickens gives a good description of the White Hart as it appeared in his day for it was there that he introduced Mr. Pickwick and Sam Weller to each other. It was pulled down in 1889.

The George Inn stood between the Tabard and the White Hart and a fragment of it is standing and entertaining travellers today. Next to the Tabard stood the Queen's Head Inn, once owned by John Harvard, who inherited it from his mother and who, having emigrated to Massachusetts, endowed the College that bears his name. The Queen's Head was removed in 1895.

Holborn Inns

Returning to the north of the Thames, Holborn ranks as one of the principal approaches to the City. Along that way Watling Street, the Roman road from the North, led into the City via Newgate. A pair of granite obelisks astride of Holborn, one at the end of Gray's Inn Road and the other at Staple Inn opposite, mark the site of Holborn Bars, the barrier that, like Temple Bar, stood where the road crossed the boundary of the City. High Holborn claims the distinction of being adorned still with one of the few surviving houses of Elizabethan times, Staple Inn with its half timbered front of many gables that lean out of their own windows to see what goes on below, its fine old Hall, its two courts, its sunken garden and its soft repose. It was an Inn of Chancery after the wool staplers left it and is one of

Sir Paul Pindar's House Formerly on the West Side of Bishopsgate Street Without. The Seventeenth Century Residence of Paul Pindar, a London Merchant. In the Last of the Nineteenth Century it was Used as a Tavern. The Carved Oak Front is Now in the South Kensington Museum. From a Print Published in 1826 by Wilkinson

the best surviving bits of sixteenth century architecture in London.

The last time I was at Staple Inn—it was in 1922—I missed something as I entered the court from Holborn. What was wrong? Oh! The tree was gone! And the bench around its trunk! Who had done this thing and why? The old Hall on the far side looked disconsolate and the eighteenth century entrances on the other sides looked lonely and forlorn and no wonder, for even I remembered and I had only passed that way half a dozen times in my life. I recalled the picture that had formerly enchanted me when on these rare occasions I had looked through the archway from busy, restless Holborn. A square silent court paved with cobble stones or something of that sort; in the middle of it a plane tree gently swaying against the darkened side of an Elizabethan Hall with stained glass windows. At right and left old red brick houses with their wooden sashes of many window panes, and the doorways with stone steps and lintels with dates and mysterious initials carved upon them. It was the noon hour and on the bench around the tree trunk sat two or three girls from the lawyers' offices behind those window panes, each with a little paper package in her lap—her midday meal—and with a book in her hand. What was she reading? Silent, thoughtful and content, the flush of health upon her cheeks, she was reading some romance no doubt, or would it be political economy? What would be your guess? In the branches overhead the gossiping little sparrows

knew the comings and the goings of these maids that to me were all a mystery. Above, a gray-blue sky and gray sunlight slanting through, and over all such a restfulness.

That was the picture that I remembered and I missed the tree and the smooth worn wooden bench around its trunk and I wondered where the girls from the lawyers' offices up the steps and behind the little panes found a place to eat their lunches now. I think they are lawyers' offices but perhaps they are wool staplers or stationers. I recalled that the present owners of Staple Inn are the Prudential Assurance Co. and I concluded that the members of that company are wild desperadoes, going about with dangerous weapons over their shoulders seeking what they might destroy. But what was that object let into the pavement near where the tree had stood? A flat circular stone about four feet in diameter: a new stone with a freshly cut date, 1921. What could it all mean? Then I recalled a remarkable story I had read in the *Times* a year before. One of the fresh faced, glowing girls of my picture, seated on the bench under the tree, one day at noon, and absorbed in the pages of her book was incidentally and reflectively eating from the little package in her lap, when she became aware of something extraordinary happening in the pavement at her feet. It was moving; it fell with a distant echo and the young lady found herself gazing at a round dark opening that yawned where she had stepped a few minutes before. Leaning forward she looked deeper and saw

the reflection of her own features twenty feet below. The story, which is perfectly authentic, relates that she was not alarmed and I suppose that the apparition she saw at the bottom of the well was a reassuring and a soothing reflection. I am sure of that, but why that ancient and forgotten well, the existence of which no one suspected, should have chosen that moment to reveal itself in that particular way, is a mystery past my understanding. The reason for removing the tree afterwards is equally perplexing. After all the present owners cannot be quite the wild-men and bandits that I pictured them in my resentment because it is undoubtedly due to them that Staple Inn is preserved at all for they bought it at a time in 1894 when it might have been sacrificed if they had not come to the rescue.

High Holborn escaped the Great Fire and till the end of the nineteenth century retained some of the finest of the old inns. There was the Old Bell, a famous inn of the galleried type like the inns of Southwark, a resort of old coaching days, and till very recently a retreat of vastly soothing atmosphere and archaic habits. It was torn down in 1897 and its neighbour the Black Bull, another coaching inn where Sairey Gamp and Betsy Prig took Mr. Lewsome in their tender care, followed its brother the Old Bell in 1901. Gone!

I will not trace further the melancholy tale of the passing of these hospitable haunts of humanity. Their cheery names and honest fame linger like the taste of old wine and will live in song and story when

their successors are forgotten—when the Ritz and the Regent's Palace pass with as little mercy and with much less grace into unlamented oblivion. I cannot pass on however without recording my deep regret at the closing of the old Sceptre Tavern in Warwick Street, Westminster. I felt it as a personal loss. It was the summer of 1921 that I last took my way to the Sceptre to find it closed, wherefore I passed a bad afternoon. It was one of the best surviving chop houses.

Bishopsgate

Through Bishopsgate, the street that took its name from the gate enters London from the north. There stood some famous inns, among them the Bull, the White Hart, the Green Dragon and the Four Swans, destroyed in 1873. They stood in Bishopsgate Street Within, along with St. Helen's and St. Ethelburga's, two of the churches within the walls that escaped the Great Fire. In Bishopsgate stood till recent years two houses of great distinction and historic fame. Each was a private house and each was built by a rich London merchant and bore eloquent testimony to the style in which London merchants lived in the fifteenth and seventeenth centuries. The first to go was the last built—Sir Paul Pindar's house that stood in Bishopsgate Street Without. Its fine carved oak front is preserved in the South Kensington Museum together with one of the ceilings. Sir Paul was the type of the successful seventeenth century merchant and man of affairs. He was at one time Ambassador

Crosby Hall in Bishopsgate Street. Crosby Place was Built by Sir John Crosby in the Fifteenth Century, and was Occupied by Richard III as Duke of Gloucester and by Sir Thomas More Among Others. The Hall, of Which the Front is Seen in the Picture, was Pulled Down in 1908 and Partly Re-erected in Chelsea

to Constantinople and among the treasures he brought home from the East was a diamond valued at £35,000 which James I used to borrow from him to wear on State occasions.

The other residence to which I have referred is Crosby Hall, built by Sir John Crosby in the fifteenth century and demolished in 1908 to make room for a bank. Crosby Hall that stood in Bishopsgate Street Within,[1] had many distinguished tenants, among them the Duke of Gloucester, afterwards Richard III. Shakespeare must have known it when it was entire. He shows us Gloucester making engagements in Crosby Hall with various people from the Lady Anne to the First Murderer. Parts of it afterwards were destroyed but the great Hall, 90 feet long, 45 feet wide and 40 feet high, with its fine oak timbered roof remained intact till the present century. When Crosby Hall was taken down in 1908, this part of the old edifice was reërected at Chelsea on the site of Sir Thomas More's house where it is used for lectures and concerts and where it served during the War to shelter Belgian Refugees.

[1] Since 1910 the words Without and Within have been dropped from the names of the different parts of this Street. The whole thoroughfare is now known as Bishopsgate Street. The wards, however, retain the old names. Two tablets, one at the corner of Wormwood Street and the other at the corner of Camomile Street mark the position of the gate.

V

IN THE BYWAYS

You may not like London but you cannot help loving it.
—W. D. Howells.

Talking of London, Johnson observed, "Sir, if you wish to have a just notion of the magnitude of this City, you must not be satisfied with seeing its great streets and squares, but must survey the innumerable little lanes and courts."—James Boswell.

Neville's Court

I FIND it more pleasant to call attention to some old houses that still survive and I have in mind a group in Neville's Court, Fetter Lane. This narrow thoroughfare lies just outside the burnt area of the Great Fire and Neville's Court is a short passage leading from its east side. The house at number 10 seems to be no older than the seventeenth century but numbers 13, 14 and 15 are about a century older. Each of these little houses has its garden, and the group, nestling near the heart of the City, affords a very good idea of what London domesic architecture was like in the smaller houses before the Great Fire of 1666. How much longer they will escape destruction I cannot say, but when I think that the old houses, inns and churches that have been swept away in the last fifty years would make a fine city, I have no reason to suppose that

Neville's Court will long survive. It is not my purpose to continue with a list of old buildings that are threatened with destruction; there are still enough to fill many pages of description, but those in Neville's Court will serve my sole purpose which is to introduce the reader to a sample of old London houses in one of the few quarters that survived the Great Fire.

Ely Place

There are some spots in London in which I have a special claim because they are identified with my personal adventures. They are defined in my consciousness, not so much as parts of London as parts of my individual life and experience. Or perhaps I ought to say that I think of myself as an essential part of each of them. It amounts to the same thing after all for the condition of ownership is mutual. I own my farm no more than my farm owns me. In regard to these favoured spots in London, the sense of ownership rests on discovery. That is the best way to know places. The place to which you are guided through human aid and intervention will try to elude you after you have been introduced to it; but the place to which you are guided by an uncatalogued impulse, blindly—by accident if you like, promptly adopts you. It somehow gives you the impression that it has waited through the centuries for your coming. Your discovery, far from being due to blundering accident, records itself in your mind

as a distinct achievement, highly gratifying to your pride and self esteem.

It was in this way that I found Ely Place, of which at the time of the discovery I had never heard. I had come out of Gray's Inn through a narrow archway into Holborn and turned East towards the CITY. It was my intention to follow Holborn Viaduct into Newgate, but about Holborn Circus I went astray and turned into Charterhouse Street. On my left opened what looked like a short street with no thoroughfare, for it appeared to be closed at the farther end by a row of eighteenth century brick houses corresponding to the adjoining row on either side. The entrance from Charterhouse Street had an iron gate that stood open. Inside was a brick lodge. The form and proportions of the Place were those of a deep and ample courtyard and there was not a living thing in sight for it seemed as deserted as the Court of Baalbek. It was quite impossible to go by; to turn aside was not merely human, it was predestination. I do not remember where I had been going that day, but I never arrived for I had discovered Ely Place.

I do not know how long I had been there before it revealed its name to me but for the time being the name meant nothing. What did I know of the Bishops of Ely and how was I to remember that Richard III had a taste for strawberries? I was too much absorbed to be curious about names. On the west side, imbedded in the brickbuilt fronts, was a stone chapel, gray and weatherworn with a small re-

The White Hart Inn, Bishopsgate Street Without. From a Drawing in the Soane Collection Made by George Shepherd in 1810. This Illustration is Reduced from a Print Made by Emery Walker and Published in 1921 by the London Topographical Society

tired entrance. Wandering through the swept and garnished chapel where candles were burning at the altar, through the dim mediæval aisles and down into the crypt furnished for another chapel where more candles were burning, I lingered on amid the thirteenth century shades and the incense of St. Etheldreda's. Emerging again on the pavements overlooked by lawyers' offices, I found my way into a narrow cleftlike passage near the chapel and dined in the dim upper room of the Mitre Tavern where the mutton was good and the potatoes were good and the ale was good. And when I went home, all that I knew of the history of Ely Place was what was told me by the handsome and engaging girl that waited on me at the Sign of the Mitre which, carved over the door, seemed to confirm her story that some part of that deeply hidden tavern ensconced in London's heart is a surviving relic of the town house of the Bishops of Ely.

Now it so happened that on the same day I had lunched early and well at Crosby Hall in Bishopsgate, for old Crosby Hall was in use as a restaurant at the time of which I write. In consequence I had stopped afterwards at a secondhand bookstore in Charing Cross Road and got a copy of Richard III to recall the connection between that play and Crosby Hall. I did not know that the same play would take me back to Ely Place. That night in my rooms in St. James's Place I came upon these lines in King Richard III.

Duke of Gloucester—My Lord of Ely, when I was last in Holborn I saw good strawberries in your garden there. I do beseech you send for some of them.

Bishop of Ely— Marry, I will my Lord, with all my heart.

It was long afterwards that I encountered the following passage.

My Lord, you have very good strawberries at your garden in Holborn; I require you let us have a mess of them.

Gladly, my Lord, quoth he, would God I had some better thing as ready to your pleasure as that—and therewithal, in haste, he sent his servant for a mess of strawberries.—Holinshed.

And it was later still that I became acquainted with an earlier and, I presume, the original text.

My lord you have very good strawberies at your gardayne in Holberne, I require you let us have a messe of them. Gladly my lord, quod he, woulde God I had some better thing as redy to your pleasure as that. And therwith in al the hast he sent hys servant for a messe of strawberies.—Sir Thomas More.

Shakespeare and Holinshed are both indebted to Sir Thomas More for that mess of strawberries.

I had seen no strawberries in Ely Place—nothing nearer than the two cheeks of the pretty serving maid in the Mitre who told me that the narrow passage by which I had reached the inn opened at the other end on a street called Hatton Gardens, formerly the

gardens belonging to Ely Place when the Bishops of Ely lived there, but now the quarter of the diamond merchants. That was where Richard saw the strawberries.

If you will walk through Holborn Circus towards Ely Place on any night after ten o'clock, you will find the gates closed and if you will observe the little lodge within at the stroke of the hour you will see a strange performance for a twentieth century setting. A Person—apparently a very important Person—emerges from the lodge door. He is in reality the Porter of Ely Place and he sits all day in the little lodge. At ten o'clock he shuts the gate. Then proceeding to the upper end of Ely Place and returning on the opposite side he calls out at intervals according to the hour and the weather. "Past twelve o'clock and raining hard" or "Past two o'clock and a clear frosty night." He has been doing that regularly at every hour of every night for 632 years.

Whoever asks why this ancient watch is kept asks a very foolish question. It is a risky thing to give up any right or privilege that may belong to you, no matter how useless or obsolete it may appear. You never can tell at what moment it may become of immense importance.

The Northwestern boundary of the CITY OF LONDON runs just outside the gate of Ely Place which is thus imbedded in the heart of the Metropolis, hard against that Stronghold of Power and Privilege over which the Lord Mayor presides. But the Lord

Mayor and Corporation of London have no jurisdiction over Ely Place. The CITY police at their posts of duty look through the gates but they have no authority within and the London police do not intrude where their duties do not call them. The Metropolitan police likewise, who rule and represent law and order on the other side of Ely Place, have no power whatever within its territory. It is exempt from external authority. If you ask how this right was acquired, I confess that I do not know. The explanation is buried somewhere in the history of Ely Place but it would probably require a mining operation to get it out. A more sensible question that concerns you personally is what would happen if you should pick a pocket in Ely Place. I do not know for certain but I think you would be offered Benefit of Clergy which I am afraid means that you would certainly be hanged. (See page 158.)

This is the history of Ely Place as I have pieced it together from various sources. In 1320 John Kirkeby, Bishop of Ely, bequeathed to the See his house in Holborn. His successor, William de Luda, built the chapel dedicated to St. Etheldreda. Another Bishop added a vineyard, a kitchen garden and an orchard. Thomas de Arundel in the later half of the fourteenth century built a great gatehouse or frontage towards Holborn. John of Gaunt, brother of the Black Prince, was living in Ely Place towards the end of the fourteenth century as the guest of the Bishop of Ely, after the burning of his own Palace of the Savoy in the Strand. He died there in

The Golden Axe Inn, St. Mary's Axe. From a Photograph Taken About Forty Years Ago for the Society for Photographing Old Buildings

1399. During the troubled times following the death of Henry VIII when Somerset was Protector, Ely Place was the scene of plots and intrigues led by Warwick. In Elizabeth's reign, it became the residence of Christopher Hatton, a favourite of the Queen, afterwards her Chancellor. On behalf of this Discovery of hers, whom she first met when she danced with him at a revel in the Temple, Elizabeth persuaded the Bishop of Ely to relinquish his town house, and it is said that the form of persuasion used was pretty high handed. Hatton thus obtained a lease of Ely Place for a period of twenty one years for a rent of a red rose, ten loads of hay and £10, the Bishop reserving the right to walk in the garden and to gather therefrom twenty bushels of roses annually. Strawberries are not mentioned in the lease but there is no doubt that Ely Place gardens were famous for both strawberries and roses. Hatton built himself a mansion within these gardens and there, when he was sick, the Queen visited him daily, and when she had made him Lord Chancellor he proceeded in great state from Ely Place to Westminster. The Bishops of Ely never recovered full title to their property. Before the lease expired there was a special grant of the Crown confirming Hatton and his heirs in the ownership of the Estate. After his death it was occupied by his nephew and heir, another Christopher Hatton, whose wife played a rather conspicuous part in later years as the second wife of the great lawyer, Sir Edward Coke.

Bacon and Coke were rival suitors of the young

widow and the lady's choice fell on the lawyer and I think it served him right, for she made his life a burden. She was a Cecil *and* a Devil and proud on both accounts. She had reason enough to be proud, for that family—I mean the Cecils, not the Devils—has I suppose produced as much greatness as any family in the world and in the person of Lady Hatton it concentrated its great energies in the production of a piece of feminine perversity that would make the most conspicuous examples of today look pale and vapid. She stripped her husband's rooms in Ely House of all their furnishings and made them uninhabitable. When she entertained King James, her husband was not of the company, and finally she denied him access to the house altogether. When he tried to arrange a marriage between his daughter and Sir John Villiers, brother of the Duke of Buckingham, his wife stole the girl away and hid her. Coke applied to the Privy Council for a warrant of recovery. This being refused by Bacon, he discovered the girl's hiding place and took her away by force without a warrant. Then his wife applied in turn for a warrant that was granted at once by Bacon who supported his former attachment and opposed his old rival, so the girl passed again into the custody of Lady Coke. It is hard to withhold sympathy from a man in such domestic affliction, but remembering the way that Sir Edward Coke conducted the trial of Raleigh, I can only say it served him right.

When Gondomar, the Spanish Ambassador, arrived in England, the Crown, still exercising some

One of the Old Houses in Neville's Court, Fetter Lane, that Escaped the Great Fire

measure of control over Ely Place assigned him Ely House as his residence. This brought him into rather close relations with Lady Coke who was living in the adjoining Mansion in Hatton Gardens—Hatton House. She and Gondomar soon quarrelled and their encounters threatened to become an international incident. To annoy the Ambassador the lady closed her garden gate so that he was unable to go in or out privately as he wished to do but must use the front door where he was subjected to well-planned annoyances. Their public quarrels are among the legends of Ely Place.

The next tenant of Ely House was the Duke of Richmond who received it of the Crown. The Duke died soon after the occupation and for a period the two houses of Ely Place—Ely House and Hatton House—plotted against each other under the generalship of their respective occupants, Lady Coke and the Duchess of Richmond. To get rid of her rival the Duchess made an offer to buy Hatton House. Its occupant seemed to favour the proposal and named a price carefully calculated at a ruinous figure. The Duchess agreed to the price and a contract was drawn up.

The contention however was only intensified and when Lady Coke one day complained of the terms of the contract, the Duchess promptly took her at her word and left the house on her hands.

The Duchess of Richmond continued to live in great magnificence at Ely Place beside her rival. A

contemporary gives the following description of the Duchess going to Ely Chapel.

> She went to her Chapel at Ely House with her four principal officers marching before her in velvet gowns, with white staves, three gentlemen ushers, and two ladies to bear her train, the Countesses of Bedford and Montgomery, and other ladies following in couples, etc.; but all this does not bring down the pride of Lady Hatton [Lady Coke], who contests much with her about their bargains and the house.

In 1762 the last Lord Hatton died and the rights that the family had held in Ely Place for nearly two hundred years reverted to the Crown. The Bishops of Ely however still retained some claim which they surrendered in 1772 in exchange for a house in Dover Street, now the Albemarle Club. Two years later the two famous houses were taken down and nothing remained but the old Chapel of St. Etheldreda. After lying unoccupied for a long time the Chapel was used by the Welsh Episcopalians till 1871. In 1874 it was sold at auction for £5,250 and bought by the Lazarist Fathers. It has since been restored to its former condition, many of the wealthy families of England contributing. The large East and West windows were put into their present state of repair by the Duke of Norfolk and these windows are the most striking features of the interior of one of the most beautiful and enchanting chapels to be seen anywhere. Built in the last years of the thirteenth century or the first years of the fourteenth, having escaped the dangers of the Dissolution and survived

Numbers 14 and 15 Neville's Court, Fetter Lane, One of the Old Houses that Escaped the Great Fire. This May be Taken as an Example of the Smaller Dwelling Houses of London in the Sixteenth and Seventeenth Centuries

the Great Fire, the Chapel of St. Etheldreda is today the only pre-Reformation chapel in England, so I am told, that belongs to the Roman Catholics.

Curran, the Irish patriot, lived in a house on one side of Ely Place. Opposite was a small piece of blank wall. Curran's brother, with whom he had a feud, erected against that wall a little booth and hung out a cobbler's sign with the family name conspicuously painted. There he sat and mended shoes and when he was not at home he hung a sign on the door—" Inquire at the house opposite." I think this must be an incident that Stevenson makes use of in The Master of Ballantræ though he lays the scene in New York.

Ely Place is an autonomous territory in the midst of the Great City. Until the present century at least it paid no rates except those exacted by its own Commissioners who are elected by its householders. Moreover it is no part of the Diocese of London and as the Diocese of Ely has long ceased to claim it, no diocese exercises any jurisdiction over Ely Place.

VI

THE WOMEN OF LONDON

> You forget too much that every creature, female as well as male, stands single in responsible act and thought as also in birth and death.
>
> —Elizabeth Barrett Browning.

> Ther seyde oones a clerk in two vers "what is better than Gold? Jaspre. What is bettre than Jaspre? Wisdom. And what is bettre than Wisdom? Womman. And what is bettre than Womman? No thyng."—Chaucer.

> Backwards and forwards and sideways though I've been,
> Yet I am Harry's daughter and I am England's Queen.
>
> —Kipling.

"As for the Women of the City, they are Sabines." In these words of praise Fitzstephen wrote with feeling of the London women for there is feeling as well as finality in that summing up—Sabinæ sunt.

Near the centre of London in conspicuous positions are to be seen five memorials to women, not all of whom are modern for they cover a period of eighteen centuries and a half. In monumental bronze on the embankment Boadicea, poised in her chariot, puts her plunging horses straight at the houses of Parliament where her posterity, fresh from the mines and the mills and the docks, contrive to muddle things in "regions Cæsar never knew." She will show them! Another of these memorials is Charing Cross erected in 1289 to the memory of Queen Eleanor. It was held in so much affection and esteem by the Londoners that after it had stood

for 358 years a fanatical government, during a brief interval of power, destroyed it as an *idol*. It is now represented by the cross in front of Charing Cross Station and its original position is marked by the Equestrian Statue of Charles I. It has given its name to the locality that is the official centre of London and the legends of six centuries cluster round it. The third monument in this remarkable group is the Victoria Memorial in front of Buckingham Palace; the fourth is the monument to Florence Nightingale on the Crimean War Memorial in Waterloo Place, and the fifth is the monument to Edith Cavell close to Trafalgar Square.

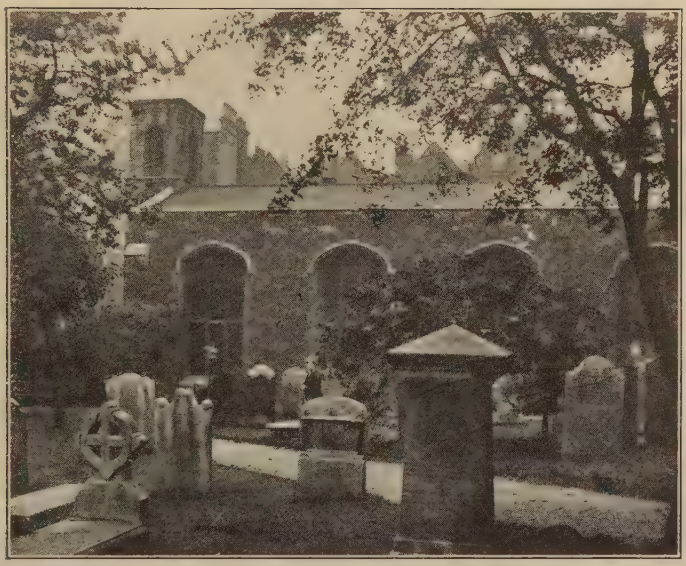
The presence of these monuments, standing where they do, invites a moment's reflection with a gentle reproof for the unfounded legend that the odds have been against women in England's Capital. The significance of these monuments is plain. They imply no lack of consideration and distinction, for the women of London have always occupied a position of equality, dignity and independence.

Except on the battlefield they played life's great game the same as men. The rules were the same, the risks were the same, the rewards the same, the penalties the same. Like men, they rose to power and affluence and with men they stood in the dock and the pillory or went to the gallows, the stake[1] and the block. In the matter of monuments they have rather the best of it. Their inequalities were the natural

[1] The last burning of a woman convicted of crime in London took place in 1789. It was customary to strangle the victim before the fire was applied. In 1790 the law was repealed.

inequalities of sex and not the artificial or conventional inequalities of custom or of law.

Like women everywhere the women of London took their share of the burden in time of trouble, and there are abundant records to show that they bore their part always with strength, nobility and devotion. It is equally clear that the women of London enjoyed themselves. From the earliest times down through the Middle Ages they never failed to get their share of life's pleasures, of which there was ample provision both in the form of work and in the form of play. Those who lived in the Great Houses, the Castles and Palaces, were brought up in the knowledge of household management; they learned the mysteries of spinning and weaving with all the gentle arts and crafts that pertain thereto. In embroidery and the working of tapestries their skill was proven. They made things for themselves and exercised great care in their dress. They gave banquets in their halls and they sat with their husbands at the great feasts in the Halls of the City Companies. They sang and played on their instruments and listened to professional singers and players and watched professional dancers. They knew a great many games including chess and cards; they went riding and joined in the hawking and in the hunt. Their gardens were a special delight—their private pleasure grounds where there was no intrusion; they read romances; they danced in the garden; they wove wreaths and garlands; they entertained their knights; they gossiped; they also went to Mass.



The Chapel Royal of the Savoy in the Strand. The Palace of the Savoy was Built in 1295 by Peter, Earl of Savoy and Richmond, Uncle of Eleanor, Wife of Henry III. It Passed to the Duchy of Lancaster to Which it Still Pertains. The King Being Duke of Lancaster it is Crown Property and Hence the Chapel is Designated the Chapel Royal of the Savoy. For Some Reason it is Called Also St. Mary le Savoy, Though it was Apparently Dedicated to St. John the Baptist. The Entire Palace, at that Time the Dwelling of John of Gaunt, was Burnt Down by Wat Tyler and His Followers in 1381. Rebuilt, it Passed Through Many Vicissitudes Including a Long Experience as a Hospital and Nothing Remains Now But the Chapel that was Restored in 1505. In 1864 it was Damaged by Fire and Restored by Queen Victoria at Her Own Expense

For a Long Time up to the Year 1754 the Chapel was a Place for Clandestine Marriages. As Late as January, 1754, the Following Advertisement Appeared in the Public Advertiser: "By Authority.—Marriages Performed With the Utmost Privacy, Decency and Regularity, at the Ancient Royal Chapel of St. John the Baptist in the Savoy, There Regular and Authentic Registers Have Been Kept from the Time of the Reformation (Being Two Hundred and Fifty Years and Upwards) to This Day. The Expense Not More Than One Guinea, the Five Shilling Stamp Included. There are Five Private Ways by Land to This Chapel, and Two by Water."

Women engaged in trade. In the numerous class of shopkeepers and craftsmen they were found in many occupations though they belonged to no guilds or combinations of any kind. Whether married or single, a woman could carry on business in her own name and in entire independence of husband or male relative who was not responsible for her debts and who had no claim on her earnings. If she got into debt she took the penalty and her husband was not troubled. Some of them were honest, some cheated their customers by ingenious tricks and some were put in the stocks for such knavery and for selling bad beer or rotten fish. There was one unfortunate fishwife who had to stand in the stocks all day with her stinking fish under her nose. Sometimes they got drunk and sometimes they raised a rumpus. Some of them were scolds or shrews for whom the cruel branks had to be invented. But most of them were clean living, cheerful, quiet and industrious women, not afraid of toil—or of men, earning their own living by their labour and their wits and respected according to their merits. Of course numerous women were engaged in domestic service and there were matrons who managed the details of work in the great houses, and others who looked after the sick. There were Sisters of Mercy. There were also adventuresses, flappers and vamps.

Here are some of the recorded admonitions, quoted by Besant, of a middle class mother to her daughter concerning a becoming conduct. She must attend church and pay the dues. She must pray without

whispering or laughing. She must not toss her head in the street but bear herself modestly. She must not get drunk. Of good ale she must drink reasonably. She must not go to wrestling matches or cock-fights. If a strange man should greet her in the street she must greet him in turn but by no means continue the conversation. She must not envy her neighbour in better circumstances but treat all alike with kindness. If any man should make her an offer of marriage she must treat him with special courtesy and consideration no matter what his condition but she must not sit with him under circumstances that might cause scandal. When she marries she must love her husband and answer him meekly. In the running of her house she must set everyone to work early, including herself if necessary, and she must be a good mother to her children.

In that great and marvellous age that goes by the name of Elizabethan there lived a Puritan writer by the name of Phillip Stubbes who took great delight in damning people's souls, especially those of his own countrymen and countrywomen. His genial writings make delightful reading and they contain much information. After consigning the men to the place where they obviously belonged he gives a charming account of the women which I reproduce in part.

The women . . . colour their faces with certain oyles, liquors, unguentes and waters made to that end, whereby they think their beautie is greatly decored: but who seethe not that their soules are thereby deformed,

. . . they brought deeper into the displeasure and indignation of the Almighty, at whose voice the earth dooth tremble. . . . For in this dooing, they plainly convince the Lord of untrueth in his word, who saith he made man glorious. . . . If he be thus faire, what need they make them fayrer? Therfore this their coulouring of their faces importeth . . . that they think themselves not faire enough, and then must God needs be untrue in his woord.

And also they deny the Lord to be either merciful or almightie, or bothe, and so consequently no God at all; for if he could not have made them faire, then is hee not almightie; and if hee could and would not, then is hee not a merciful God. . . .

Then followeth the trimming and tricking of their heds in laying out their hair to the shewe, which of force must be curled, frisled and crisped, laid out . . . on wreathes and borders from one eare to an other. . . .

If curling, and laying out of their own naturall heyre weare all . . . it were the lesse matter; but they are not simply contente with their owne haire, but buy other heyre, dying it of what color they list themselves: . . . and . . . if any have heyre which is not faire inough, than will they dye it into diverse colors, almost chaunginge the substance into accidentes by their dyvelish, and more than thrise cursed devyses. . . .

Than, on toppes of these stately turrets . . . stand their other capitall ornaments, as French hood, hat, cap, kercher, and suche like; wherof some be of velvet, some of taffatie, some (but few) of woll, some of this fashion, some of that, and some of this color, some of that, according to the variable fantasies of their serpentine minds. And to such excesse is it growen as every artificers wyfe (almost)

will not stick to goe in her hat of velvet everye day, every marchants wyfe and meane gentlewoman in her French hood, and everye poore cottagers daughter in her taffatie hat, or els of wool at least, well lined with silk, velvet or taffatie. But how they come by this (so they have it) they care not; who payeth for it they regard not, nor yet what hurt booth to themselves and others it dooth bring, they feare not. . . .

They have also other ornaments besydes these to furnish foorth their ingenious heads, which they cal . . . cawles, made netwyse, to th' ende, as I thinke, that the clothe of gold, cloth of silver, or els tinsell . . . wherwith their heads are covered and attyred with all underneath their cawles may appeare, and shewe it selfe in the bravest manner. Soe that a man that seethe them (there heads glister and shine in suche sorte) wold thinke them to have golden heads. . . .

The women . . . use great ruffes, and neckerchers of holland, lawne, camerick, and such cloth, as the greatest thred shall not be so bigge as the least haire that is: then, least they should fall down, they are smeared and starched in the devils liquore, I meane *starch;* after that dryed with great diligence, streaked, patted, and rubbed very nicely, and so applyed to their goodly necks, and, withall, underpropped with supportasses . . . the statelie arches of pride: beyond all this they have a further fetch, nothing inferiour to the rest; as, namely, three or foure degrees of minor ruffes, placed gradatim, step by step, one beneath another, and all under the maister devil ruffe. . . . Then, last of all, they are either clogged with golde, silver, or silk lace of stately price, wrought all over with needle work, speckled and sparkled heer and there with the sonne, the moone, the starres, and many other antiquities straunge to

beholde. Some are wrought with open woorke down to the midst of the ruffe and further, some with purled lace so cloyd, and other gewgawes so pestred, as the ruffe is the least parte of it self. Sometimes they are pinned up to their eares, sometimes they are suffered to hang over their shoulders, like windmil sayles fluttering in the winde; and thus every one pleaseth herself with her foolish devices. . . .

The women also have dublets and jerkins, as men have, buttoned up the brest, and made with wings, welts, and pinions on the shoulder points, as man's apparel is for all the world; and though this be a kinde of attire appropriate onely to man, yet they blush not to wear it, and if they could as well chaunge their sex, and put on the kinde of man, as they can weare appareal assigned onely to man, I think they would as verely become men indeed, as now they degenerat from godly, sober women in wearing this wanton lewd kinde of attire, proper onely to man. . . .

There gownes be no lesse famous also; for some are of silk, some of velvet, some of grogram, some of taffetie, some of scarlet, and some of fine cloth, of ten, twentie, or fortie shillings a yard. But if the whole gowne be not silke or velvet, then the same shall be layed with lace, two or three fingers broade, all over the gowne, or els the most parte.

Or, if not so (as lace is not fine enough sometimes), then it must be garded with great gardes of velvet, four or five fingers broad at the least, and edged with costly lace; and as these gownes be of divers and sundrie colors, so are they of divers fashions, changing with the moon, for some be of the new fashion, some of the olde, some of this fashion, and some of that, some with sleeves hanging down to their skirts, trayling on the ground, and cast over their shoulders, like cow-tayles.

Some have sleeves much shorter, cut up the arme, and

pointed with silk-ribons very gallantly, tyed with true-looves knottes (for so they call them).

Some have capes reaching downe to the middest of their backs, faced with velvet, or els with some fine wrought silk taffatie at the least, and fringed about very bravely; and (to shut up all in a word) some are pleated and ryveled down the back wonderfully, with more knacks than I can declare. Then have they petticots of the best cloth that can be bought, and of the fairest dye that can be made. And sometimes they are not of cloth neither, for that is thought to base, but of scarlet, grogram, taffatie, silk, and such like, fringed about the skirts with fringe of chaungable coloure. But which is more vayn, of whatsoever their petticots be, yet must they have kyrtles (for so they call them) eyther of silk, velvet, grogram, taffatie, saten, or scarlet, bordered with gards, lace, fringe, and I cannot tell what besydes. So that when they have all these goodly robes uppon them, women seeme to be the smallest part of themselves, not naturall women, but artificiall women; not women of flesh and blod, but rather puppits or mawmets of rags and clowtes compact together. So farre hath this cancker of pride eaten into the body of the common welth, that every poore yeoman his daughter, every husband man his daughter, and every cottager his daughter, will not spare to flaunt it out in such gownes, petticots, and kirtles as these. And not withstanding that their parents owe a brase of hundred pounds more than they are worth, yet will they have it, . . . eyther by hooke or crooke, by right or wrong, as they say, wherby it commeth to passe that one can scarsly know who is a noble woman, who is an honorable or worshippfull woman from them of the meaner sorte.

Their parents and freinds are muche to be blamed for

suffering them to go in suche wanton attyre. They should not allowe them such large pittance, nor suffer them to measure their apparell after their own licentious yardes of selfe will, and wicked desires. . . .

Their netherstockes, in like manner, are either of silke gearnsey, worsted, crewell, or, at least, of as fyne yarn, thread, or cloth, as is possible to be had, cunningly knit and curiously indented in every point: whereto they have korked shooes, pinsnets, pantoffles, and slippers, some of black velvet, some of white, some of greene, and some of yellowe; some of Spanish leather, and some of English lether, stitched with silk, and imbrodered with gold and silver all over the foote, with other gewgawes innumerable. All which if I should endevoure my selfe to expresse, I might with more facilitye number the sands of the sea, the starres of the sky, or the grasse uppon the earth, so infinit and innumerable be their abuses. For weare I never so experte an arithmetician, or mathematician, I weare never capable of the halfe of them, the devill brocheth soe many new fashions every day. . . .

After all this, when they have attired them selves in the midst of their pride, it is a world to consider their coynesse in gestures, their minsednes in woords and speaches, their gingerlynes in trippinge on toes like yong goats, their demure nicitie and babishnes, and withall their hawtie stomackes and more than Cyclopicall countenances. Their fingers are decked with gold, silver and precious stones, their wristes with bracelets and armlets of gold, and other preciouse jewels: their hands are covered with their sweet washed gloves, imbrodered with gold, silver, and what not; and to such abhomination is it grown, as they must have their looking glasses caryed with them whersoever they go. And good reason, for els how cold they see the devil in

them? for no doubt they are the devils spectacles to allure us to pride, and consequently to distruction for ever. And above al things they must have their silk scarffes cast about their faces, and fluttering in the winde, with great tassels at every end, either of gold, or silver, or silk. But I know wherfor they wil say they weare these scarfes; namely, to keep them from sun-burning; but I would aske these nicelings one question, wheren if they can resolve mee, then I will say as they say, that scarffes are necessary, and not flags of pride. Can that thing which is moste glorious and fair of it self make any thing foule or ilfavored? The sun is a most glorious and fair creature, and therfor cannot make them fowler than they are of their own nature. . . . They busie themselves in preserving the beautie of their bodyes, which lasteth but for a time . . . but for the beautie of the soule they care nothing at all. When they use to ride abrod they have invisories, or visors made of velvet, wherwith they cover all their faces, having holes made in them against their eyes, whereout they look. So that if a man, that knew not their guise before, should chaunce to meet one of them, hee would think he met a monster or a devil, for face hee can see none, but two brode holes against her eyes with glasses in them. Thus they prophane the name of God, and live in all kinde of voluptuousnes and pleasure, wursse than ever did the heathen. . . . —Phillip Stubbes, The Anatomie of Abuses.

To what extent the women of London took part in public affairs, I do not know, but that they could take part and assert themselves in organized force upon occasion is proved by the following incident. In 1427 the Duke of Gloucester, uncle of the young King Henry, was Regent and the story concerns the

extraordinary fortunes of his first wife Jacqueline of Brabant. She was connected with the House of Burgundy and in childhood she was married to the child prince John, son of Charles VI of France, and was left a widow at sixteen when she was married to her imbecile cousin the Duke of Brabant with whom she refused to live, and leaving him came to England. The Duke of Gloucester fell in love with her and induced the Pope to grant a bull declaring her marriage null and void. He then married her and proposed to Brabant that he surrender the lady's estates. This request was flatly refused and Gloucester—Duke Humphrey he was called—collected 5,000 men and crossed the channel to compel the reluctant Brabant to make restitution. It seems that he could not find his enemy and here the mystery begins, for his conduct from that time forward needs explanation which has never been forthcoming. Leaving his wife at Mons, he suddenly returned to England. Jacqueline was taken prisoner and conducted to Holland; she escaped in the disguise of a soldier and wandered about until, in distress, her sufferings induced her to surrender herself to Burgundy who exacted an agreement by which she denounced her marriage with Gloucester as illegal and named Burgundy her heir, Brabant having died about this time. The rest of poor Jacqueline's story is pathetic enough but it does not concern the public appearance of the women of London in an organized body. That happened about the time when the deserted wife was a refugee from her relatives on the

Continent. The London women were fully informed of what was happening—just how I cannot say for there were no newspapers and anyway most of them could not read. Being informed, it is natural that they should sympathize with the sorrows of a lady who through no fault of her own was deprived of her rights, deserted by her husband, and persecuted by her family—a wanderer in disguise. Their sympathy found public expression. They got together. Their speakers made themselves heard at Paul's Cross where they denounced the conduct of the Regent and demanded redress. Next, when the oratory had worked sufficiently, they marched to Westminster very quietly and sedately, taking care not to break anything and laid a petition before the Commons setting forth their complaint against the Regent on behalf of his Duchess. Afterwards the men of London themselves made representations to Parliament urging some measures of relief for the unfortunate lady. But it was the women of London who first took up her cause. What might have come of it no one knows for when the news came to London that Jacqueline had declared her marriage to have been unlawful she lost the sympathy of London. The Duke's conduct throughout remains a mystery but his own end and the outcome of his second venture in marriage are clear enough. They belong in the story of Tyburn.

During the Civil War (1642–49) the London women were apparently on the side of the King. The War seemed to drag on interminably and Lon-

don was suffering great hardship owing to the stoppage of all trade. The women got up a petition calling upon Parliament to make peace. That petition was expressed in terms remarkable for their force and eloquence, but the proceedings of the women were even more forceful. Assembling to the number of some five thousand with white ribbons in their hats so that all might know their sentiments, they went to Westminster and presented their petition. Parliament read it and sent a mild answer accompanied by a request that the petitioners go home. The women did not go home. They said they wanted "the traitors who are making war." They shouted, "Give us the dog Pym." Then Parliament sent for the soldiers who were received by the women with bricks and stones. Then the troops fired and the women dispersed.

There remains to be mentioned—with all consideration, that inevitable class that, according to Besant, used to be described in old London as the Single Women. Inevitable they were because there were always many single men. In the thirteenth and fourteenth centuries we find these women ordered to wear an approved plain habit, not to make themselves too attractive, as though any woman would obey such an order! Then they were ordered to keep within Bankside and Cock Lane in Smithfield. Sometimes a Lord Mayor and Aldermen would try to banish the Single Women from the City altogether but they never succeeded. They dressed in finery and made themselves beautiful; they were at the

Court, the Great House, the tavern, the street. They were dancers, singers—anything they pleased. Some of them were doubtless very bad. That there were among them women who for their generous natures and warm sympathies were remembered with affection by many when hardship and sorrow had done for them—the Jane Shores and Nell Gwynnes—London still bears witness. There was from time out of mind and perhaps there still is near Bankside a plot of ground, an acre called the Churchyard of the Single Women. There were no tombstones and nothing to indicate the graves, but it was kept green. Perhaps, ten thousand years from now, when great London is as desolate as the plain of windy Troy whence legend says it sprang—perhaps when the world has become as virtuous as it sometimes thinks it would like to be, some delving seeker after truth may uncover on the site of London a monument with the inscription To The Memory of The Single Women. It would be interesting to see how he would interpret the legend.

Good old Fitzstephen, when he wrote of the women of London did not arrange them in classes. Without distinction he recognized in them a type of womanhood. With that thought and that example in my mind I would like to write across the pages of this chapter the words of the old traveller—SABINÆ SUNT.

VII

TYBURN

God commandeth us that we shall not kill. And be we then so hasty to kill a man for taking a little money? . . . . . Nay, quoth the lawyer, this could never be so stablished in England, but that it must needs bring the weal public into great jeopardy and hazard. And as he was thus saying, he shaked his head, and made a wry mouth, and so he held his peace. And all that were there present, with one assent agreed to his saying.—Sir Thomas More, Utopia.

There, but for the Grace of God, goes John Bradford.
—John Bradford on seeing a criminal on his way to execution.

SOMETIMES on a clear morning after rain if you happen to cross Green Park you may see a streak of white mist stretching from the dip in Piccadilly to the Mall. That line of mist marks the course of the brook Tyburn where it flows underground. Its hidden course leads to the pond in St. James's Park and thence by Westminster to the Thames. It takes its rise in Hampstead, flows under Regent's Park, thence down Marylebone Lane crossing Oxford Street at Stratford Place, thence to Brook Street, Lansdowne Gardens and Half Moon Street, across Piccadilly and Green Park, by Buckingham Palace and St. James's Park to Westminster Palace and the Thames. In other days it was an

open stream that gave its name to a spot, which, though bearing no trace of its claim to remembrance, must remain forever one of the landmarks of old London. Stand at the northern end of Park Lane opposite the northeast corner of Hyde Park. With your back towards the line of Oxford Street, High Holborn, Newgate and the CITY and your face towards the Marble Arch, you have Watling Street, the ancient Roman road to the North, running away on your right towards Edgeware, and in front you have Bayswater Road running westward. It was the junction of these two roads that made the place historic ground, for at that junction the gallows stood and this is Tyburn, ancient Tyburn, tragic Tyburn. No situation in London recalls more intense or indelible memories than this and no monument in London has a longer weird to keep or a greater fame to hold than Marble Arch [1] that marks the place of Tyburn Tree, old Deadly Never Green. Their tale is not recorded in the marble and their names are not written on the arch. I mean the names of those who came from Newgate over there to wear the Tyburn Tippet in view of the crowd. Commonly the tippet was made of fur or wool, something soft and warm to wear about the neck, but the Tyburn Tippet was made of hemp; it was hard and cold; it was the hangman's rope. For six hundred years the public gallows stood at Tyburn for it was there in the twelfth century and it was last used in 1783, before it was moved

[1] There is a plate in the pavement marking the exact spot where the gallows stood but the Marble Arch is near enough.

to Newgate. If you are in the habit of saying a prayer at Smithfield, take time for two when you visit the Marble Arch and recall a few of the forgotten scenes.

The way of justice was swift and straight—swift as the descending axe and straight as the dangling rope—and Tyburn Tree was a gallows standing on three legs for persons convicted of treason, murder, manslaughter or felony. The crime of felony included theft, robbery, sorcery, coin clipping, forgery, slander and sending horses to Scotland (cruelty to animals I suppose).

For treason a man condemned was hanged, drawn and quartered. He was allowed to swing long enough to convince him that he was as good as dead, but not long enough to render him insensible of the fact that he was still alive. He was then taken down, stripped naked and marked for the final operation. A sharp knife point was drawn over his body marking with a series of incisions certain lines to guide the executioner in his work. This done, his entrails were removed and then his body was divided into four quarters. Finally his head was cut off to be placed on the gate of London Bridge, or else on Temple Bar. Treason was the greatest crime and merited the greater punishment. Other malefactors were simply hanged. The great prison for common malefactors was Newgate, whence when sentenced to capital punishment they rode in a cart to Tyburn.

It seems to have been customary for the headsman at the Tower to apologize to his victim before per-

forming his duty and it was customary for the noble victim to accept the apology. Whether it was customary for the Tyburn hangman to apologize, I do not know, I have not found it mentioned, but I should not be greatly surprised to find mention of it. I should be rather more surprised to learn that his apology was invariably accepted.

There is no room in these pages for the toll of those who wore the Tyburn Tippet but I must make room for a few incidents that show how swift and merciless was the law and how straight the ways of justice. Once during the reign of Edward I a goldsmith in a quarrel with a tailor wounded his adversary and thinking he had killed him took refuge in the Church of St. Mary le Bow in Cheapside. In the morning his body was found hanging in the Church tower. The coroner found a verdict of suicide and the body of the poor goldsmith was taken outside the City and thrown into a ditch according to custom. Then a boy came forward and told how he had been hiding in Bow Church tower on the fatal night and had seen men enter the church and hang the goldsmith. It was then discovered that a certain woman had planned the murder and prevailed upon some men to put it into execution. For that one murder the woman was burnt and sixteen men were hanged at Tyburn all on the same day together.

A band of thieves broke into a man's house—it was in the reign of Henry II—and the owner, in defending his property, slashed off the hand of one of

his assailants. The others then fled and the captive on being turned over to the authorities impeached his confederates, among whom, according to his story, was a rich and respected citizen named John Olde. He was allowed to prove his innocence by means of the Ordeal by Hot Water. The manner of the Ordeal by Hot Water was this. The person suspected was required to plunge his bare arm into a cauldron of boiling water and pick up a stone from the bottom. If the arm remained uninjured his innocence was established, otherwise he was adjudged guilty. John Olde went to the gallows with a badly scalded arm. I am not sure that I understand the theory of Ordeal by Hot Water. Of course any man's arm was sure to be scalded but on the other hand it might be argued that any man was sure to be guilty of something even if he were innocent of the particular crime of which he was charged. If that was the theory of the Ordeal by Hot Water it was doubtless sound; otherwise it seems to me one sided.

Henry VI at the age of nineteen was a sickly lad and in the event of his death his uncle, the Duke of Gloucester, would be King. Duke Humphrey's second wife, Eleanor, appears to have sought to bring about Henry's death by sorcery. That is the nature of the charge brought against her and four accomplices to wit, her chaplain, a canon of St. Stephen's, a man named Roger Bolingbroke a necromancer and Marjory Jourdemayne the Witch of Eye. The three men were sentenced to be hanged, drawn and quartered. The Canon died in his cell; the Chaplain

was pardoned; Marjory, the Witch of Eye was burnt at Smithfield and Roger Bolingbroke the necromancer was first placed in the pillory at Paul's Cross with his wizard's implements hung upon him; then he was taken to Tyburn where he was hanged, drawn and quartered. Eleanor's punishment is another story. She was ordered to do penance which was performed in the following manner. She was taken in a barge from Westminster to the Temple Stairs where her maidens removed her robes and headdress, wrapped her in a white sheet, and took off her shoes and stockings. Then with a taper in her hand she walked barefoot to St. Paul's, preceded by trumpeters and attended by men at arms. On three separate days she went through this ceremony and on each day the Lord Mayor of London, the Sheriffs and representatives of the guilds met her in State at the stairs as she landed; for this woman, doing public penance barefoot on the rough pavements was a great lady, the wife of the Regent of England, brother of King Henry V. Thereafter the Duchess lived in seclusion at Chester till the end of her days.

A few years later, her husband, Duke Humphrey, was himself arrested for high treason and next day was found dead in his bed. Five of his associates were condemned and hauled to Tyburn. They were all hanged in the usual perfunctory manner common to these cases. Then they were cut down alive and stripped and marked according to the custom for those who were to be drawn and quartered. Just as the executioners were about to perform their office

a messenger from the King arrived on the scene with a pardon. Meantime the hangman had appropriated the clothes of the five pardoned men. That was his right. Now arose a delicate point. They demanded their clothes; the hangman refused their request. Even a hangman has his rights. It wasn't his fault that the men were pardoned. He kept the clothes and the five men went naked from Tyburn to the CITY where their friends received them with great joy.

In a newspaper published in London in the year 1824, I have read in the news of the day an account of two hangings. One of the victims had stolen a suit of clothes and a half crown; the other had cheated the Bank of England out of two hundred and sixty five thousand pounds. Both were hanged. This instance reminds us forcibly how times have changed in a hundred years. Today a man convicted of stealing a suit of clothes and half a crown might get ten days' free board and lodging but a man who should cheat the Bank of England out of two hundred and sixty five thousand pounds today would expect a peerage.

On the days fixed for execution, the condemned prisoners at Newgate were turned into a room in the gatehouse. In that room their fetters were removed and their elbows pinioned. While preparations were being made for their departure certain writers whose business was very much like that of our reporters went about among them taking down their last statements or dying speeches or confessions

from such as would oblige these early representatives of the press. Very often the principal actors were ready enough to oblige by sensational and highly coloured accounts of their exploits delivered with more bravado than veracity.

A Printer's Boy was muttering out that the Men stood still for Copy; upon which I perceived a slender Gentleman address himself to one of the Criminals in a low tone to the Effect That he would tip him as handsome a Coffin as a Man need desire if he would come down but half a dozen more Pages of Confession. The Prisoner, mighty elate at the Proposal, answered with an audible Voice, Sir, strike me as stiff as an Alderman's Wife in a Church Pew, if I don't oblige you.—From a contemporary eighteenth century account quoted by Besant.

These dying confessions and last speeches of famous criminals and desperadoes were promptly printed and sold on the streets for a halfpenny a copy before the culprit had reached the gallows. The prison chaplain likewise was present in that gatehouse room in the interval before the departure of the prison guests on their last journey. He exhorted them to repent and think of their souls before it was too late. They treated him with indifference or with scorn. They boasted of their misdeeds. Here is a passage from a writer of the eighteenth century who relates a personal experience in this room at Newgate at the departure of the prisoners.

A Turnkey kept jostling me to take notice of the Be-

haviour of a little rough fac'd Sailor, with a speckled Handkerchief hanging down to the Knees of his Breeches. That Man, said he, will turn out the Hero of the Tree and do Honour to our Execution; observe how negligently he palms his Prayer-Book, how disdainfully he treats the Exhortation, how steadfast are his Eyes on his Mawks, and how regardless of the Minister. Ah! adds he with a deep sigh, what a fine thing it is to die well, and what would I not give to be certain of making so good an End.—Ibid.

Just outside Newgate, on the way to Tyburn, stands the Church of St. Sepulchre. Long ago a member of the Merchant Taylors Guild bequeathed a legacy of £50 to the Church to be used for a curious purpose. The provisions of the will were carried out in the following manner. At midnight before each execution, the bellman of St. Sepulchre's, with lantern in one hand and a bell in the other, took his stand beneath the wall of Newgate and ringing certain tolls on his bell repeated these foreboding measures.

All you that in the condemned hold do lie,
Prepare you, for to-morrow you shall die;
Watch all and pray, the hour is drawing near,
That you before the Almighty must appear;
Examine well yourselves, in time repent,
That you may not to eternal flames be sent.
And when St. Sepulchre's bell to-morrow tolls,
The Lord above have mercy on your souls.
Past twelve o'clock!

How they must have wanted to throw something at him!

In the morning after the prisoners had been led through the gate, they rested in front of the Church of St. Sepulchre where each received a nosegay. It was the custom to see that each prisoner had a nosegay as he started on his journey, for another benefactor had left the Church of St. Sepulchre a sum of money for that purpose. Next a procession was formed. The prisoners were loaded in a cart. They took their places according to a regular order of precedence which they looked to carefully like so many members of the House of Lords. The master of ceremonies had his hands full to place them in the proper order. The highwayman ranked above all others and occupied the seat of honour in the prison cart; next to him in dignity came the stage robber, then the forger, then the common crew of shoplifters, pickpockets and murderers. An eye-witness describes an incident that could not have been uncommon.

I remember having seen two gentlemen taking their last journey on this road in a two wheeled vehicle hung with solemn sable, who quarrelled as they went along over a question of precedence.—Ibid.

Not very far on the journey, at the east end of Oxford Street, called till early in the eighteenth century Tyburn Road, the procession halted at Bowl Yard, St. Giles-in-the-Fields, where each prisoner was treated to a bowl of ale.

At this hospital the prisoners conveyed towards Tyburn . . . were presented with a great *bowl* of ale, thereof to drink at their pleasure, as to be their last refreshing in this life.—Stow.

It would seem that there was a tavern called the Bowl in Bowl Yard, St. Giles.

In front of the procession went the Deputy Sheriff with his attendants, all on horseback; then came the cart draped in black, with constables walking beside and bringing up the rear. There were other and strange attendants in that procession—women of well to do appearance dressed in black, wearing black veils, who followed in carriages. Who were these respectable mourners in that gallows march? Were they relatives of the people in the cart who came to witness the last rites and to claim the bodies of their kin? Sometimes—yes, but you could not always tell. More often they would be resurrection women, body snatchers in the service of the Medical Faculty, who wanted bodies to dissect—they always want bodies to dissect. So these quiet and respectable looking women in black rode after the procession from Newgate to Tyburn. They witnessed the black cap drawn over the face of each prisoner in turn, they saw the Tyburn Tippet laid on each in turn, the highwayman still insisting on his right of precedence. They saw the cart drive off leaving its burden hanging in a row. They saw the highwayman kick off his shoes—a custom affected by his class as a last gesture of defiance to authority. That was the way

to put it over! For an hour the resurrection women had to wait; that was the time required by law; then they were free to remove such bodies as they might claim, the bodies of such as had no friends on hand to do that service for them.

Two elderly Women decently dress'd in Black Crape, with their Faces veil'd over like a Woman of Quality, when she drives by the Door of her Mercer, were curs'd like a Box and Dice at a Hazard Table, as they pass'd down the Stairs, by a Surgeon; who withal said, they had lain as long in Bed as a Welch Dean and Chapter, so that there was hardly a possibility of their getting time enough to the Gallows to do their Duty. A pretty corpulant Man that stood near me, whose Plate Button Coat denoted him the Master of some publick House, was so kind as to inform me that these Gentlewomen were the Agents of the Surgeons, who gave them pretty good wages for personating the Parents of the dying Malefactors; for which purpose they attended in Hackney Coaches, as constantly at every Execution as Rain at a Review or Ladies at a Rape-Trial and seldom fail'd to bring off a Brace or two of Bodies for the use of their Masters the Gentlemen of the Faculty. (Ibid.)

Ben. But pr'ythee, Mat, what is become of thy brother Tom? I have not seen him since my return from transportation.

Mat. Poor brother Tom had an accident this time twelve-month, and so clever made a fellow he was that I could not save him from those flaying rascals the surgeons, and now, poor man, he is among the atomies at Surgeons' hall.

THE BEGGAR'S OPERA, Act II, Scene 1.

The route of the procession was through Newgate Street, High Holborn and Oxford Street. We are told that these streets were like a fair. I do not believe at all that we must take literally Hogarth's drawing of the scene but from all accounts it was a very motley crowd that lined that route and pursued their varied occupations, from picking pockets to selling gin and printed lists of prisoners with their records and last speeches. They cheered the handsome highwayman, sitting as jauntily as his pinioned arms would permit beside his coffin in his place of honour. He waved his free hands to the women and bowed in smiling acknowledgment of their cheery greetings.

Polly. Methinks I see him already in the cart, sweeter and more lovely than the nosegay in his hand!—I hear the crowd extolling his resolution and intrepidity!—What volleys of sighs are sent from the windows of Holborn!

THE BEGGAR'S OPERA, Act I, Scene 12.

Polly might have added that her hero would be sitting in the place of honour claiming precedence of his meaner companions.

As for the common lot of thieves and murderers in the less elevated places on the cart, they received no attention whatever from the crowd. They were left to the exhortations of the Ordinary who went along with them and never ceased urging them to repentance. Sometimes there was a traveller in that cart,

one who likewise sat beside her coffin, who could not fail to claim the sympathy of some in that seeming callous crowd. Sir Walter Besant has drawn a picture of that most melancholy sight, a woman with a baby in her arms in the gallows cart. The Ordinary might exhort, she neither saw nor heard him. She saw only her baby that would be taken from her at the gallows to be cared for by Charity, the charity that had been denied when she stole on her baby's account. Repent! What was repentance to her? Hellfire! That did not frighten her. Hope of Heaven! How could that be when her baby was to be taken from her at the foot of the gallows tree? She had stolen that it might live and she rode in the same cart with the handsome careless highwayman and the sullen murderer, but she did not whine or make a scene. It wasn't done.

It was all changed in 1783 when the gallows were drawn in from Tyburn to a space in front of Newgate where they stood till they retreated in 1868 within the prison yard. In 1904 that grim and impressive old prison was levelled to the ground and under its foundations was found a piece of the Roman Wall, for a Roman gateway had stood on the site whence so many men and women set out on their journey to Tyburn.

Ordeal by Water and Ordeal by Fire, either of which a man might choose as an alternative to immediate hanging were rare in London, a fact that is easily understood. That either should have been chosen at all is less intelligible. Ordeal by Battle

on the other hand was quite common, a fact not hard to understand. Who would not choose to fight his accuser when the alternative was hanging? Of course the gallows always stood ready for the man accused in case he lost the fight, a fact that gave him heart of grace and an added interest in the ordeal.

Ordeal by Fire and Ordeal by Hot Water were attended by priestly rites and elaborate ceremony. For the latter a special service was held, the accused made confession, swore solemn oaths, kissed holy relics, a sacred seal was placed on his exposed arm and he was escorted to the boiling cauldron by attendant priests. While psalms were sung he must plunge his arm into the depth of the cauldron and bring up a stone from the bottom. I believe there is at least one case on record where a fellow came through successfully and with smiling countenance. Of his three companions who followed, one went directly to the gallows with a horribly scalded arm and the other two lost heart at the last minute and were hanged beside him. It was at Smithfield that this ordeal took place and out of the four one went free, but I think there must have been jugglery or deception somewhere.

In the case of Ordeal by Battle there were no religious exercises or attendant priests, only well ordered lists and a set of strict rules. It was a fight in the open and many a lusty rogue in those lists proved his innocence and went free. It encouraged the accused to believe in the righteousness of his own cause. It also encouraged the accuser to keep in good phys-

ical condition and above all it provided a very good show. There is much to be said for Trial by Battle.

There was one other way by which a thief might cheat the gallows and a curious way it seems. It was by Benefit of Clergy. That phrase is altogether misunderstood today because it suggests to the modern mind an officiating priest. It was something quite different. The word clergy had another meaning apart from the priesthood. In its other meaning it was equivalent to clerks, and as clerks were supposed to be able to read, clergy came to mean anyone who could read, that is a scholar, in a world where few could read. A criminal up for his first offense might claim Benefit of Clergy in the terms of the law. If he could prove his ability to read he qualified for exemption from capital punishment. The test applied appears to have been certain passages selected from the Latin Psalms, either the beginning of the fifty first Psalm *Misere Mei, Deus,* or else the fifth Psalm, *Dominus pars hereditatis Mee.* What was to prevent a thief from learning the passages by heart and making himself familiar with the general appearance of the particular Psalm in which each passage belonged when it was pointed out to him in the Book?

I suppose there was nothing to prevent him and I suppose it would be a very incompetent thief who would pick a pocket without first learning to repeat a couple of verses from the Latin Psalms. Whether this strange law was meant to encourage learning or to give every thief a chance to escape the gallows at

his first offense, I do not know. William Langland (1300–1366) has this admirable plea on behalf of a liberal education. "Well may the child bless the man who set him to learn books. Familiarity with literature has often saved a man body and soul. *Dominus pars hereditatis mee* is a good text; it has been known to save from Tyburn some twenty strong thieves. When ignorant thieves are strung up, see how the learned ones are saved."

That is absolutely the most honest argument on behalf of education that I have ever come across.

It is interesting to compare the present criminal statistics of London with those of the next largest city in the world, New York. Taking a single class of crime, namely murder, the numbers committed in the two cities in the year 1921 are respectively as follows.

	Year	*Population*	*Murders*
London	1921	7,476,168	22
New York.....	1921	5,751,859	237

It will be seen from these official figures[1] that for every 100,000 of the population of London in 1921 0.3 persons were murdered. In New York during the same interval for every 100,000 of the population 4.1 were murdered.

In the minds of many people the lesson of Tyburn is this. If there is less crime in London than

[1] The figures for London are taken from the Parliamentary paper giving the Criminal Statistics in the United Kingdom for 1921. The corresponding figures for New York are taken from the Annual Report of the Police Department of the City of New York for the year 1921.

in any other City in the World, which is admittedly the case; if London is the most law abiding spot on earth, which it is, that distinction has been acquired at a price. The price was six centuries of Tyburn Tree.

I am not satisfied with that explanation by itself. There would appear to be other contributory causes as well to this remarkable result, of which I shall have something to say in another chapter.

VIII

MERRIE ENGLAND

To find citizens ruled by good and wholesome laws, that is an exceeding rare, and hard thing. But as he marked many fond, and foolish laws in those new found lands, so he rehearsed divers acts, and constitutions, whereby these our cities, nations, countries, and kingdoms may take example to amend their faults, enormities, and errors.—Sir Thomas More, Utopia.

NOW it might be supposed by someone reading these brief abstracts relating to Tyburn that life in ancient London was a grim and terrible business. That is wholly a false conclusion. The great mass of the people went quietly about their business undisturbed. Moreover there were frequent pageants on the river and ridings in the City—such gorgeous shows as the Londoners have always enjoyed. Many tournaments were held and the population of all classes had their sports and pastimes. There was much to do in the way of work, for apart from its trade London was a city where all the crafts were cultivated. It was a busy London and a merry London in the Middle Ages.

Take for example this from our old twelfth century friend Fitzstephen, the monk of Canterbury.

Without one of the gates is a certain field, Smooth both in name and situation. Every Friday, except some greater

festival come in the way, there is a brave sight of gallant horses to be sold: Many come out of the City to buy or look on, to wit, Earls, Barons and Knights, Citizens, all resorting hither. It is a pleasant sight there to behold the Nags, well fleshed, sleek and shining, delightfully walking, and their feet on either side up and down together by turns; or also trotting horses which are more convenient for men that bear arms: these, although they set a little harder, go away readily and lift up and set down together the contrary Feet on either Side. Here are also young colts of a good Breed, that have not been well accustomed to the bridle; these fling about, and by mounting bravely shew their mettle. Here are the principal horses, strong and well limbed. Here also are the Brest Horses, (fit to be joined by couples) very fair and handsome, and sleek about the ears, carrying their Necks aloft, being well fleshed, and round about the buttocks. The buyers first look at their soft and slow pace, and after cause them to put on with more speed, and behold them in their Gallop. When these Coursers are ready to run their Race, and perhaps some others, which in their kind are both good for carriage and strong for Travel; the People give a Shout, and the Common Hacknies are commanded to go aside. They that ride are Boys: Three together, and sometimes two make matches among themselves, being expert in governing their horses, which they ride with Curb Bridles, labouring by all means that one get not the race from the Other. And the very Beasts, in like Manner, after their fashion, are eager for the Race, while their Joints tremble, and impatient of delay, endure not standing still in a Place. When the Token is given, they stretch out their limbs, and run with all activity and Speed: the Riders spurring them on, for the love of Praise or the hope of Victory; and exciting them by whips and

cries. You would think everything were in motion with Heraclitus; and Zeno's Opinion to be false, saying that nothing moves from place to place.

In another part stand the country people with Cattle and Commodities of the Field, large Swine and Kine with their Udders strutting out, fair bodied Oxen and the woolly Flock. There are also Cart Horses, fit for the Dray, the Plough or the Chariot: and some Mares big with Foal: together with others that have their wanton colts following them at their Side.

Or this.

To this City Merchants bring in Wares by Ships from every nation under heaven. The Arabian sends his Gold, the Sabean, his frankincense and Spices, the Scythian Arms, Oil of Palms from the plentiful Wood: Babylon her fat soil, and Nilus his precious Stones: The Seres send purple garments: they of Norway and Russia Trouts, furs and Sables: and the French their wines.

Or this.

London, instead of common interludes belonging to the Theatre, hath plays of a more Holy Subject: Representations of those Miracles which the Holy Confessors wrought, or of the sufferings wherein the glorious constancy of Martyrs did appear.

Moreover that we may begin with the Schools of Youth, feeling once we were all children: Yearly at Shrovetide, the Boys of every School bring fighting cocks to their masters, and all the forenoon is spent at School to see these Cocks fight together. After dinner all the youth of the City goeth to play at Ball in the Fields: the Scholars of

every study have their Balls. The Practisers also of all the Trades have everyone their Ball in their hands. The ancienter sort, the Fathers, and the wealthy citizens, come on horseback to see the youngsters at their sport, with whom, in a Manner, they participate by motion: stirring their own natural heat in the view of the active youth, with whose mirth and liberty they seem to communicate.

Every Sunday in Lent, after Dinner, a Company of young men ride out into the field on Horses which are fit for War and principal Runners. Every one among them is taught to run the rounds with his horse. The Citizens' Sons issue out through the gates by Troops, furnished with Lances and warlike Shields: The younger sort have their Pikes not headed with Iron, where they make a representation of Battle, and exercise a skirmish. There resort to this exercise many Courtiers, when the King lies near Hand, and young Striplings out of the families of Barons and great Persons, which have not yet attained to the warlike girdle, to train and skirmish. Hope of victory inflames every one The neighing and fierce Horses bestir their joints and chew their Bridles, and cannot endure to stand still: At least they begin their Race, and then the young Men divide their troops: some labour to outstrip their leaders, and cannot reach them; others fling down their Fellows and get beyond them.

Upon the Holidays all Summer, the Youth is exercised in leaping, Shooting, Wrestling, casting of Stones, and throwing of Javelins fitted with Loops for the Purpose, which they strive to fling beyond the mark: they also use Bucklers, like fighting men. As for the Maidens, they have their exercise of dancing and tripping until Moonlight.

In Winter almost every Holiday before Dinner the foaming Boars fight for their heads, and prepare with deadly

Tushes to be made Bacon: or else some lusty Bulls, or huge Bears are baited with Dogs.

Many Citizens take delight in Birds, as Sparrowhawks, Gosshawks, and suchlike, and in dogs to hunt in the woody ground. The Citizens have authority to hunt in Middlesex, Hertfordshire, all the Chilterns, and in Kent, as far as Graywater.

The Thames today has to help feed London and he is kept pretty busy at that, but long ago he had time to spare for sports as well and for the pageants that sometimes covered the water from bank to bank with rich and gaily decorated barges. Of the water sports Fitzstephen gives us this description.

In Easter Holidays they counterfeit a Sea Fight: a Pole is set up in the middle of the River, with a Target well fastened thereon, and a young man stands in a Boat which is rowed with Oars, and driven on with the Tide, who with his Spear hits the Target in his Passage: with which Blow, if he break the Spear and stand upright, so that he hold Footing, he hath his Desire: but, if his Spear continues unbroken by the Blow, he is tumbled into the Water, and his Boat passeth clear away: but on either side this Target two Ships stand in Ward, with many young men ready to take him up, after he is sunk, as soon as he appeareth again on the top of the water: The Spectators stand upon the Bridge, and in Solars upon the River to behold these Things, being prepared for Laughter.

In Winter the river was frozen over and fairs were held on the ice. Skating and similar amusements were in fashion during this season.

When the great Moor, which washeth Moorfields, at the North Wall of the City is frozen over, great Companies of Young Men go to sport upon the Ice: then fetching a Run, and setting their feet at a distance, and placing their bodies sideways, they slide a great Way. Others take heaps of ice, as if it were great Millstones, and make Seats: Many going before, draw him that sits thereon, holding one another by the Hand: in going so fast, some slipping with their feet all fall down together. Some are better practised to the Ice and bind to their shoes Bones as the Legs of some Beasts, and hold Stakes in their hands headed with sharp Iron, which sometimes they strike against the Ice: and these Men go on with Speed as doth a bird in the air, or darts shot from some warlike Engine: Sometimes two men set themselves at a Distance and run one against another as it were a Tilt, with these Stakes wherewith one or both parties are thrown down, not without some hurt to their Bodies: and after their fall, by reason of the violent Motion are carried a good distance one from another: and wheresoever the Ice doth touch their head it rubs off the skin and lays it bare: and if one falls upon his leg or arm it is usually broken: But young Men being greedy of honour and desirous of Victory, do thus exercise themselves in Counterfeit Battles, that they may bear the Brunt more strongly, when they come to do it in good Earnest.

Among the popular sports for which any lusty youth might qualify was wrestling. Enthusiasm for the wrestling match ran high and feeling sometimes developed into disturbances, for the crowds that witnessed these contests and backed their favourite champions were not always restrained in their behaviour. Yet for the most part the sports were con-

ducted with perfect good nature and without more violent demonstrations than a modern football match. The wrestlers' prize was much coveted for the honour and acclaim that went with it and for the sake of possession. Here are some of the prizes that went to the winners: a ram, a bull, a courser with saddle and bridle, a gold ring, a pipe of wine.

The great game however was the Tournament. It was the sport of knights and nobles. At Smithfield, at Cheapside, at Whitehall, at Westminster, at the Temple and at the Tower, these exhibitions of military prowess and skill were held, sometimes for a week at a time, with all the splendour that attended the presence of the Court. Champions fought in the lists on horseback with lances or on foot with swords and battleaxes. The encounters were mimic battles and sometimes they were duels to the death. Sometimes the tournaments had an international character like the one between the French and English Knights at Smithfield in 1409 and the challenge of the Scottish and English Knights in 1393. It was dangerous sport but still it was sport and a spectacle in which London was profoundly interested. The last tournament took place in 1610.

Of hunting there was plenty for the great forests that stretched away into Middlesex were full of deer and wild boar, wild cattle, wolves and wildcats and foxes. There were also pheasants, ducks, geese and smaller birds.

Everybody danced and everybody played on some kind of instrument. Every gentleman's education

included music and dancing. People of every class even those whose education did not include the alphabet learned to play and sing, for these were universal accomplishments acquired with ease. In the palace, in the castle, in the great house, they sang and played and danced. They danced in the garden that went with every house; they danced in the meadow and they danced in the street. Every tavern had its minstrel with harp in hand and dancing girl that stepped to sound of flute and viol, and story teller that murmured his tale to the strumming of his lute or accompanied the guests as they took up the burden of a drinking song.

Brynge us in good ale, and brynge us in good ale:
For our Blessed Lady's sake brynge us in good ale:
Brynge us in no brown brede, for that is made of branne,
Nor brynge us in no whyt brede, for therein is no gaine,
But brynge us in good ale.
Brynge us in no befe, for ther is many bonys,
But brynge us in good ale, for that goeth downe at onys,
And brynge us in good ale.

In the Great House they danced stately dances to the music of an orchestra in a gallery. People who did not live in great houses danced mostly in the street with music of fiddle or of pipe and tabor. Their dancing was perhaps more sprightly than graceful, with more agility than stateliness. They danced round dances, they danced the Morris dance and at the festival in May they joined hands and danced around the Maypole. When spring was in the fields and young blood responded to the call, they

all went out, man and maid, into the fields on Mayday eve, and on to the edge of the forest where the wild rose bloomed and the hawthorn wore its robes of pink and white, they gathered the branching blooms. In the morning they returned.

Oh, do not tell the priest our plight,
Or he would call it a sin;
But—we have been out in the woods all night,
Aconjuring summer in!

That is Kipling, but in that far off England before Chaucer there were songs in honour of Mayday. They were sung by the people when they went a maying—with pipers going before and dancing all the way they sang:

Sumer is icumen in,
Lhude sing cuccu
Groweth sed and bloweth med,
And springth the wde nu
Sing cuccu.

Awe bleteth after lomb,
Llouth after calve cu,
Bulluc sterteth, bucke verteth,
Murie sing cuccu.

Cuccu, cuccu, wel singeth thu cuccu
Ne swik thu haver nu,
Sing cuccu, cuccu nu, sing cuccu,
Sing cuccu, sing cuccu, nu.

One of the oldest and sweetest of England's folk-songs.

In each parish they set up the Maypole, decked with garlands and ribbons. Then wearing chaplets of wild flowers and singing, they danced about it in a ring, with Robin Hood and Maid Marian and Little John. At night they lit bonfires, they danced and they feasted. England was Merrie England in the Middle Ages and London, emerging from its walled seclusion led on the national aspirations and became the heart of England. John Stow writing of things whereof he knew, describes the Mayday custom.

In the month of May, namely on Mayday in the morning, every man, except impediment, would walk into the sweet meadows and green woods, there to rejoice their spirits with the beauty and savour of sweet flowers, and with the harmony of birds, praising God in their kind; and for example hereof Edward Hall hath noted, that King Henry VIII . . . on Mayday in the morning, with Queen Katherine his wife, accompanied by many lords and ladies, rode a-maying from Greenwich to the high ground of Shooter's Hill, where, as they passed by the way, they espied a company of tall yeomen, clothed all in green, with green hoods, and bows and arrows, to the number of two hundred; one being their chieftain, was called Robin Hood, who required the King and his company to stay and see his men shoot; whereunto the King granting, Robin Hood whistled, and all the two hundred archers shot off, loosing all at once; and when he whistled again they likewise shot again; their arrows whistled by craft of the head, so that the noise was strange and loud, which greatly delighted the King, Queen, and their company. Moreover, this Robin

Hood desired the King and Queen, with their retinue, to enter the greenwood, where in harbours made of boughs and decked with flowers, they were set and served plentifully with venison and wine by Robin Hood and his men, to their great contentment, and had other pageants and pastimes, as ye may read in my said author.

I find also, that in the month of May, the citizens of London of all estates, lightly in every parish, or sometimes two or three parishes joining together, had their several mayings, and did fetch in maypoles, with divers warlike shows, with good archers, morris dancers, and other devices, for pastime all the day long; and toward the evening they had stage plays and bonfires in the streets.

The priests might call it a sin as suggested in Kipling's lines, but they never forbade the practise of these pagan rites. In fact the old Church nourished the older customs. That was one of the charges that the Puritans brought against the Church. They in their turn denounced the Mayday festival together with every other pleasant pastime and when they had the power they suppressed it altogether. Here is what a Puritan of Elizabeth's time wrote about the Maypole.

Against May, Whitsonday, or other time, all the young men and maides, olde men and wives, run gadding over night to the woods, groves, hils, and mountains, where they spend all the night in plesant pastimes; and in the morning they return, bringing with them birch and branches of trees, to deck their assemblies withall. And no mervaile, for there is a great Lord present amongst them, as superin-

tendent and Lord over their pastimes and sportes, namely, Sathan, prince of hel. But the chiefest jewel they bring from thence is their May-pole, which they bring home with great veneration, as thus. They have twentie or fortie yoke of oxen, every oxe having a sweet nose-gay of flowers placed on the tip of his hornes; and these oxen drawe home this May-pole (this stinking ydol, rather) which is covered all over with floures and hearbs, bound round about with strings from the top to the bottome, and sometime painted with variable colours, with two or three hundred men, women and children following it with great devotion. And thus being reared up with handkercheefs and flags hovering on the top, they straw the ground rounde about, binde green boughes about it, set up sommer haules, bowers, and arbors hard by it; and then fall they to dance about it, like as the heathen people did at the dedication of the idols, wherof this is a perfect pattern, or rather the thing itself. —Stubbes, Anatomie of Abuses.

Suppressed by the Puritans during the Commonwealth the Mayday rites were revived at the Restoration. Then was the great Maypole that from time immemorial had stood in the Strand where St. Mary le Strand now is, reared anew to a greater height than ever.

Let me declare to you the manner in general of that stately cedar erected in the Strand, 134 foot high, commonly called the Maypole, upon the cost of the parishioners there adjacent, and the gracious consent of his sacred Majesty (Charles II), with the illustrious prince the Duke of York. This tree was a most choice and remarkable piece; 'twas made below bridge and brought in two parts

up to Scotland Yard, and from thence it was conveyed, April 14 (1661), to the Strand to be erected. It was brought with a streamer flourishing before it, drums beating all the way, and other sorts of music; it was supposed to be so long, that landsmen (as carpenters) could not possibly raise it. Prince James, the Duke of York, Lord High Admiral of England, commanded twelve seamen off aboard to come and officiate the business, whereupon they came and brought their cables, pullies, and other tacklins, with six great anchors. The Maypole then being joined together, and hoopt about with bands of iron, the crown and vane, with the King's arms richly gilded, was placed on the head of it, a large top like a balcony was about the middle of it. This being done the trumpets did sound, and in four hours space it was advanced upright, after which, being established fast in the ground, six drum did beat, and the trumpets did sound; again great shouts and acclamations the people give, that it did ring throughout all the Strand. After that came a Morrice dance, finely deckt, with purple scarfs in their half-shirts, with a tabor and pipe, the ancient wind music, and danced round about the Maypole and after that danced the rounds of their liberty (Duchy of Lancaster). It is placed as near hand as they could guess in the very same pit where the former stood, but far more glorious, bigger and higher, than ever any one that stood before it; and the seamen themselves do confess that it could not be built higher, nor is there such a one in Europe beside, which highly doth please his Majesty and the Duke of York. Little children did much rejoice, and ancient people did clap their hands, saying "golden days begin to appear."—The Citie's Loyalty Displayed, 1661. Quoted by Wheatley & Cunningham.

Every season had its festival and the celebration of every festival began on its eve and continued through the day. At midsummer, houses in the narrow streets were hung with little lamps of different colours, row on row; garlands were strung along with green branches of St. John's wort, birch and fennel. With music in the streets below, people danced with spirits that refused to be dull in any season or in any weather.

At Christmas the festivities were conducted under the management of a great functionary called the Lord of Misrule. He presided at Court, at the great houses and at the Inns of Court, each one of which had its Lord of Misrule. He ruled with all the pomp and privileges of a king. His robes were rich and costly as became his princely estate. He held Court. He was attended by lords, knights, gentlemen at arms, counsellors, pages, heralds, a chaplain, a jailer and a fool, and his power was unlimited. A good Lord of Misrule made a reputation that lasted his lifetime and often brought high favours from Court or Castle. He managed the masques, revels and frolics that formed the chief features of Christmas festivities.

Stow in his Survey of London refers to the Christmas customs as follows.

First in the feast of Christmas, there was in the King's house, wheresoever he was lodged, a lord of misrule or master of merry disports, and the like had ye in the house of every nobleman of honour or good worship, were he

spiritual or temporal. Amongst the which the Mayor of London, and either of the sheriffs, had their several lords of misrule, ever contending, without quarrel or offence, who should make the rarest pastimes to delight the beholders. These lords beginning their rule on Allhallow Eve, continued the same till the morrow after the Feast of the Purification, commonly called Candlemas Day. In all which space there was fine and subtle disguisings, masks, and mummeries, with playing at cards for counters, nails, and points, in every house, more for pastime than for gain.

Against the feast of Christmas every man's house, as also the parish churches, were decked with holm, ivy, bays, whatsoever the season of the year afforded to be green. The conduits and standards in the streets were likewise garnished; amongst the which I read, in the year 1444, that by tempest of thunder and lightning, on the first of February at night, Paule's Steeple was fired, but with great labour quenched; and towards the morning of Candlemas Day at the Leadenhall in Cornhill, a standard of tree was being set up in the midst of the pavement, fast in the ground, nailed full of holm and ivy, for disport of Christmas to the people, was torn up and cast down by the malignant spirit (as was thought) and the stones of the pavement all about were cast in the streets, and into divers houses, so that the people were sore aghast of the great tempests.

In addition to all this and to crown it all there were the Pageants, the Royal Ridings, the Coronations, the Royal Weddings, the Lord Mayor's Shows, and the March of the City Watch. Such spectacles as these and especially the Royal Ridings of Plantagenet, Tudor and Stuart were on a scale of grandeur

and richness quite above anything witnessed in more modern times. The streets were lined with rich silks, tapestries, cloth of silver and cloth of gold. All the conduits and fountains flowed with red wine or with white wine. When Henry V returned from France, the Lord Mayor, Sheriffs and Aldermen, robed in oriental scarlet and blazing with jewels, attended by four hundred citizens dressed in murrey (wine coloured silk) and wearing jewelled collars and chains, all mounted on splendid horses with trappings of gold, went to meet the King outside the City.

Ridings were common to all great European cities in the Middle Ages, but it is only in London that they have survived into modern times to show that the appreciation and enjoyment of rich colour is not extinct. Multitudes of people with otherwise little colour in their lives find in these pageants something for which human nature craves. It is true that cities on the Continent also have their holiday pleasures and their shows. It might be said of the southern cities in particular that their demonstrations of enjoyment have the appearance of more relish, more of the carnival spirit of liberty. There is, particularly in Italian cities, more laughter, more abandonment to mirth and frolic disposition, but there is not that complete dedication of themselves to the auspicious event by all the people that one sees in London. In the South with all its sunshine, its poetry, its beauty and its warmth, the holiday spirit is an abandonment not so much to a mood as to a ritual. Com-

pared to the spirit of a London holiday there is something almost perfunctory in that merrymaking.

The government does not and never did set apart holidays for London, or consult the calendar for a day of public rejoicing, or proclaim a feast day. London makes its own holidays in its own way and chooses its own occasions for rejoicing. The citizens know these occasions when they arrive. They are never too busy or too preoccupied and season or weather makes no difference at all. A Royal Wedding for example suits London to perfection for a holiday. Every class of citizen from the greatest to the smallest, makes preparation and enters into it, because all are moved with one accord, because their hearts are ready to rejoice and because they are free to turn their great city at will into fairyland for their pleasure. It is *their* City, the streets are *their* streets, the police exist for *their* comfort and convenience, and the authorities—know what is expected of them. The authorities are well trained in their part; their training has been going on for ages. They know how to meet the general wish and blend their functions with the popular demonstration. They rise serenely to the occasion; they perform their part in perfect harmony with the millions whom they serve and they never fail to provide a spectacle to the Londoner's taste, a very exacting taste. Failure on their part to act up to traditional standards would be attended by consequences too awful to contemplate. But they never fail. And the result is such an amazing holiday, such a springtide of colour and of move-

ment, such a flowing of the sap of life, such a flowering of kindness and content, such a portent of the human will to happiness as only London understands.

IX

THE LORD MAYOR AND THE LIVERY

There is no public officer of any city in Europe that may compare in port and countenance with the Lord Mayor of London.—WALTER HARRISON, 1775.

I glory in the name of Londoner. I am a Cockney.
—LORD ULLSWATER. Guildhall speech.

WHEREVER there is in the world a city speaking the English language, with wards, with municipal government consisting of Mayor, Aldermen or Common Council representing the wards, there you have, on one scale or another, an attempted model of London. These institutions, this system of municipal government was introduced in London in the twelfth century, was copied by all other cities and towns in Britain and in turn by every city and town founded by emigrants from Britain. It was brought about in London, not without some foment, not without some conflict with established authority, not without divided opinion. It was not done without invading the rights of the barons, the Church and the King, but it was done peacefully and quietly and the new order was created without violence out of orders already existing and formed from elements long planted in London. It was brought about by the general desire and in the following way.

At the very end of the Saxon Period and the early part of the Norman Period, London was divided into Manors or private estates, each of which was owned by a family whose hereditary title to the land carried with it the prerogatives of rulership. The head of the family was Lord of the Manor. His estate was his kingdom and his revenues were derived from the productive industry of the people living under his protection. He administered the Manor as a private property but with regard to the interests of its inhabitants whose rights were protected by immemorial customs that recognized the authority of the Lord of the Manor but qualified his ownership of the land. If the land were waste, he could do with it as he pleased but if it were in use, his power over it was limited by custom. The Lords of the Manors in London were styled Aldermen and they were known as the City Barons but they were not nobles. Each Manor was a separate and independent estate. The corporate municipality did not yet exist and the hereditary proprietors constituted themselves the ruling council of London with the King as the only overlord. Within the Manor was held the Wardmote or assembly of all the inhabitants of the Manor. The voice of all the people found united and common expression in the Folkmote, a meeting of all classes of people within the City. The meetings of the Folkmote took place whenever the great bell in St. Paul's bell tower was rung to call the citizens together. They assembled at the open space beside St. Paul's Cathedral, a space

Staple Inn, Holborn. Built in the Fourteenth Century, a House of the Wool Staplers. Later an Inn of Chancery and Still Later Rented Chambers. Dr. Johnson Lived Here for a Time. It Now Belongs to the Prudential Assurance Co., and is Tenanted Chiefly by Solicitors. From a Photograph Taken after the Plaster was Removed to Expose the Timbered Front. Photograph by the Society for Photographing Old Buildings

Furnival's Inn, Holborn. Originally, in the Fifteenth Century, the Mansion House of the Lords Furnival. Later an Inn of Chancery and Finally Chambers. It was at Furnival's Inn that Dickens Lived When He Wrote the Pickwick Papers. It Stood on the North Side of Holborn Opposite Staple Inn and on the Site Now Occupied by the Building of the Prudential Assurance Co.

that was common ground and not included in any of the Manors. At the Folkmote anyone could speak and there matters of general concern were debated and decided. There was a Staller whose duties had to do with defence and who led the citizens when they had to make common war. The Sheriff was elected by the citizens themselves at the Folkmote. There was a civil authority called the Protreeve who was appointed by the King. There was also a Bishop who exercised ecclesiastical authority over the City and who was an Alderman on account of the Church property in London. The Bishop and the Protreeve were joint rulers of the City, one wielding civil authority and the other representing the authority of the Church. This general statement is based partly on conjecture, for exact knowledge of the government during Saxon times and at the beginning of the Norman régime is very meagre and incomplete. In addition to the forms of government I have mentioned there would seem to have been other sundry powers exercised by a few within the City who bore a leading part in the government. Gradually changes came about; one by one the Lords of the Manors disposed of their titles to the land which became divided up among many owners; their families became merged in the general population and private ownership of the Manors disappeared, without however obliterating the boundaries of these estates, which have remained fixed to this day. When the hereditary Alderman or Lord of the Manor disappeared the people living on the estate

began to elect their Alderman for life. This situation was not altered at the Norman conquest for it was one of the conditions that the Londoners made with William, that nothing should be changed. In the twelfth century, during the reign of Richard I, events so shaped themselves that elements of municipal government, already long enduring, were adjusted to the changed conditions brought about by the growth of the City. Old institutions put forth new ideas and took on new forms. London became a corporate body through the action of the citizens, supported by the Barons, the Bishops and all the magnates of the realm, for about this time London began to associate itself closely with the country and became the head and centre of English life.

In the change that came about in 1191 London became a municipality though the fact was not set forth as yet in any charter. The great event took place while Richard was absent on the Crusade and when his unpopular Regent Longchamp was deposed by the citizens. It was decreed that the new order should hold during the pleasure of the King. When Richard returned, all went well enough, but Richard never recognized the Mayor, neither did he interfere with his office. John, however, on his accession recognized the Mayor and gave the City a Charter embodying the new order. In fact the citizens had made sure of John beforehand, for while his brother Richard was in Palestine and he wished to make good his claim to the Crown in case of the King's death, the Londoners at a meeting of the Folkmote received

John, the Barons and the Bishops and obtained from each in turn a solemn oath to support the new order in the City. Then they administered to all present the oath of fealty to King Richard.

The important part of the agreement was the right which the citizens successfully claimed of electing their own chief magistrate whom they called the Mayor. The Manors, retaining their own boundaries, now became the Wards, and the Aldermen, elected for life, succeeded to the old hereditary Aldermen, the Lords of the Manors.

The Mayor took over from the Merchants Guild the regulation of trade with full power and authority to enforce his ordinances. He also kept the peace and maintained order within the City and he presided over a central court that replaced the several judicial bodies having separate jurisdiction. He was supported by two sheriffs, bailiffs, officers and servants, and he was responsible for the general welfare of the City.

The Common Council started as a body of twenty-four citizens chosen by the Mayor to aid and advise him. In the thirteenth century this body gave way to the Common Council elected by the Wards, for the Wardmote still retained its full force and met under the Chairmanship of the Alderman as the chief magistrate of the Ward.

After the establishment of this system of municipal government with the Mayor as chief magistrate presiding over a Court of Aldermen, the old Folkmote or Parliament of citizens that from time immemorial

had met in the open air at Saint Paul's, continued to meet but its power dwindled until with the election of a Common Council by the wards it disappeared altogether, or survived only in the form of an outlet for agitated minds, a forum where any citizen availing himself of the right of free speech might air his views in public. Doubtless the tradition of the Folkmote clung to Paul's Cross and may be recognized in the controversies that were fought out there in later times. It was a battleground of the Reformation and the legend of Paul's Cross is one of the most significant in London. Transferred to the windy corner of Hyde Park that legend remains today one of the most remarkable survivals in the world and one of the most wonderful sights to be seen anywhere. I have already suggested that the modern usage, localized where space affords, is a direct inheritance, but whether or not we choose to regard it as a survival of an old institution associated in early times with Paul's Cross, the fact remains that the Hyde Park practise illustrates a latitude in the use of speech in public places that is not peculiar to our generation.

The Folkmote never was officially dissolved. It might be argued that its legitimate successor was the meeting in Common Hall, the Guildhall, because at first the election of the Mayor was made by the whole body of citizens assembled in Common Hall. In a sense that is true, for the Common Hall assumed the authority of the Folkmote which was succeeded or rather superseded by the Common Hall, but never-

theless the old open air Folkmote continued to meet as before though apparently without authority. There is no record of a termination of these meetings.

The first Mayor, elected in 1191, was Henry Fitzalwyn of London Stone, so called because his house stood beside that ancient landmark. It was a century later that the title of Lord Mayor was assumed without affecting the nature of the office.

Meantime, long before the creation of the office of Mayor and the municipal system that still prevails, we hear much of the City Guilds. These guilds were at first associations of craftsmen or of merchants united for charitable, social and religious purposes. Each craft had its guild, with entrance fees, governing rules, provisions for the sick and the unfortunate, and masses for the souls of the dead. To these functions the guilds began to add the regulation of wages and hours of work, the training of apprentices each of whom must belong to the guild and serve seven years under the master to whom he was bound. The guilds also assumed the right to set the standard of workmanship, always with a view to the improvement of the craft. Bad work was condemned and destroyed and penalties were imposed on inferior craftsmanship. The masters and the journeymen were members on equal terms but the time came when the masters or employers began to control the guilds for their own benefit—fixing hours and wages and regulating the conditions of labour without consulting the workmen in the guild. This led to varying degrees of disorganization.

At the same time that the Craft Guilds took their rise, there arose the Merchant Guild, rich and powerful, regulating the trade of the City. At the creation of his office it became one of the duties of the Mayor to adjust disputes between the guilds. Such disputes were common, for the guilds watched each other jealously lest one should overreach the other. From the first the Merchant Guild was unpopular with the Crafts. Among its members were the hereditary Aldermen who, being themselves engaged in commerce, made common cause with the merchants of the City and united with them to form a governing class. The Merchant Guild therefore was suspected of putting most of the burden on the Crafts. This led to a long struggle for it was a long time before they learned to trust each other and unite for the common good.

There came a culmination of the feud between the employers and the men, within the Craft Guilds themselves. The men formed combinations of their own—unions. There were strikes. The workmen were resolved to get the management into their own hands. The Mayor and Aldermen pronounced the new combinations illegal and ordered the men back to their guilds or companies, the only associations of labour that were licensed in London. The revolt of the men against their employers, determined though it was, failed utterly. That was six hundred years ago, and the same subjects are being discussed today. The struggle caused a general disorganization and demoralization of the guilds for a time till they were

reformed as Companies under ordinances approved by the Mayor. These Companies continued from that time forward to exercise power and successfully to control the craftsmen. They consolidated their corporate power and confirmed their authority over their respective crafts and their share in the administration of the City. That share they have always maintained and today the City Companies are a component part of the Corporation.

It is natural that in such a long continued existence, the functions and some of the prerogatives and powers of the Companies should have become obsolete. On the other hand wherever these early occupations and rights are adaptable to modern business, the ancient franchises have full force. As an example we may take the Vintners Company which numbers today 186 Liverymen. It is so old that its origin is lost in antiquity. Probably it existed as far back as the making and selling of wine. The monopolies and powers of the Vintners Company may be illustrated by the fact that its members alone could import, buy or sell wine in the City of London. The Company had power to regulate that importation and sale, and through its members controlled the entire trade in wines and spirits. The members required no license except the license of the Company, which in its corporate capacity had power to enter the premises of any member, inspect his stock, condemn such part as was below standard and inflict penalties and punishments for infringement of rules and for failure to observe the ameni-

ties of the trade. Here is a case from the records of the Company.

John Rightways and John Penrose, taverners, were charged with trespass in the tavern of William Doget, in Estchepe, on the eve of Saint Martin, and there selling unsound and unwholesome wines, to the deceit of the common people, the contempt of the King, to the shameful disgrace of the officers of the City, and to the grievous damage of the commonalty. John Rightways was discharged, and John Penrose found guilty; he was to be imprisoned a year and a day, to drink a draught of the bad wine, and the rest to be poured over his head, and to forswear the calling of a vintner in the City of London for ever.

From time immemorial the Vintners Company has enjoyed the exclusive right of loading, landing, rolling, pitching and turning all wines and spirits imported to or exported from the City of London. Its tackle porters were prepared to handle all the wines and spirits that arrived in London and all persons employing these tackle porters were indemnified by the Company for any loss or breakage that may be caused in the handling. These rights are still in force but their full exercise is no longer possible.

The Company through its members claims today the privilege of selling foreign wines without license throughout England. The Company exercises control over its members, it hears complaints, issues summonses, calls witnesses, takes evidence, adjudicates at its discretion. A pillory was formerly kept in the

The Old Almshouses of the Ironmongers Company, Built in the Seventeenth Century by Sir Robert Geffreys. The London County Council Have Bought the Property from the Ironmongers Company and the Buildings are Now a Museum of Furniture and the Decorative Arts

Stairway in Fishmongers Hall

Hall for offenders. The extreme penalty is expulsion from the Company. Liverymen and their widows are entitled to pensions and donations in case of need. The Hall of the Company stands in Upper Thames Street.

The wealth and standing of some of the wine merchants may be illustrated by the example of Henry Picard, a Vintner, who in 1363 at the return of the Black Prince from France, feasted at his own house a company that included five kings and many nobles, besides the Black Prince. The kings were Edward III of England, John II of France, prisoner of the Black Prince, David king of Scotland, the king of Denmark and the king of Cyprus. After the banquet Picard entertained the kings by playing dice with them or with as many as would try their luck with him. His wife, the Lady Margaret, at the same time entertained the queens, princesses and great ladies in the same manner in her own apartment. Picard returned his winnings and distributed rich gifts to all his guests and their retinues. The Vintners Company still drinks the toast Five times Five in memory of Picard's feast of five kings.

Some of the other Companies likewise retain functions associated with the Trade or Mystery for which each was founded. The Fishmongers with two hundred and forty eight Liverymen still inspect all the fish that enters London and condemn any shipment that is not in proper condition. The Stationers' Company is unique in that it is identified in its corporate capacity with the book trade, but nowadays

it publishes only a few Almanacs. Its old privilege of registering at Stationers Hall all books published in England was taken away by Act of Parliament in the last century.

But apart from their civic duties the chief functions of all the City Companies today are ceremonial and social. Many of them that own their Halls, keep up their fine old customs and their banquets are reminiscent of Mediæval feasts. By their public spirit and many benefactions they more than justify the remarkable position which they hold in the CITY. Their rights that have long been recognized as incontestable, are the just reward of industry, vigilance, wisdom and providence.

The Hall of the Corporation of the City of London is known as the Guildhall, where the election of the Lord Mayor takes place annually, where the State banquets of the Corporation are given, where the ancient Court of Hustings is held and where the Lord Mayor presides at many picturesque ceremonies. The original Guildhall of unknown antiquity was replaced in the fifteenth century by the present building. In the Great Fire it lost its roof which was then restored by Christopher Wren. In the gallery of the great hall are the two uncouth wooden figures of Gog and Magog which were made to replace two similar figures that were burnt in the Great Fire and that used to be carried in the Lord Mayor's Procession. Who and what they actually represent cannot be stated in any satisfactory terms.

The origin and antiquity of the name Guildhall

are unknown, but the name itself would suggest that it was originally the Common Hall of the ancient City Guilds. The position of the Guilds is so important that I must restate that position at the risk of being tedious. The Romans had their trade associations or fraternities for the mutual help of their members and for social purposes. In London these Roman trade associations became merged in the Saxon Guilds and we have seen how these Guilds were transformed into the Companies after the struggle between the masters and the men. They are officially known as the Livery Companies of the City of London because the members wear distinguishing liveries with their appropriate insignia. There are seventy seven of these Livery Companies with their regular order of precedence, exercising both separately and collectively a powerful influence and enjoying monopolies set forth in ancient charters granted by early Kings.

Some of the trades represented by the Guilds are extinct, such as that of the Bowyers, and that of the Fletchers, the makers of bows and the makers of arrows, but that does not mean that these Guilds are extinguished for they retain their corporate existence, their ancient civic rights and their social functions. All of the Great Companies and most of the others own their halls that are among the most interesting features of the CITY. Some are very rich, the properties that they have owned in the CITY from time immemorial having acquired an enormous value. Their incomes are devoted to technical edu-

cation, scientific foundations, hospitals and other charities and good works.

Among the principal Livery Companies are the Mercers, Grocers, Drapers, Fishmongers, Goldsmiths, Skinners, Merchant Taylors, Haberdashers, Salters, Ironmongers, Vintners and Clothworkers. These twelve are the Great Companies in the order of their precedence and they come before all the others. Membership is by inheritance and by special election. It is not necessary to be engaged in trade to be a Liveryman. The Prince of Wales for example is a Fishmonger—a Liveryman of the Worshipful Company of Fishmongers, having been received in that honoured position with appropriate ceremony. But you or I could not break into the Worshipful Company of Fishmongers no matter how many fish stories we might tell. But if we sold fish successfully for about five hundred years we would inherit our membership even though we might have retired from the business several generations ago.

The most numerous of the Liveries are those of the Haberdashers and the Loriners, with three hundred and fifty Liverymen each and the smallest is that of the Fletchers with only twenty. The richest in point of income is that of the Mercers, with £110,000 annually. The smallest income is that of the Fletchers with £100 annually.

There are in all 8,983 Liverymen; that is the body of voters, and not the inhabitants at large of the CITY, who elect the Lord Mayor, the Sheriffs, the

Chamberlain and the minor CITY officials, and who in short are responsible for the government of the CITY OF LONDON.

The Lord Mayor is elected annually on Michaelmas Day. On the sixth of November he is sworn in at the Guildhall and on the ninth of November he proceeds in State to the Royal Courts of Justice to be sworn in before the Judges. His progress on that occasion is attended by the gorgeous procession known as the Lord Mayor's Show that in earlier times took place afloat on the Thames.

The qualification of the electors who elect the Lord Mayor, the two Sheriffs, the Chamberlain and the minor CITY officials is that they must be liverymen in one or another of the City Companies and freemen of London. The method of election is as follows. The liverymen elect the two sheriffs each year from the members of the Court of Aldermen, the elected sheriffs retaining of course their membership in that court as representatives of their respective wards. To fill the office of Lord Mayor the liverymen select annually two Aldermen who have already held the office of Sheriff. The Court of Aldermen is then under obligation to choose one of these two to fill the office of Lord Mayor for the ensuing year.

The election of the Sheriffs takes place on Midsummer day of each year and as I have said that of the Lord Mayor at Michaelmas. On the occasion of each of these elections the ground in front of the Guildhall is for the time being enclosed by a barrier

in which are eighteen gates. Above each of the eighteen gates are written the names of certain guilds, the seventy seven guilds being divided into groups corresponding to eighteen letters.

Over one gate would be seen

Armourers
Apothecaries

Over another gate would appear the legend

Bakers
Barbers
Basketmakers
Blacksmiths
Bowyers
Broderers
Butchers

The third gate would display the following

Carpenters
Clothworkers
Cooks
Coopers
Cordwainers
Curriers
Cutlers

Another gate would be distinguished by this array of names

Farriers
Fanmakers
Feltmakers
Fishmongers
Fletchers

And so on through the alphabet.

To be admitted to the ceremony of electing the Lord Mayor and the Sheriffs, you must be a member of one of the seventy seven Guilds and also a freeman of the CITY.

Behind the eighteen gates stand seventy seven formidable officials in a row, in seventy seven different liveries, with a lot of gold lace and with maces over their shoulders—" terrible as an army with banners." They are the beadles of the seventy seven Companies and they are there to recognize the members as they arrive.

We will now suppose that you are a Loriner and you are going to the election in company with your friend the Skinner. You may not know exactly what a loriner is and your friend the Skinner may earn his living as President of the Anglo-Silurian Oil and Aerial Navigation Company, Limited; but these details are of no consequence—you are going to the Guildhall to elect the Sheriffs. When you arrive in front of the eighteen gates, you proceed to the gate that has Loriners written over it and your friend separates from you and approaches the gate marked Skinners. If the beadle of your Company, mace in hand, recognizes you, you are admitted. That recognition is your passport without which you do not vote at that election. Having been recognized however, you proceed to the door of the Guildhall, pass through the porch and enter the Great Hall. Its floor is strewn with sweet herbs that lie with a special profusion on the dais on which the high officials are to sit in State. Presently there is a movement across

that dais where, in a flourish of red and gold, scarlet and purple, and a flash of jewels, with sword and mace borne upright before them, the Lord Mayor, the retiring Sheriffs, the Aldermen who have passed the chair, and the whole list of Aldermen enter in procession and take their seats. They are robed and capped and trimmed with fur. Then enter the Town Clerk and the Recorder in wig and gown, carrying bouquets. When all are seated, the Common Crier raises his voice.

"Oyez! Oyez! All ye who are not Liverymen, depart from this hall on pain of imprisonment. All ye who are Liverymen and freemen of the City of London, draw near and give your attendance. God save the King."

I cannot describe the method of election or the scenes that attend the voting. I have no title to be present and the accounts I have been able to extort from two or three voters whom I happen to know were disconnected and unsatisfactory. It was obviously rather stupid to be curious about anything so commonplace as an election. For all that, I know that there is no civic ceremony finer than the election of the Lord Mayor. When the names of the two ex-Sheriff Aldermen, selected by the Livery are sent in to the chamber where the Court of Aldermen with the Lord Mayor in the chair is already waiting, the City Sword in its jeweled sheath is resting on a bed of roses on the table, literally *sub rosa.* An official whispers something to each Alderman in turn who whispers something in answer. The same official

A View of Goldsmith's Hall and the Church of Saint Vedast. From the City Companies of London, by P. H. Ditchfield, by Permission of J. M. Dent and Co., Publishers

conveys some message to the retiring Lord Mayor who then announces the name of his successor, who then receives the CITY Sceptre, the CITY Keys and the CITY Purse.

Besides the Sheriffs, there are elected on the Midsummer day certain other officials, among them two Bridgemasters and seven Ale Conners. I do not know what the duties of the former may be. The Ale Conners are understood to taste and judge the quality of all the ale drunk in London and to keep an eye on the brewsters. You may not know that brewster is the feminine of brewer or that in former times ale was made by brewsters. Brewing was a feminine occupation.

The Aldermen are elected for life by the Wardmotes. The Wardmote consists of all the inhabitants of the ward. Its meetings are called by the Alderman as the chief magistrate and presiding officer of the ward. Its function is to promote the welfare of the ward. It is the same identical body, meeting in the same identical place for the same identical purpose as that which met under the leadership of the Lord of the Manor before the Norman conquest.

The Common Council is elected annually by the Wardmotes, the number from each ward being proportionate to the population. The Court of Aldermen and the Court of the Common Council are the advisers and assistants of the Lord Mayor who presides at their meetings in the Guildhall. The position of the Lord Mayor in the City of London is altogether extraordinary and without parallel. The

remarkable privileges that pertain to his office and that have been most religiously guarded for so long are all of great antiquity, and in part at least derive their origin and significance from times long before the creation of the office with which they are identified. These peculiar privileges of the Lord Mayor are as follows. His position in the CITY, where he is second only to the Sovereign. His right to close Temple Bar to the Sovereign. His right to be summoned to the Privy Council on the accession of a new Sovereign. (He is actually the first person summoned, as he is the first to be informed of the death of the Sovereign.) His holding the keys of the Tower from the hand of the Sovereign and his receipt four times a year from the Sovereign of the password of the Tower, a different password for each day. His position of Chief Butler at the Coronation Banquets. His right on State occasions to have the Sword and Mace borne upright before him, a right that with this single exception pertains exclusively to the Sovereign. His right to prevent troops from entering the CITY.

London always claimed a separate decision in the election of a King. Its citizens did not deny to the rest of England the same right to make independent choice and they never interfered with that right, but it was always understood that the choice of all England outside London was not of necessity London's choice. In other words London always claimed the right of separate election. Therefore London might have one king and the rest of England another. This

happened when London elected Edmund Ironside in the century preceding the conquest and when they elected Stephen in the century after that event. But these were not the only occasions when London exercised its right to elect a King.

Does this claim to separate election account for the right of the Lord Mayor to be summoned to the meeting of the Privy Council on the accession of a new sovereign? I do not know.

I have said that one of the articles handed to the Lord Mayor at the time of his election is the CITY Purse. It is a venerable and a wonderful possession that I would much like to see. It is not less important than the CITY Sceptre that is passed at the same time and that is in part of Saxon origin. The importance of the CITY purse is derived from the CITY Cash, revenue derived from estates owned by the CITY, to which are added smaller sums paid by the markets and from various contributions. In 1923 this sum amounted to £242,230, 8s, 3d. It is carried in a separate account published each year as the CITY Cash Account. The headings under which the expenditures are accounted for include Criminal Justice, Civil Government, Open Spaces, Guildhall School of Music, City of London School, City of London School for Girls, Freemen's Orphans' School, Presentation of Freedom and Addresses, Pensions, Almshouses Grant.

The Lord Mayor's salary is £10,000 a year. He is, however, always a rich man although he must have otherwise proved his title to the office by long and

distinguished service to the CITY. If he were not fairly rich he might be very poor indeed at the end of his year of office. He has to entertain many distinguished foreign visitors, including Royalties, and the State in which he is expected and required to conduct his office is expensive. The cost of the Lord Mayor's Show alone must be a considerable item. Custom and precedent have always indicated a liberal hand on the part of London's Chief Magistrate and we read of Lord Mayors in the Middle Ages and later whose benefactions to the CITY in the shape of public buildings were enormous, and whose gifts of money to the King for State purposes were also on a generous scale. Of this custom as well as of all its ancient customs London is very tenacious and things are so arranged that only a man able and willing to live up to the CITY'S traditions, could possibly find himself elected to the Chair. In fact, each official before his election is questioned closely as to whether he will observe all the CITY'S customs and he had better be prepared with the right answers. The Corporation will not tolerate an official who does not believe in its ancient traditions—or one who shows himself slack in upholding them. It should be noticed that before he reaches the Chair, the Lord Mayor must have been elected by four different sets of electors at different times and held as many offices in the gift of the CITY. First as a Councilman elected by the inhabitants of his own Ward, then as an Alderman for life elected also by his Ward; then as Sheriff elected by the Liverymen; then as Lord

Mayor elected by both the Liverymen and the Court of Aldermen. There is hardly a chance to make a mistake, so careful has the CITY been to surround itself with safeguards.

X

ANCIENT CUSTOMS

An ancient custom obtains force from Nature.—CICERO.

ROYAL MAUNDY

ON Maundy Thursday, the Thursday before Easter, at a ceremony in Westminster Abbey, gifts are distributed on behalf of the King to as many poor men as the King has years and to an equal number of women. The service in which the ceremony takes place begins with the reading of John XIII, 34: Mandatum novum . . . from which the name of Maundy Thursday is derived. It is a very old ceremony. In mediæval times the Sovereign took part and personally performed ceremonial functions that included the washing of the feet of the beggars and the distribution of clothing and food together with coins called Maundy Money —coined for the purpose and brought fresh from the mint. Today the Lord High Almoner takes the place of Sovereign; there is no washing of feet and the clothing and provisions are commuted into cash. I have read that Queen Elizabeth, on one occasion only, washed the feet of a certain number of beggars; the number was not given, but it was stated explicitly that the beggars were carefully washed beforehand

by the Yeomen of the Laundry. James II was the last monarch to take part personally in the Maundy proceedings.

The ceremony as performed in 1922 was as follows. Seated in the Abbey were poor men and women to the number of fifty seven each, a number that represented the King's age. A procession was formed consisting of the Dean and Clergy, the Lord High Almoner and his assistants attended by Yeomen of the Guard. One of the latter carried upon his head a large silver gilt tray heaped with red and white leather purses with long leather thongs that hung down all round the edge of the tray like a long fringe. The lay officials from the Royal Almonry Office carried white scarves and bouquets, representing the towels and sweet herbs formerly used in the washing. These are now symbolic. There was a first distribution and a second distribution. In the first distribution each man received £2.5s and each woman £1.15s in lieu of the clothing formerly given. At the second distribution, each person received a red purse containing £1.10s in lieu of provisions formerly given and £1 to redeem the King's gown. At the same time each person received a white purse containing in silver coins 57 pence. The coins were silver pennies, silver twopences, silver threepences and silver fourpences. They were coined as Maundy Money and came straight from the mint and the only one of these coins at present in use is the threepenny bit. Moreover in the Middle Ages coins did not have the edges

milled; neither did this Maundy Money of today. The little red and white purses on their way to the recipients passed through the hands of the Secretary, the Sub-Almoner and the Lord High Almoner.

The Forge and the More

There is a peculiar ceremony performed each year at the Law Courts with judicial regularity and solemnity. The principal participants are the City Solicitor and the King's Remembrancer representing the Sovereign, in judicial wig and gown. The occasion is the payment of quit rent for two pieces of land, the payment being made by the City Corporation to the King. Nobody knows exactly where the two pieces of land are, but that they exist there is no manner of doubt. Neither is there anyone who knows how the City became possessed of the tracts, but of the fact of possession, there is not the remotest shadow of suspicion. Again, to people with a curious turn of mind, the medium in which the rent is paid in each case would seem to call for some explanation. No such explanation is forthcoming.

Legend it is true casts a fitful and uncertain light on this obscure background of history and legend is not quite consistent. However, the essential facts are clearly perpetuated and revealed in the ceremony itself.

The piece of land called the Forge was and is, though its boundaries are unknown, situated about where the Law Courts stand in the Parish of St. Clement Danes. It is known that the Knights

Templars, when they occupied the adjoining territory of the Temple, had a tournament field thereabouts and one form of the existing legend relates that once during a tournament a Knight had instant need of a smith to replace a shoe cast by his mount, and the nearest blacksmith, having secured the job, was rewarded by being allotted the piece of land that became known thenceforward as the Forge and for which he had to pay a certain specified quit rent as will appear presently. It does not seem to me that this form of the story can be very well founded. The Knights Templars had their own smiths at hand and during a tournament the attendants of each champion would be quite prepared to give instant service in the matter of replacing a horseshoe. An explanation that has been recorded and that seems to me to be more in keeping is the following.

When the Danes were settled outside London, in the Parish of St. Clement Danes during the ninth and tenth centuries, they formed an independent community and the occupiers of land paid rent in kind to the local Chief. When the district lost its independence, the prerogatives of the Chief passed to the King. It happened in the course of time that a certain piece of land in that parish was acquired by the Corporation of the City of London. The former Danish owner, a blacksmith by trade, used to pay an annual rent of six horseshoes and sixty one horseshoe nails. This rent continued to be paid by the CITY after it acquired the property and to this very day the Corporation of the City of London

makes annual payment to the King of England of six horseshoes and sixty one horseshoe nails as its quit rent for that plot of land in St. Clement Danes.

A certain piece of waste land in Shropshire called The More has been held from time immemorial by tenants of the Crown at a yearly rental defined in the lease as follows. "Two culters or knives, one of such strength as to be able to cut a stick of a cubit's length, and the other not strong enough to cut the same; the good culter to cut the stick at the first cut through the middle; which service is to be performed in the middle of the Exchequer, before the Treasurer and Barons, every year, on the morrow of St. Michael."

This parcel of land likewise became the property of the CITY which continued to pay annually a rent as defined in the terms of the original lease, namely two culters and two faggots. The implements are now a hatchet and a bill hook but when the change was made I do not know.

In the oldest known form of the lease, written in Latin, it is required that one of the knives shall be good, the other very bad—duos cultellos, unum bonum et alterum pessimum.

On the day following Michaelmas the payments are made in the court of the Exchequer, formerly held in a chamber of Old Westminster Hall, but now at the Royal Courts of Justice. The warrants are read and the Common Cryer calls: "The tenants and occupiers of a certain tenement called The Forge in the parish of Saint Clement Danes, come forth

and do your service, on pain and peril that may fall thereon." Thereupon the City Solicitor lays upon the table six horseshoes, counting them one by one. He then counts out the nails in groups of ten until he has counted sixty. He then lays down the odd nail and says: "and one over." The King's Remembrancer replies: "A good number," and receives the rent. The Cryer then announces: "The Tenants and occupiers of a certain piece of waste ground in the county of Salop called The More, come forth and do your service," etc. The City Solicitor then produces two small faggots each made up of a number of twigs bound together. Laying one of these faggots on a block on the table he produces a large hatchet or chopper and with it chops the faggot in two. He then puts the other faggot on the block and producing another and inferior knife or cleaver he strikes the faggot, which is not cut by the stroke. The King's Remembrancer says: "Good service" and receives the knives and the faggots.

I have heard it suggested once and only once that had the Great War ended in defeat all of this ancient panoply of custom and precedent and ceremony would have been swept away in the throes of revolution. I think there was a crooked bolshevistic wish behind that sinister suggestion. It is not worth while to consider the idea, but if anyone wants to know my opinion, it is that even in that event as in the actual event, London would have kept faith with the past and continued to pay its debts.

Beating the Bounds

I have already told how among the Livery Companies are some that own large properties in the City, inherited from time immemorial. Each of these Guilds has its own customs, forms and ceremonies, usually based on significant and striking incidents in its own history, the memory of which is thus perpetuated. Among these customs is one that relates to the boundaries of the properties, and consists of an inspection of the marks. The example that came under my observation in 1921 was the Vintners Company. Four servants of the Liverymen wearing white linen jackets and silk hats and carrying brooms, accompanied by some of the Liverymen in full livery, proceeded from Vintners Hall along Upper Thames Street to the Church of St. Michael while the servants beat the pavement with their brooms. I do not know that the Vintners are aware why they do this or that they know exactly what they are doing, but they do it every year at the same date. I believe that some authorities hold that the custom originated at a time when the streets were so dirty that the Vintners had to sweep a path before the Master and Wardens of the Guild when they went to Church. If that is the case they would seem to be the only people that ever took that trouble and I am inclined to think that they are in reality beating the bounds when they go abroad in procession with brooms in their hands, though why brooms should have been selected for the purpose I cannot imagine,

unless it was necessary to sweep the boundary marks free from dirt in order to inspect them closely. In any case the boundary marks have long ago disappeared and their existence has been forgotten and perhaps the Liverymen themselves have no clear conception of the origin of the custom which they celebrate with the utmost regularity.

However this may be, there are others in London who actually walk the boundaries and inspect the existing marks. This ceremony, held once a year in most instances, is called Beating the Bounds.

The Wardens of the Tower still beat the bounds, making the circuit of the Tower precincts once a year while the beefeaters strike the boundaries with their pikes. That mysterious and misty shadow called The Court Leet with View of Frankpledge of the Manor and Liberty of the Savoy continues to beat the bounds of the Manor. The Court is so old that even the moss flourishes with deference to custom and the boundaries of the Manor have been ages ago intersected by the lines of more modern buildings, but the jury of the Court, led by the Beadle, ancient staff in hand, still makes the rounds and although one of the landmarks is in the middle of a church, another on the stage of a theatre and another within the Temple, the procession suffers no serious interruption although they are challenged when they enter the Temple grounds and sometimes there has been a sham battle between them and the lawyers for the boundary mark.

The parish of St. Clement Danes adjoins the Tem-

ple, Lincoln's Inn and the Manor of the Savoy. Part of its boundaries march with those of the Savoy, and parts of it actually intersect the territories of the Temple and Lincoln's Inn. The parish officials in ceremonial costume accompanied by choir boys, leave the parish church on a certain day each year and go in procession over those boundaries, striking the marks and examining the devices carved on them. When they come to the entrance of the Middle Temple they are met by a representative of the Master who protests against the intrusion, after which the intruders are allowed to proceed. They then solemnly strike the boundary mark and assure themselves that it is undisturbed, after which they reform and continue their progress to the next mark. The same protest is made at the entrance to Lincoln's Inn and having been made, is not carried any farther for the procession enters and the choir boys strike with their wands the mark that shows where the boundaries of the parish encroach on Lincoln's Inn —or rather, the reverse, for the parish is the older. Of the seventy ancient boundary marks only twenty five are said to be in position today. Each one is marked with an arrow, the heraldic emblem of St. Clement Danes. Where these marks are on the common boundary of the Manor or Liberty of the Savoy and St. Clement's there is an arrow on one side and on the other a rose for the House of Lancaster and three lions for the Duchy, for the Savoy belonged and still belongs to the Duchy of Lancaster. These bounds are beaten twice, once by the Court Leet of

the Savoy and once by the parish officials of St. Clement Danes. Thus they serve notice on all and cherish in their own memories from generation to generation a vivid definition of their preserves.

I have a particular fancy for that old custom of Beating the Bounds. To my mind it is a symbol of the CITY'S history. It explains that lapse of two centuries in the Saxon Chronicles. It explains why no relics of the Danes are found within the CITY. It explains why William the Conqueror, after taking a look at the walls went quietly away to think it over. Saxon, Dane, Norman and Zeppelin found London beating the bounds. No one knows how long this world will last,—but of one thing we may be sure, the Londoners will go on playing the game till the last syllable of recorded time and the Day of Doom will find them in full livery beating the bounds.

OTHER CUSTOMS AND CEREMONIES

There are scores of surviving customs that linger in London like the recurring seasons, that owe their origin to old institutions and that find their present sanction in the persistence with which these antiquities claim recognition in a changing world.

How absurd! Of course it is absurd. So is everything else. We are told that certain organs in our bodies have long outlived their usefulness and that they serve only for our edification, to commemorate rather remote ancestral habits and remind us whence we came. We are told moreover that these absurd bodies of ours go on recapitulating, in their growth,

the whole history of our physical being from the condition of Marine Organisms on Palæozoic beaches to the finished product with which we are so wondrously endowed. That is Nature's absurd way of doing things and therefore some of our personal habits are still related to the Marine and to the Arboreal periods of our interesting history. It is just this same sort of recapitulating property that makes London so profoundly stimulating and instructive to a student of natural law, whether in human society or in the larger scheme of things. London is itself a great phenomenon of Nature, and like Nature is never in a hurry while it does things irrevocably in an absent minded sort of way. Its changes are wrought through cycle linked with cycle in a continuous whole so that you cannot say here is a beginning or here an ending. The effect thus produced is an effect of great stability and permanence. It compels respect and inspires confidence. You feel that a place where people carry on in this way can be depended upon to be true to itself and that its credit is good.

A stranger standing in front of the Mansion House or the Royal Exchange might think that a third large structure forming part of the same general view is a fortress. Its massive walls, without windows or openings of any kind, suggest its having been erected for defense. One instinctively looks to the top of the walls for battlements with embrasures showing the muzzles of big guns. But there are no embrasures for this stern and solid structure

is the Bank of England, built in 1788 after designs by Sir John Soane.

At a much earlier date the Bank occupied a different building on another site and someone tried to break into it one night. To forestall another attempt a detachment from one of the regiments of Guards was detailed to watch the Bank during certain hours of the night. It is recognized that there is no fear of the present Bank being broken into. It simply couldn't be done, but a detachment of the same Guards regiment is sent every night to watch within its walls. When the detachment first did duty the lieutenant in command was provided by the Bank with a dinner for himself and anyone whom he might choose to invite to dine with him, a dinner that included a bottle of good claret and a bottle of old port. The same provision is still made every night at the expense of the Bank for the lieutenant in charge of the watch. Perhaps the reason why it is so hard to start anything in London is that once a thing is started no way has ever been discovered of stopping it.

At the Tower, every midnight there is performed an elaborate ceremony called the Escort of the Keys, a safety device that has been performed regularly ever since the Tower was built and probably began at the same place long before the days of the Norman. Another measure of security in which the beefeaters from the Tower are called upon for special duty is the search of the vaults beneath the Houses of Parliament and I understand of the entire building on the night before Parliament meets. The

Yeomen of the Guard, each carrying a pike in one hand and a lighted lantern in the other, under a brilliant electric illumination, conduct the search exactly in the manner in which they performed the duty in the days after Guy Fawkes was discovered in a vault with his barrels of gunpowder on the night before the opening of Parliament in the reign of James I. Every detail is the same, the same uniforms, the same pikes, the same old lanterns with the lighted candles.

Parliament is very punctilious about its customs and privileges. In the House of Lords the proceedings are rendered thereby rather complicated in some respects but in other respects they are simpler than in the House of Commons that adheres with unyielding tenacity to all the ancient forms and ceremonies whereby its rights and privileges are safeguarded. In the upper House the Royal Assent by which a bill becomes the law of the Realm is given in Norman French and in the same words that have been in use since William the Conqueror. The King himself does not appear in the House for this purpose, his assent being given in his name by his Lords Commissioners, and never withheld since the days of Queen Anne. The King never appears at all in the House of Commons for that would be a breach of privilege. He comes to the House of Lords only for the opening of Parliament, when he comes in State accompanied by the Queen and the Prince of Wales. This august ceremony, held in the historic chamber of the upper House with the accumulated

richness of a thousand years—some of the peers' robes have their colours mellowed by the passage of centuries—taxes the imagination of one who like myself has never been privileged to witness the brilliant scene. It is the only occasion on which their wives and daughters sit beside the Peers in the House, and their presence on an occasion that furnishes such a great opportunity for dress, by no means detracts from the beauty and splendour of the scene.

When the King has taken his seat on the Throne with the Queen at his left and the Prince of Wales at his right, the House of Commons is summoned into the upper chamber to hear together with the Lords the reading of the speech from the Throne. The manner in which this is done is a striking example of the care with which the Commons safeguard their ancient rights and privileges. The Lower House has already assembled in its place and is proceeding with its routine business in pretended ignorance of the fact that the King is in the other chamber, which the Commons never call by its name but always refer to as "another place."

In the House of Lords there is an official called Black Rod. He is in private life a person of some prominence and a member of the Royal Household, his office being in the gift of the King. When the King has taken his seat, Black Rod having made obeisance before the Throne, retreats backward, carrying the ebony rod of his office topped by a golden lion. The cry is raised, "Way for Black Rod!" who having left the chamber, proceeds

through the corridor leading to the House of Commons. The door of this Chamber remains open until Black Rod is about to enter, when it is shut with a bang and bolted on the inside by the sergeant-at-arms. Black Rod then knocks for the first time. There is no response. He knocks a second time, a little louder. Still there is no sign from within. For the third time he knocks, still louder. Then the sergeant-at-arms unbolts the door and cautiously looks out to see who is making such a racket. Seeing Black Rod he shows signs of surprise and turning looks up at the Speaker of the House where he sits on his elevated chair beneath his canopy. The Speaker nods his head, the door is flung open and Black Rod advances to the bar of the House where he halts, bows three times to the Speaker and delivers his message in the King's name, commanding Mr. Speaker and the loyal Commons to the House of Lords to hear the speech from the Throne.

After they have listened to the speech from the Throne and returned to their own chamber, the Speaker announces, as if they knew nothing about it, that his Majesty has just made a speech in another place. Before the King's speech is read in the Commons however, a bill receives its first reading, the same bill having served this purpose for a long time. It has nothing to do with the King's speech and it never gets any farther than its first reading. Its reading simply implies that the House has a perfect right to proceed to any business whatsoever. Having done so, the Speaker reads the speech from the Throne,

and the debate on that speech follows. All these proceedings are not to be taken as indicating that the Lords and the Commons suppose themselves to be living in an ideal world. On the contrary, their attitude towards ideal schemes in matters of government is sceptical, to use a very mild expression. It all signifies nothing more than that they have taken the measure of human intelligence and have taken it with wonderful accuracy.

While I am concerned with the House of Commons, I cannot help calling to mind a scene witnessed after the war. It seems that the English esteem for dumb animals, always high, was advanced and brought more vividly before them, as a result of the part that many of these friendly creatures had taken in the military operations and the many casualties that occurred among them. It was complained that the methods employed by certain showmen in the training of animals to do tricks were of a cruel nature. The House of Commons appointed a parliamentary commission to conduct an investigation into the matter and report. The commission took down the statements of numerous showmen and trainers, and in the course of these proceedings accepted the offer of one of its witnesses to demonstrate his method. This man had an act in which the performers were a dog, a monkey and a parrot. When the demonstration was about to take place, it was found that there was an ancient rule by which no dog or monkey could be taken into the House of Commons. The commission was therefore com-

pelled to witness the demonstration outside the House and selected New Palace Yard for the purpose. An interested crowd of spectators, looking through the iron palings, one sunny afternoon, saw what appeared to be the Commons in their yard, enjoying a private performance in which a dog, a monkey and a parrot were the actors. I am afraid that some of the spectators missed the seriousness and solemnity of the occasion.

Near the Temple is an old house in which a light is kept burning all night. It marks an ancient right of way for in former times when there were no waterworks, the inhabitants of the district got their water from a spring in the cellar of that house and consequently a light was kept burning in the hall. The spring has not been used for a long time but the City of Westminster still keeps the lamp alight. At twelve o'clock every night, the lamplighter enters by means of a latch key and trims the lamp. In the morning he returns and extinguishes it.

I venture to think that the only business institution in the world that closes before it opens is the Coal Exchange in Lower Thames Street. It happens in this way. Once upon a time the coal market closed at two o'clock when a bell was rung as a signal. Gradually the business hours became later and later till today the Coal Exchange does not open till half after two, but the closing bell is still rung at two o'clock, half an hour before the opening.

A few years ago one of the English railroads was sued for damages in the following circumstances.

An ancient mummy from Peru suffered injury in transit and the owner sought to recover from the Company. The Court discovered that it was absolutely impossible to proceed with the case until the coroner had held an inquest on the mummy. Without his verdict there was no way of proceeding. Accordingly the coroner and his jury held an inquest and returned the following verdict. "The jury finds that the woman was found dead at the railway goods station on April 15, and did die, some date unknown, in some foreign country, probably Peru, from some cause unknown. No proofs of a violent death are found. The body has been buried in some foreign manner and does not show any recent crime in this country. The deceased was unknown and about twenty five years of age." All difficulty was now removed. Once in possession of this document the Court proceeded to adjudicate the case and awarded damages to the owner of the mummy.

Many peculiar customs besides that of the Maundy Money survive in Westminster Abbey. The Dean of Westminster is supreme in his own church for the Abbey is exempt from the authority of the Bishop of London and admits no interference from the Archbishop of Canterbury. Neither of these high ecclesiastics can have anything to do with the building or with its occupants; they cannot officiate within its walls and if they should enter they would be solemnly advised by the Dean that they must not claim any privileges or any jurisdiction whatever. This position appears to have had its

beginning in the visit of St. Peter that I shall describe in the next chapter. That visit portended among other things that the Church was to be in the special care of St. Peter who would naturally resent any outside interference other than his own, and who must have wished it to be established on an independent footing.

It is true that the Archbishop officiates at the Coronation ceremony in the Abbey, but that is different. From the time that the preparations for the Coronation are begun till after the conclusion of the ceremony the Earl Marshal of England has complete charge of the Abbey and entire control over everyone in it. During that interval the Dean is not in office for he resigns absolutely his charge to the Earl Marshal to whom he delivers the keys of the Abbey and who remains its supreme ruler till after the Coronation when he returns the keys to the Dean. Being in control and the Dean's authority being in abeyance, he can bring in anyone to officiate and among those who perform the Coronation ceremony is the Archbishop of Canterbury. This custom of turning the Abbey over to the Earl Marshal, together with the selection of the Abbey as the place of Coronation, is reminiscent of the days when there was a close connection between the Abbey Church and the Royal Palace of Westminster.

I have had occasion to mention the very antiquated ceremony at Temple Bar when the Sovereign or someone representing him enters the CITY. I have never happened to be in London on an occasion when

the King entered the CITY. If I had been there on such an occasion I should have gone to see the show, for I am just like those other writers who are at pains to assure their readers that they never go out of their way to see Royalty in London. I can truthfully say that I have never gone out of my way to see Royalty in London. On the contrary I have often gone my way for that very purpose and should do so again in all probability. When Temple Bar, the ancient gateway spanning the street, was still standing, it was actually closed at the approach of the Sovereign and he actually knocked, or someone knocked for him. When the Lord Mayor, waiting inside was informed that the King asked permission to enter, he sent out the Keys and the City Sword, which were received and returned when His or Her Majesty advanced within the gate. Today the old gate is gone as I have already shown and it is necessary to stretch a chain across the street to bar the King's progress. When every preliminary has been done in strict conformity to custom, the Lord Mayor delivers to the King the great key of the CITY. I should suppose that he ought to send him a keyhole as well, the original having been lost or misplaced, but I do not understand that this is considered essential.

As I have said, I have always missed this public ceremony when the King himself has been present, but I was lucky enough to witness the similar ceremonial entry of his representatives who went through the CITY for the purpose of reading publicly the

King's Peace Proclamation after the signing of the Treaty of Versailles. It was on the second day of July, 1919. The company whose duty it was to conduct this ceremony belonged to the Herald's College and they were the Earl Marshal, Garter King of Arms, Norroy King of Arms, Chester Herald, Richmond Herald, York Herald, Bluemantle and Rouge Dragon who, accompanied by trumpeters and others made a brilliant array. They were dressed in Tudor costume of rich colour and the place of assembly was St. James's Palace, where they read the King's Peace Proclamation for the first time from the Balcony of Friary Court. Thence they went to Charing Cross and read the Proclamation from a position beside King Charles's statue. From Charing Cross they went through the Strand and Fleet Street to Temple Bar. It was at the last point that I found myself a place in the crowd of spectators on the pavement. A chain had been stretched across the street with a policeman stationed at either end. On the CITY side, a few rods distant was gathered a group consisting of the Lord Mayor in State wearing full regalia, attended by the Sword Bearer and Mace Bearer, holding these emblems of the CITY upright. There were also present the Chamberlain, as I supposed him to be, and the City Marshal, the latter mounted. Outside the bar the procession from the Herald's College approached, and Bluemantle added an impromptu feature to the very stately show by being thrown from his horse. When the visitors were about one hundred yards from the chain, the City

Marshal rode out to meet them, the chain being taken down to let him pass and immediately replaced. The City Marshal appeared to be demanding who the visitors were and on what business they came. Receiving an answer he turned and rode back to where the CITY officials were standing and delivered to the Lord Mayor the petition of the Herald's College to be admitted in the name of the King. The Lord Mayor handed a written permission to the Marshal who sallied out again, the chain was lowered to let him pass, he delivered the Lord Mayor's document and led the procession into the CITY, the chain being let down. The Heralds, Pursuivants, and Kings of Arms were then received by the Lord Mayor, after which courtesy they proceeded to the foot of Chancery Lane where the proclamation was read. Then they moved on to Cheapside and read it again opposite Wood Street, whence they proceeded to the steps of the Royal Exchange to read it for the last time. I heard the first of these readings and the thing that made the deepest impression on me was the language of the Royal Proclamation. The words and the meaning were clear, even lucid and, read in a clear sonorous voice the sentences came out in long rolling waves of sound, yet the language sounded strange and unfamiliar and I wondered why this should be until I realized that I was not listening to the language of the twentieth century but to the language of the sixteenth century, for the same form has been used without change since that time at every Royal Proclamation of Peace. No one

writes that kind of English today either in official documents or in any other form of literature.

It will have been noticed that on this occasion the CITY Sword and Key were not presented to the visitors asking permission to enter; that ceremony is reserved for the occasions when the Sovereign comes in person seeking entrance.

Of all the ceremonies that I have seen I think that the one called Trooping the Colour is the most magnificent. I will not attempt to describe it for I find that it is easier to retain a vivid mental picture of that fine and colourful scene if I do not try to put it in words, which are only a makeshift at best, a necessary device to bridge a space in the development of our faculties. Trooping the Colour takes place on the King's birthday at the Horse Guards Parade and I was so fortunate as to be able to see it quite recently. The ceremony was performed in the presence of the King who was attended by three of his sons, the Duke of Connaught, other men of the Royal Family, Indian officers of the Royal Household, a great company of high functionaries all mounted on black horses and dressed in richly coloured uniforms. In boxes erected at the Horse Guards were many brilliant groups of ladies among whom one could easily distinguish the Queen, Queen Alexandra and Princess Mary, whose presence, together with the companies about them and the very select crowds on the grand stand, imparted a softened effect and a charming informal undertone to the ceremony. It was a fine piece of pageantry, an army

in martial array without war's grim visage. Its striking and really memorable features were its massed effects, its superb colour, its grand movements, its order and its rhythm; it was a triumph of design and it was on a scale that threw into subordination all other spectacles that my mind could recall.

Kipling somewhere gives a brief inventory of some of the masterpieces in the picture gallery of his memory more precious to him than painted canvases that men give their fortunes to possess. In my own picture gallery on which I carry no insurance, one of the best pieces is that to which I have just now alluded; another of my favourites is also a bit of London. It is a flower woman in Ludgate Circus. Year after year I marked her in the same place during my short visits, but the last time I missed her for she had gone and I learned that all the flower girls in London had followed her to her grave, and that old flower woman in Ludgate Circus is one of the masterpieces in my London picture gallery. Another that I like very much is a narrow street in the poorer part of The Borough. Another, just a little sketch that I would not be tempted to exchange for anything in the National Gallery, shows two little waifs in Hyde Park—but I am wandering far from the ceremonial side of London life. I have been led aside by the close relationship and consistency of the various scenes that I have recalled. I use the word consistency because all belong equally in the scheme of human life. They are the complements of each other, and people who insist that grandeur and the

pleasurable sensations to which it gives rise are inconsistent with poverty and its painful associations, with the little tragedies of every day in dismal dwellings, with wickedness and vice, are people who have not considered life well. It is obvious that these are common experiences that rank among the essential conditions of existence. It is the presence in London at all times, of life's whole capacity for pleasure and for pain from its topmost heights of grandeur to the depths of degradation and despair, that makes London so magnificent in its consistency. How would an orchestra be consistent or how would it avail if it failed to sound the highest and most triumphant themes as well as the plaintive notes of melancholy and the accents of despair? There is no place in the world where the realities of life are so candidly accepted and so philosophically adjusted to the daily round as in London.

It has ever been one of the sins of some reformers to whom these realities appear as a reproach, that they began at the upper end of the scale by reforming out of existence the higher manifestations of life and trampling underfoot the flowers that bloom in life's garden only after long centuries of cultivation. That was attempted once in London by the Puritans early in the seventeenth century when even the Lord Mayor was not allowed to produce his show.

In later times lesser people than the Puritans have essayed similar reforms, while others have proposed the equal unwisdom and futility of abolishing poverty and pain. These cannot be abolished because

they are of the conditions of life, like wickedness and sin. These also belong to life's garden where there are many different fields to labour in, and they who would work in those fields where the shade is most sombre must learn to tend and trim and cultivate, selecting the best and letting the others go. It is work that requires exquisite skill and infinite patience. The reformer on the other hand is one who makes a mess in the Garden of the Lord.

The worst ways of the reformer are exhibited in those activities that have for their purpose the discovery of evil where none exists, of fighting imaginary abuses and frustrating the pleasures of the poor simply because they are the poor. Such are those good people who prowl the parks to pounce on harmless lovers who, because they have no kind privacy at home, seek the seclusion of London's kindly public places. These strange beings with a mania for persecution have lately been giving the London parks a bad name. I would merely like to say that I have wandered through these same places by night and day during many years with every opportunity for observation. It is true that I was not looking for wrong, but I contend that I have as good an eye for nature as anyone, and in all my experience of London parks I have never seen anything that need offend the most fastidious. No, I think there must be something wrong elsewhere.

I have not seen a Coronation procession, the historic pageant where the massed emotion of the crowd reaches its highest pitch and releases the greatest

volume of that high enthusiasm that is the nearest thing to happiness. I was present, however, at a very different scene at the other end of the scale of emotional experience, a mourning ceremony in Westminster Abbey. It was the homecoming of Edith Cavell. It was a ceremony which in its broad and general effect was so solemnly impressive and which, in the scenes attending it, was so perfect as to detail that I experienced a physical sense of pain. It was a pageant in which one felt the awful presence of an unseen Reality. It grew out of the depths of silence, mounted on a great wave of sound, that trembled to a crest and died away in the dim recesses of that old pile with moans and tremulous sobbings and diminishing pulsations of pain.

From the first distant sound of the muffled drums penetrating to the expectant stillness of the tense assembly as the procession approached through the silent ranks without, till the sounding of the Last Post, that filled the high vaults with awesome thunderous sound, all consciousness was carried irresistibly forward on a rising wave of emotion that shook the depths of being and left the senses inert and the spirit appalled. It was the very pageantry of pain and I cannot think of it as the same thing in any other place than Westminster Abbey.

XI

WESTMINSTER

And Jacob awaked out of his sleep and he said, Surely the Lord is in this place. . . . And he was afraid and said, How dreadful is this place! this is none other but the house of God.—GENESIS 28.

The Monastery at Thornea in the terrible place called Westminster.—CHARTER OF KING OFFA, 785 A. D.

A thousand years scarce serve to form a state;
An hour may lay it in the dust. —BYRON.

The powers that be are ordained of God.
—ROMANS XIII.

THE SITE

WESTMINSTER is a Metropolitan borough. It is also a city and its formal name is the City of Westminster. In this larger official sense it is bounded by the CITY on the East, by Chelsea on the West, by Oxford Street on the North, and the Thames on the South. It therefore includes the Law Courts, Whitehall, the Houses of Parliament, the Abbey, the Royal Residences, most of the great houses of the wealthy, and Hyde Park. The name Westminster, however, is commonly reserved to that restricted area that includes the Houses of Parliament, the Abbey, Little St. Margaret's and the immediate precincts of these commanding edifices. This is the centre of interest that makes the

name stand for so much of supreme importance in history.

The Abbey

Standing opposite the west end of the Abbey and looking east we have in front of us one of the noblest scenes associated with the history of man. That patch of earth on which these buildings stand was once called Thorney Isle or the Isle of Brambles, a low, flat sandbank, rising a few feet above the Thames and covered with wild shrubs. It was an island surrounded by marshes and tidal waters. The Tyburn, dividing into two, wound on the North and on the South, spreading out over the flat marshy ground and encircling the island before entering the Thames. It was in fact one of the eyots (pronounced eights) or little islets of the Thames of which some remain up the river, the lowest being at Hammersmith. In Roman times a temple of Apollo and a villa stood on that island and later, in the second century according to tradition, a little Roman British church stood beside the temple.

There is no historical document to show when or by whom the first Christian edifice was erected on this site, but it is not irrelevant to remark that in writing history and especially sacred history we can hardly afford to despise tradition, else where would we stand with regard to the teachings of Christ or with regard to the events of His life? It does not seem to me to be reasonable to lay down a rule that a tradition found somewhere in the East is trust-

View Looking East from Broad Sanctuary. Westminster Abbey, Saint Margarets, Victoria Tower and the Clock Tower

worthy and one found in England is untrustworthy. I should be inclined to give some weight to the traditions that deal with the beginnings of the Church of St. Peter in Westminster. The earliest of these traditions assigns the first Christian foundation to King Lucius in 184 A. D. The earliest existing document that mentions the Church is dated 693 and the second is the Charter of King Offa dated 785.

Why was this spot chosen at all for the site of a church? Evidently because it was already a sacred place, a *locus terribilis* as the Charter of Offa calls it, a place consecrated by the presence of a god like the *dreadful place* where Jacob had his dream. It is a common experience that such a sacred repute once associated with a spot, clings to it through all religious transformations, political revolutions or foreign conquests. The later divinities and priesthoods succeed to the older traditions that lose nothing by the process. This is a fact well known to every student of ancient history all over the world. The history of Christianity furnishes no exception, for early churches everywhere were built on the sites of Pagan temples. Thorney was a sacred place before Christianity came to England and St. Peter succeeded to a heritage of ancient Pagan rites and to venerable associations connected with public worship. Thorney emerges out of the primeval mists, already the dwelling place of gods. So general and persistent has been the practise on the part of newer religions of adopting the places made sacred by the older, that we would probably not go astray if we

were to assume that the Romans adopted Thorney as the site for a temple for the same reason that induced the Christians to adopt it later as the site for a church. The temple of Apollo reported by tradition was in the natural order of events the successor of a temple of the ancient Britons, the Celts, who in turn no doubt found the little island a place sacred to their predecessors, the people of the Stone Age, the people of the long barrows who as we have shown in another chapter have still their living representatives in London. Every student of primitive culture will recognize in that islet of the Thames the kind of place that primitive people for reasons of their own would adopt for the performance of sacred rites and mysteries. It is therefore not to be expected that there would be any record of the time or circumstances when Thorney became a sacred place. The probability is that it was always a sacred place, a *locus terribilis,* a dreadful place, an awful place.

These phrases refer to the actual presence of a god and not to the wild or forbidding nature of the site. They represent a very ancient legend passed on from Pagan to Christian, and carrying with it from an unknown antiquity the voice of the local divinity. It would appear to be a fact that the place, though an islet protected by marshes and fringed by reeds was not an abandoned place. The trading Britons before the Romans had a very good system of roads which they developed out of aboriginal trails and primitive paths through the forests. One of these

roads approached London along the line of Edgeware Road till it reached Marble Arch. There it branched, one branch following the line of Oxford Street and Newgate through the CITY to the Thames where it crossed the river on a wooden bridge. The other branch came down Park Lane and across the fens that lay between Buckingham Palace and Thorney. These fens were subject to inundation and were at all times covered with sedge and reeds and there must have been a good reason for carrying a branch of a main road in that direction. The reason was that the Thames was so shallow at that point that it could be forded at low tide. When the Romans constructed their great road system in Britain they followed the roads used by their predecessors, and among these Roman roads one of the most important was the one that divided at Marble Arch, the main branch passing through the CITY to London Bridge and the other branch crossing the fens to Thorney and to the ford of the Thames at that point. The main road with its continuation through the CITY was afterwards called Watling Street by the Saxons and a fragment of it, running from Budge Row, Cannon Street to St. Paul's Churchyard is still called Watling Street. But to return to Thorney; as it lay on a road in the midst of marshes and floods, a dry sandy spot in a ford, it could not have presented a totally wild or desolate appearance except after a raid. It was not protected by walls till Mediæval times and though partly protected by the river and its marshes from the beginning, the ford and the

roadway exposed it to attack. After such an attack it would be abandoned for a time until with returning security it resumed its normal life without having ever lost contact with its oldest legends. That is why the Abbey and the Houses of Parliament stand where they do.

We will pay our first imaginary visit to Thorney in the sixth century of our era. It is now desolate and forsaken. The Saxon conquest avoiding the walled CITY has overrun the country round about and devastated Thorney. Amid the tangled growth of brambles rise the ruins of Roman villa and Pagan temple and little Christian church, ivy crowned and crumbling. There is a smell of rank vegetation and decay, scattered refuse, broken vessels, a skull half hidden by the mould, and the Thames rising and falling with the tides, but no sign of life.

A hundred years pass. Another change has come over Thorney. A Saxon manor takes the place of the ruins of the Roman villa; a Saxon church stands where the Roman church and temple stood. Another hundred years bring us to the early eighth century and a slightly clearer view of Thorney. Its life is now enlarged. The Church has grown to an Abbey and a new monastic foundation of the Benedictines dedicated to St. Peter, is nearing completion. It is called the West Minster or Monastery because it lies to the west of the CITY. Still stands the Manor House towards the river and all along the banks rise the huts of fishermen, for the Thames is full of fish. A day comes when the new Abbey Church of St.

Peter is complete. The next day is set apart for the hallowing. All has been made ready and the good monks go home to bed. The whole city sleeps. Edric, a fisherman, living at Thorney, is awakened by a loud voice calling from the opposite side of the river. A midnight traveller wants to be rowed across the Thames. Passing over in his boat Edric finds a venerable looking man carrying in his hands some vessels pertaining to the sacred offices of a church. In silence he rows the visitor across the river. The stranger at once enters the newly finished church which immediately becomes lit up with an uncommon brilliance, and Edric, watching without, hears voices chanting psalms. Then the chanting stops, the lights go out and the stranger reappears.

"Edric," says he, "I am Peter, come down from Heaven to hallow my holy Church. My task is done. The lights you saw were the candles of Heaven and the voices you heard were the voices of angels. Tomorrow tell the Bishop what you have seen and tell him that I have left a sign and a token of my hallowing. To you also will I give a sign and a token to strengthen your belief, Oh Edric. Go you out on the river and cast your net and be prepared for such a catch of fish as will remove your doubting, and see that you give a tenth to my holy Church and that you and your brethren do likewise forever as a memorial of my visit."

Then Peter disappeared. Just why he had landed on the wrong side of the river on his arrival is not a question to be asked or answered by this generation.

Edric the fisherman did as he had been told and presently his net was as full of miraculous fish as Peter's had been once on the Sea of Galilee.

In the morning the King and his retinue, with the Bishop and clergy come up the river to hallow the Church. As they land Edric meets them with his tale of the midnight visitor and his wonderful fish story. Marvelling, they enter into the Church where they find the incense fresh from Heaven lingering on the air. In the dust upon the altar a finger has written words in Greek and there on the floor are the drippings of the candles made in Heaven. What is there to do but believe? To doubt would be all but sacrilege. Better to proclaim the miracle far and wide, with a service of thanksgiving and a day of rejoicing. That done they all return to London to celebrate with a banquet and then Edric's part is fulfilled, for his finest and most miraculous salmon is served on the banquet board.

But that was by no means the end of it; on the contrary it was but the beginning of a tradition and the foundation of a custom. The legend became an article of faith. The peculiar sanctity of a place so divinely favoured led to the right of sanctuary to which Westminster had a special claim. Most important of all, Edric's injunction from the Keeper of the Keys of Heaven to give a tenth of his catch of fish to the Church, became at once a vested right and for centuries Westminster Abbey continued to receive and to claim as a right a tithe of all fish caught in the Thames. I am by no means sure that the same

The Choir of Westminster Abbey, Looking West

right is not exercised still, but today the receipts would not be important. In former times they would represent a large revenue for the Thames swarmed with fine salmon and other fish. In addition, a successor and representative of Edric held office at least as late as the end of the fourteenth century. He was a Thames fisherman and he had the right to sit at table with the Prior of Westminster once a year, and to demand of the cellarer as much ale and bread as he wished. It is quite evident that these privileges of Edric's successive representatives were first enjoyed by Edric himself and handed down among the customs then established. I do not know whether a Thames fisherman still sits at Somebody's table in Westminster Abbey, demanding ale and bread from the cellarer. If not it only shows how faint our beliefs have become, and how pitiful our faith compared to the faith of our fathers.

From the consecration of that Abbey by St. Peter in the eighth century another hundred years go by and again Thorney presents a scene of desolation. The Danes have raided the little island and again it is claimed by the brambles that cluster about St. Peter's shrine and its deserted monastery. Still another century and the Benedictine foundation is restored by King Edgar. In the century following comes Canute the Dane, crowned King in 1016. His countrymen have settled to the West of London over towards Thorney which the King chooses for his residence. On the site of the Saxon Manor he builds himself a palace. The Abbey, now two hundred

years old, renews its life under the shadow of the Royal Dwelling.

In less than a decade after the death of Canute, Edward the Confessor, last but one of the Saxon line of kings, succeeded to the throne and soon began to lay the foundations of the great Abbey that replaced the older building. It was finished in fifteen years and in place of the little Saxon Abbey with its dozen monks there now rose the stately Westminster, with its fourscore monks and mitred abbots, officially styled to this day the Collegiate Church of St. Peter at Westminster. The style of its architecture was Norman. It was of surpassing beauty and of imposing magnitude, for the Church with cloisters, refectory, dormitory, infirmary, chapter house and all its monastic additions, divided the whole island of Thorney with the Royal Palace where Edward the Confessor lived in the halls of his predecessors, and dying was buried in his Abbey where his saintly fame soon brought pilgrims flocking to his tomb. Within a century of his death he was canonized by the Pope and when yet another century had passed, Henry III had a splendid new shrine erected behind the High Altar to receive the coffin of the saintly King and at the same time he began to rebuild the Church in the pointed style, just then coming in, gradually replacing the Confessor's Church on its own foundations. In this way the choir and transepts of the new church came to be completed in 1269 and the Confessor's Chapel was also built about his newmade shrine.

Apparently without compunction or misgiving this new builder, the third Henry, destroyed the splendid fabric of the Norman Church built by one whom he considered sacred, to replace it by a different fabric, only because the prevailing style of architecture had changed. Dean Stanley makes the remark that the building of Westminster Abbey by Edward the Confessor was the precursor of the Norman Conquest. That is true for it was the passage from the Saxon way of building to the Norman way, from the little Saxon fabric with wooden rafters to the great Norman fabric with vaulted roofs, stout pillars and rounded arches. The rebuilding of the Abbey by Henry III on the other hand represented the transition from the Norman to the English style.

The Confessor's shrine within the new fabric had a roof of gold, adorned with golden images of the Saints, and it blazed below with rich mosaic and coloured enamel, the precious work of Italian craftsmen. In the body of the shrine and raised high above the floor was placed the coffin where it still remains; but the costly sepulchre, stripped of its golden roof and mosaic covering is today a sadly mutilated monument. The Royal Chapel—the Chapel of St. Edward — remains intact, and there, gathered in their royal tombs like pilgrims round that ruined shrine, lie the Plantagenet Kings and Queens. There too, over against the high altar screen, stands the Coronation Chair enclosing in its scarred and battered wooden frame a block of stone

—the ancient Stone of Scone. Hard by that Seat of Majesty is the simple tomb of Edward I as though he would guard the sacred relic that he wrung from the Scottish Kings and on which his successors have ever since been crowned.

Successive generations continued rebuilding the Abbey and Henry VII in his time added at the East end the beautiful perpendicular Chapel that bears his name and that contains his tomb, a black marble mausoleum protected by a bronze grill decorated with the arms and devices of the Tudors. On the top of the tomb, the work of Torigiano, the marble effigies of Henry and his Queen turn their faces towards that vaulted roof where a magic chisel has transformed the solid masonry into a vibrant thing—light as the silken banners of the Order of the Bath that float above the carven seats of the knights along the walls.

In the North aisle of Henry VII's chapel rises the lofty tomb of Elizabeth who is accompanied by her sister Queen Mary and in the corresponding position in the South aisle, the similar tomb of her victim Mary Queen of Scots keeps it company in this "Temple of Silence and Reconciliation."

The most beautiful tombs in the Abbey are a group of three early ones in the Sanctuary and there are many more to claim attention but I have neither the will nor the space to describe the crowded sepulchres where so many lie, in the chapels, all up and down the aisles, in the transepts and in the nave.

There are the graves of the statesmen and of the

poets and there is the grave of Thomas Parr, who was 152 years old and lived in ten reigns, inclusive of Edward IV and Charles I. That was his claim to a place in the Abbey. He has had no rivals.

As for those offending monuments that strike many of this generation as so false and so profane in their plebeian advertisement, much has been said about them and they have received scant courtesy. Some have not hesitated to advocate their removal, but others feel that it is more becoming to refrain and leave them for the judgment of a generation farther removed that may have cause to cherish them. Whatever else they may be, they are a part of this place, a part of all it means and all it seeks to convey to the ages. Whether it strikes one of us as false or as true no one has any right to delete so much as one syllable of that message. One of the things the Abbey teaches us is not to trust the evanescent canons of art and besides the Abbey is not a Museum of the Fine Arts or a Temple of the Muses; it is no other than the greatest human document that the ages have produced.

The oldest grave is that of Sebert and his wife Ethelgoda. The latest is that of an unknown soldier killed in the Great War. A slab in the floor of the nave marks the position of his grave and pilgrims come in millions there and nations lay their tribute on that tomb. No one knows his name, or who he was, or whence he sprang, but Nelson was not honoured so. He whose battle cry was "Victory and Westminster Abbey" was not laid there among the

Kings or given the splendid sepulture of that Nameless One.

The Abbey Cloisters

The visitor who passes through the door in the South wall of the Church into the East Walk of the Cloisters will notice, as he approaches a low passage leading to his left, that he is now in a part of the Abbey that is guarded by policemen and not by vergers. The passage referred to leads to the Chapter House which with the adjoining Chapel of the Pyx is Crown property and not under the jurisdiction of the Dean. At the Dissolution of the Monasteries, Henry VIII appropriated these parts and they have never been returned. The beautiful Chapter House was built by Henry III who removed the Confessor's Chapter House, leaving only the Norman crypt that lies beneath. The crypt, formerly a treasury of the Abbey, is reached by a narrow stairs descending from a nook in the Poets' Corner of the Abbey Church. Its walls are seventeen feet thick and within that Norman Crypt of the Chapter House during the War of 1914–1918 were placed for safety the Coronation Chair, the sword of Edward III and some other treasures of the Abbey.

A Chapter House is in itself a peculiarly English Institution, a chamber architecturally designed to be the meeting place of a deliberative Assembly. The Abbey Chapter House fulfilled its destiny as a permanent part of English History but it was first the place where the whole monastery met under the pre-

The Chapel of the Pyx in Westminster Abbey, Once the Treasury of England. The Structure Against the Wall at the Left, Usually Regarded as an Altar, is Believed by Some to be the Tomb of Hugolin, Treasurer of Edward the Confessor. The Watcher's Beam is Seen between the Central Pillar and the Opposite Pier

siding rule of the Abbot for the government of the Abbey.

It is a stately structure, round in plan or approximately so for it is an octagonal with two of its sides slightly elongated to form the entrance. It has a lofty central pillar. Opposite the entrance was the stone stall on which the Abbot presided over the weekly meetings of the brethren, who, as they filed in two and two, wore the flagstones of the outer passage into ruts. Around the circumference of the chamber run the stone seats where they took their places, and where in the order of procedure they made themselves heard in the assembly.

The special claim that History has on this Chapter House is that it was the first meeting place of the House of Commons after it separated from the Lords in 1282 and continued to be the regular meeting place of the Commons till 1547 when that body moved to Saint Stephen's Chapel in Old Westminster Palace. Then the Chapter House was used for keeping State documents and among other ancient records Domesday Book and its oaken chest might be seen there down to 1865 when all were moved to the Record Office in Chancery Lane.

A few steps beyond the passage leading from the East Cloister to the Chapter House is a Norman Archway closed by a massive door with seven locks. This is a remaining part of the Confessor's building and its uses give it a peculiar distinction. From the time of the Confessor till that of Edward I it was the Treasury of England. This use illustrates

the close connection between the Palace and Abbey. In this Treasury were kept the most honoured of the National trophies and relics, including the sword of Wayland Smith and the Black Rood of Scotland. It is called the Chapel of the Pyx because there the Norman, Plantagenet and Tudor Kings kept the Pyx or chest containing the standard pieces of gold and silver used in testing the coins of the realm, but it was also the Royal Treasury which with its ponderous walls and seven locked doors with seven keys held by seven different Palace and Abbey officials was considered robberproof. The spell was broken in 1303. In June of that year, Edward the First was at Linlithgow fighting the Scots when news came to him that his treasury had been robbed. It was surely the most daring robbery in history for the robbers got away with about three million pounds sterling, at present values, in gold and left Edward's crown and the regalia strewn on the floor. The Abbot of Westminster and forty eight monks together with thirty two laymen were arrested and committed to the Tower. At the trial the Abbot and all but two of the holy men were able to make out a case for themselves but a suspicion has always attached to them and it is hard to see how the robbery could have been carried out without their connivance. The subprior and the sacrist were implicated together with some of the laymen. Dean Stanley, the historian of the Abbey, assures us that, attached to the door of the Treasury and also to some of the adjacent doors, are to be found some remain-

ing pieces of human skin which he gives us to understand are the tangible evidence of the indemnity demanded by Edward I of the robbers. Perhaps I ought to call them reparations but in any case they were paid and they were ample enough to line the doors. I confess that I have not seen the evidence but I have not lived in the Abbey like Dean Stanley.

After the robbery the relics and the Regalia continued to reside in the same place as formerly but the Treasury was established elsewhere and the Pyx was placed in the custody of the Goldsmiths Company where it still remains. The relics and Regalia were destroyed by the Commonwealth Government which broke into the Chapel and removed them. Included in this destruction was the Regalia of the Saxon Kings. The present Regalia of England, which is kept in the Tower, is taken for one night to the Abbey in token of old guardianship and on the eve of Coronation Day is deposited in Jerusalem Chamber.

The Chapel of the Pyx and adjoining Norman Undercroft, together with the crypt of the Chapter House, are the oldest parts of the Abbey and date from the eleventh century. A few steps south from the door of the Chapel of the Pyx the Dark Cloister opens to the left and leads to the Little Cloisters. From the Dark Cloister one reaches also the Norman Undercroft now incorporated in Westminster School which occupies a group of buildings including the monks' dormitory and refectory. The dormitory is over the East Cloister and the refectory runs the length of the South Cloister with which it connects

by a door. Ashburnham House designed by Inigo Jones, formerly the property of Lord Ashburnham is now also incorporated in the School. It has many fine architectural features, especially the exquisite carving round the doorways and the beautiful staircase. In the Cloisters were buried the abbots, and in the enclosed garden or Cloister garth were the graves of the monks. Along the South Cloister may be seen, close against the stone seat ranged along the wall, the stone effigies of the Norman Abbots carved in the slabs above their graves.

No one can walk through the East Cloister without pausing in front of that plain little tablet in the wall that says so meekly sweet amid all these memories: JANE LISTER, DEAR CHILDE, breathed over a faded flower of youth.

In the West Cloister is the grave of John Broughton, buried there in 1789. Below his name and date there is a blank space on the slab in the pavement that covers his grave. That space was intended for the words CHAMPION OF ENGLAND, but whoever was dean in 1789 jibbed at that and the space was left blank. But everyone knows that the great Broughton was the Prince of Prize Fighters in his day, the Champion Heavyweight of Britain. If I am not mistaken he was also the inventor of the modern boxing glove. The West Cloister was the original place of the Westminster School for there the Master of the Novices used to preside over his disciples.

The Abbey has been called correctly enough the Temple of Silence and Reconciliation, but it is much

more than that. It is many things and I think that it is preëminently the Apotheosis of the National Character. At its inception it was an act of homage to St. Peter on the part of a pious King; then a temple rising like a prophet's vision round that Sovereign's dust; then generations of Kings and Queens entombed around the shrine of Sacred Majesty. St. Peter is supplanted. Courtiers and statesmen cluster round the kings as the widening circle grows. Philosophers, poets, soldiers, sailors, divines, historians, explorers, men of science, artists, antiquarians, physicians, actors and actresses fill up the ranks of the National Valhalla and the prize fighter is there to redress the balance.

There is no committee or high tribunal and no superior authority to decide who shall be honoured and who shall be excluded, nothing but the national instinct and the permission of the Dean and Chapter. For method or uniformity in honouring the Nation's dead you may look in vain. Neither rule nor regularity is observed. Order has no sanction and congruity no hearing. If there is any conformity it is to Nature's great and inexorable plan of inequality, partiality and caprice. Lord Byron is turned away and St. Evremond is admitted. Shakespeare is not buried in the Abbey but you will find the tomb of Chaucer and the grave of Spenser who died for lack of bread, and of Ben Jonson who in his old age was saved by his friends from abject want. Bacon is not among the philosophers, nor has he a line to his name in the Abbey, but the author of the Beggar's

Opera is among the wits and the lines on his tomb record his own philosophy.

> Life is a jest and all things show it;
> I thought so once and now I know it.

Neither Keats nor Shelley has a memorial, no one knows why; but Longfellow has a monument, because the Nation has never discovered that Americans are not compatriots. It is very human and altogether English. It is a microcosm of the National life expressed in terms of death.

Westminster School is descended from a monastic college as old as the Abbey itself. It was remodelled by Queen Elizabeth who founded the King's Scholars, a distinguished feature of a very distinguished school, that must be one of the oldest schools of England. No longer a dependent of the Abbey, Westminster School is one of its surviving glories. The memory of the old relationship is still alive for the boys attend service in the Abbey and have a right to seats in the choir at each Coronation.

> Even the assent of the people of England to the election of the sovereign has found its voice in modern days through the shouts of the scholars from their recognized seats in the Abbey.—Dean Stanley.

From the School one may walk through the Dean's Yard where the drowsy stillness is shaded by great elm trees that seem like a sacred grove for pigeons.

From the Dean's Yard one may pass to the Jerusalem Chamber and the adjoining dining hall of the

Stairs in Ashburnham House, Designed by Inigo Jones. From a Photograph Made for the Society for Photographing Old Buildings

Abbots' house, now the dining hall of Westminster School. The long tables are great timbers from the ships of the Armada. Through Dean's Yard the visitor passes out through the Dean's Gate facing the Westminster column opposite the West front of the Abbey and so into Broad Sanctuary.

Broad Sanctuary

Here let us pause while the traffic of London sweeps around and consider the memories preserved in the name of the ground on which we stand. Here the civil power had no authority, for in that precinct the sanctity of the Abbey extended its protection to the fugitive pursued by the agents of the law. Here the criminal had right of sanctuary and here the hunted offender was safe from the private vengeance of his enemy.

Every church and convent offered sanctuary within its portals but Westminster offered more than that. It always remained a place of peculiar sanctity, the *locus terribilis* of ancient legend. Moreover, it was a Chartered Sanctuary for it claimed by Royal Warrant the exercise of authority over a wider tract of ground than that covered by the structure of the building. This area was enclosed by a wall on the North and West of the Abbey and included the ground on which Westminster Hospital and Middlesex Guildhall stand. The enclosing wall of the Sanctuary was pierced by two gates, one on the North and one on the West at the end of Tothill Street. It was in this latter gate that the famous

Gatehouse Prison stood, originally the Abbot's gaol for offending monks, of which I will have more to say presently.

Within these gates was the inviolate territory of the Church's authority. To ignore these boundaries or trespass on the peace implied by the sacred character of the place, reinforced by Royal decree was sacrilege. To step within the open gates in pursuit of an enemy or in vindication of the law was to incur the wrath of the Church. The King himself would not venture on so dangerous an errand and even Cardinal Wolsey dared not take thence his enemy. Within this sacred precinct on the ground where the Middlesex Guildhall stands there was a massive tower of several storeys, with a single strong door, where the fugitive might find lodging and shelter. There were as well other houses within the precinct that were rented by the Abbot to such tenants as might be suitable and who had the right to entertain such persons as took sanctuary. Among all those who took sanctuary at Westminster there was no one so wronged and so foully dealt with by Church and State as Elizabeth Woodville, the distressful Queen of Edward IV and mother of the two murdered princes, Edward V and the Duke of York. Twice she took sanctuary. The first time was in 1470 when her husband was in exile on the Continent, and there her eldest son was " born in sorrow and baptized like a poor man's child." Thirteen years later when she became a widow and that sanctuary born prince became King Edward V, the boy was taken forcibly

from his mother's people "for his greater safety" by his guardian and uncle, Richard, Duke of Gloucester. The Queen mother then once more took sanctuary with her second son, Richard, Duke of York and her daughters.

Therefore now she took her younger sonne the Duke of Yorke and her daughters and went out of the Palays of Westminster into the Sanctuary . . . she and all her chyldren, and . . . the Queen sat alone belowe on the rushes all desolate and dismayde.—Sir Thomas More.

The poor Queen knew very well why the young King, her son, was an object of so much solicitude on the part of his guardian and she resisted all efforts to persuade her to allow her younger son to be sent to keep him company, knowing that it was the death of both that was sought. Then a curious thing happened that seems to show that the Church authorities were willing to twist the privilege of sanctuary to suit the particular case according to the light in which they chose to see it.

One would suppose that a privilege that was open to every criminal would be available for an innocent child brought into sanctuary by its mother, but in this case it proved otherwise. When Richard the Protector learned that the Queen had taken sanctuary with the lad he met the Lords in Council and there present were the Archbishop of York and others of the clergy as well as many Lords temporal. At that meeting Richard proposed that an

effort should be made to persuade the Queen to deliver up the young Duke of York and that if she should refuse, the child should be taken by force in order that he might be sent to keep company with and to comfort his brother the young King and save the country from the reproach of allowing the King's brother to remain in sanctuary. After the Protector had spoken to this effect, the Archbishop of York spoke his approval of an effort being made to persuade the Queen to give up her son, but opposed the use of force in case she should refuse, "for that," saïd he, "would be a breach of sanctuary. God forbid," he continued, "that any man should, for any earthly thing undertake to break the immunitie and liberty of that sacred Sanctuary, that hath been the safeguard of so many a good man's life." When he had concluded his argument the Duke of Buckingham supported Richard in a long and vigorous speech in which he gave his views on the whole theory and practise of sanctuary, contending that it was subject to many abuses. He held that as the Prince, owing to his youth and his innocence of all offense, could not stand in need of sanctuary, he was therefore not entitled to the privilege.

To take him away by force, therefore, was not to break sanctuary. This was on the theory that sanctuary was for offenders only and not for innocent persons or for children who had no reason to fear anyone. Having heard the Duke's argument the Archbishop completely changed his tune and the whole Council having then given its assent, the Arch-

Westminster Abbey as Represented on the Bayeux Tapestry. At the Left is Seen a Corner of the Palace and on an Enclosing Wall is the Figure of a Man Grasping with One Hand the Weathercock of the Abbey and With the Other a Turret of the Palace

bishop accompanied by some of the Lords temporal went from the Starchamber of the Palace, where they were deliberating, into the presence of the Queen in the Sanctuary. There his Lordship informed the Queen that the Council had decided that she was committing a great public and private wrong in keeping her younger son in sanctuary; they held that he ought to be with his brother the King and his Lordship had therefore come to inform her of the fact and to urge her to comply with the will of the Council and submit without resistance. He tried persuasion, pressing his arguments upon her and assuring her of the good faith of everyone and the folly and injustice of her fears. Finally, meeting a vigorous resistance that he was unable to overcome, he told her of the decision in which he had acquiesced that the child on account of his youth and innocence was not entitled to the privilege that she claimed for him and therefore his forceful abduction would not be a breach of sanctuary.

The mother who had at first rejected all suggestions and arguments with indignation and with scorn was now filled with consternation and alarm. For the promises made she did not hide her distrust nor did she hesitate to announce her belief that Richard meant to take the lives of her two children once he had them both in his power. Confronted by these men, the most powerful in the Church and State, the one denying her the right in which she had put her trust and the other plotting the destruction of her children, Elizabeth Woodville made a noble and

dignified defense of her position, pleading only the right of sanctuary for her son and refusing to give him up.

Then the Archbishop, reproaching her with want of trust in his intelligence and good faith, pledged himself body and soul for the surety of the boy both in person and estate. "The quene with these wordes stode a good while in a great study." There seemed to her to be no escape; she was hemmed in on every side; she thought that those who pled with her were deceived but believed them to be incorruptible. In the bitterness of her heart and the extremity of her need, the thought came to her that if she should resign the child to the Archbishop as a trust, it would fare better with him and he would be safer by reason thereof than if he should be taken away by force at Richard's instant command, for he waited near by as she well knew.

And at the last she toke the yong duke by the hande, and said unto the lordes: My lord and all my lordes, I neither am so unwise to mistrust your wittes, nor so suspicious to mistruste your trouthes. . . . For loe, here is this gentilman . . . here I deliver him, and hys brother in him, to kepe, into your handes, of whome I shall aske them both afore God and the world. Faithfull ye be, that I wot wel, and I know wel you be wise. . . . But only one thing I beseche you, for the trust that his father put in you ever, and for the trust that I put in you now, that as farre as ye thinke that I fere too muche, be you wel ware that you fere not as farre too little. And therewithall she said

unto the child: Farewel, my own swete sonne, God send you good keping, let me kis you once yet ere you goe, for God knoweth when we shal kis togither agayne. And therewith she kissed him, and blessed him, turned her back and wept and went her way, leaving the childe weping as fast.—Sir Thomas More.

He was taken at once to join his brother at the palace of the Bishop of St. Paul's whence both were conducted through the City, with every show of honour, to the Tower, where as everyone knows these two little princes, one eleven and the other thirteen, were shortly afterwards murdered in their sleep and history identifies Richard of Gloucester as the author of the crime. Within three years Richard himself was killed in battle like a soldier, fighting in great form. How the Archbishop squared his account with Elizabeth Woodville is not recorded.

But if the Church upon this one occasion decreed that the innocent might, without wrong done, be taken from sanctuary, there were not wanting on other occasions men so bold as to break sanctuary in open defiance of the Church, to work their will upon the guilty. One of these rare occasions was in 1378. Two knights who were in trouble escaped from the Tower and one took sanctuary within the Abbey Church itself. Pursued by the constable of the Tower and his men, he was overtaken and his blood shed in the Choir, during the celebration of High Mass. The Abbot's wrath was terrible; the homicides were excommunicated and the Abbey Church

was closed for four months to fix in men's minds the deadly fruits of sacrilege.

In the peasants' uprising in 1381, one of the men marked for destruction, pursued by the mob, took sanctuary in the Church. They found him clinging to one of the pillars of St. Edward's shrine, whence they dragged him off to Cheapside where they beheaded him.

If a book might be written about its tragedies another doubtless might be written on the humours of the Sanctuary, an entertaining topic that the following tale will serve to illustrate. Thomas Banes had been a monk in Westminster Abbey and became Prior of Folkestone. John Gybon owed him twenty four pounds and took sanctuary in Westminster where the Prior followed him and laying violent hands upon him took him captive and attempted to carry him off. The monks, attracted by the uproar, recognized their old confrère, set free his prisoner and, seizing him in turn, shut him up in the Gatehouse Prison. Then the Abbot brought suit against the Prior for trespass but unfortunately the result of the trial is not clear. Then the Prior sued the monks of the Abbey for assault and battery but failed to bring the matter to trial because the King's authority did not extend to the sacred precincts of the Church and its Sanctuary.

That the privileges of sanctuary were at times abused by unscrupulous persons seems clear enough. Both Edward IV and Henry VII complained of the conditions as reported to them. In a letter addressed

to the Archdeacon of Westminster, Edward made it quite plain that he looked for some measure of reform.

It hath ben reported unto us that great resorte hath ben and yit is into the sanctuary of Westminster of viciose peple by whos continuance there hath ben used and doon in the same many abhominable vices, murdres, and affrayes, bawdry, lechery and other misshevous dedes to the great displeasure of our lord god and us, and also the annoyance and unrestfulnesse of alle wele disposed persones therabowte.

Henry VII in his turn had occasion to send a communication to the Pope in which he said that someone had spread a report in London to the effect that he and his army had been defeated.

When this was heard by some of those who by reason of their crimes enjoy the privileges and immunities of Westminster, being of opinion that after the commission of any nefarious crime soever they could have the free privilege of returning to that sanctuary . . . took up arms for the purpose of plundering the houses of those whom they knew to be in the field with us and mustered in a body for the commission of crime.—Quoted by Canon Westlake in *Westminster Abbey.*

Opposition to the privileges of sanctuary for the sheltering of criminals without discrimination grew more and more pronounced, till, after the middle of the sixteenth century, King and Parliament restricted

these privileges to the extent that they might be claimed by debtors only and by no other class of offenders. In 1623 by Act of Parliament Sanctuary was abolished altogether.

I have already indicated that on the western bounds of this sanctuary, over towards the end of Tothill Street, there stood a great gatehouse built by Richard II, massive as a fortress and destined for a prison. Its gloomy chronicle of events is sharply accentuated at one point. It was there that Walter Raleigh spent the night before his execution when he wrote his last thoughts on life.

> Even such is time that takes on trust
> Our youth, our joys and all we have
> And pays us naught but age and dust,
> Which in the dark and silent grave
> When we have wandered all our ways
> Shuts up the story of our days.

After sentence had been passed on him in Westminster Hall, he was conveyed thence in a carriage to the Gatehouse. The Dean of Westminster who came to pray with him was embarrassed by his high spirits. Then came his wife to spend with him their last evening together. She left him shortly after midnight. In the morning he "was very cheerful and merry, ate his breakfast heartily and took a last whiff of his beloved tobacco, and made no more of his death than if he had been about to take a journey."

Among the other prisoners who were confined in

the Gatehouse was the Royalist Richard Lovelace who there wrote a little poem that everybody knows.

Stone walls do not a prison make
Nor iron bars a cage;
Minds innocent and quiet take
That for a hermitage.
If I have freedom in my love
And in my soul am free,
Angels alone that soar above
Enjoy such liberty.

If it had been a very dreadful prison, the Cavalier Poet would probably not have felt like writing such sweet and tender sentiments, but it is true that the Gatehouse prison afterwards acquired a very bad reputation. Dr. Johnson denounced it as a disgrace to London and it was removed in his time.

As I have already said Westminster possessed a greater degree of sanctity than other places to which a similar privilege of sanctuary attached. Every Church afforded the same form of protection and there were in London two special chartered sanctuaries that, owing to the security afforded them within their sacred bounds, became strongholds of thieves and robbers, where the frontier was a deadline that no outsider dared to trespass. Across that deadline the denizens of the sanctuary conducted raids upon the peaceful inhabitants of the City. These sanctuaries were the notorious St. Martin le Grand—now occupied by the General Post Office, and Alsatia, a name applied by the lawless inhabitants to White-

friars adjoining the Temple, now the territory of the Press.

Broad Sanctuary never was subject to the extreme abuses that made St. Martin le Grand and Alsatia a menace to their neighbours and a scandal to the City. At Westminster the right of sanctuary remained more nearly what it was intended to be, a refuge where anyone might find safety from the vengeance of the law or from the persecution of his fellowmen.

Westminster Palace

We have seen how King Canute built himself a palace at Thorney on the site of older buildings and how Edward the Confessor occupied and enlarged the same Royal dwelling that is described by Fitzstephen as an "incomparable structure furnished with a breastwork and a bastion." William the Conqueror resided there at times and it was probably his principal dwelling while the Tower was building. His son William Rufus started to rebuild the Palace of which he lived to complete only the Banqueting Hall now called Westminster Hall. His successors continued during many generations to add building after building until the area now occupied by the Houses of Parliament including New Palace Yard, so called because it was the great forecourt of William Rufus's new palace, was occupied by the King's House, Westminster. It was the principal Royal dwelling till Henry VIII moved to Whitehall which Wolsey's fall left vacant. Westminster

Westminster Hall. Built by William Rufus as a New Banqueting Hall for Westminster Palace. It Has Witnessed Many Historic Scenes Including Trial of William Wallace, the Trial of Charles I and Trial of Warren Hastings. It is Now Incorporated in Westminster Palace or the Houses of Parliament and This View is the One Seen from New Palace Yard. From an Old Print

Palace was like a little city enclosed by towered walls. The appearance that it presented must have been picturesque in the extreme. When its courts and halls and galleries and gardens were filled with colour, with the splendour of a mediæval court and its gorgeous retinue, it must have been very wonderful. Among its historic halls were the Painted Chamber, the Prince's Chamber, the Star Chamber, St. Stephen's Chapel, Westminster Hall and the Old House of Lords. After 1547 the House of Commons met in St. Stephen's Chapel having moved over from the Chapter House of the Abbey. The walls that enclosed the Palace enclosed also the Abbey. There was a private communication between the two, and the church was in fact a Royal Chapel attached to the Palace of Westminster.

All of the Palace buildings with one exception were burned down in 1834 in a great fire. The one exception was Westminster Hall, William Rufus's great banqueting hall, which may give an idea of the scale of the Palace. This hall and the crypt of St. Stephen's Chapel, which also escaped, have been incorporated in the new Houses of Parliament begun after the fire and finished in 1867. When the ground was being cleared of the débris left by the fire, a vast system of crypts, cellars, vaults and foundation walls belonging to the Palace of Canute and his successors was uncovered. To give a solid foundation for the new buildings these were filled in with cement, and on those venerable foundations the Houses of Parliament stand. In the erection of that

great pile, St. Stephen's Chapel, which bore the same relation to the Palace as St. George's bears to Windsor, was rebuilt on its old foundations and above its old crypt which, not being injured, was kept intact. The restored chapel is known as St. Stephen's Hall and a plate in the floor marks the position of the Speaker's Chair when the House of Commons used to meet in St. Stephen's Chapel. It adjoins Westminster Hall, now used only on rare occasions, a noble old edifice whose oaken roof with its hammer beams was restored by Richard II. It was formerly used as a law court and it is crowded with memories of historic scenes. The trial of Wallace, the trial of Raleigh, the trial of Charles I, and the trial of Warren Hastings, stand out among events the most stirring in the history of England and the Empire.

The space between the Houses of Paliament and the Abbey is called Old Palace Yard. One great figure in the long procession moving across that space is revealed with distinctness among innumerable shadows. Of all the varied scenes enacted in that Palace precinct since the days of the Confessor, one scene remains indelibly impressed on men's minds. Shakespeare who had been dead two years was spared that scene, as strange, as tragic and as great as anything his genius had created for the stage. But there was a young law student at the Temple, one Oliver Cromwell, who doubtless saw it all and there was a lad in Cheapside named John Milton who may have witnessed it too, and this is what they saw.

It is a chill November morning. The pavements and the roofs are covered with a mantle of hoarfrost. Early though it is, Old Palace Yard is filled with people. From every window others look down—waiting. There is no movement. It is an expectant crowd, subdued and mournful, but here and there a suppressed voice is heard in angry tones. The venerable pile of the Palace, its roofs whitened with the frost, its hoary battlements and turrets outlined against the eastern dawn, fills in the prospect, closing the view like a scene on the stage. A little advanced in the foreground stands a scaffold draped in black. The waiting is not prolonged. In the centre of the approaching group is a weary man whose hair and beard are turning gray. There is a great dignity in his look and he walks with firm step and proudly, head erect. The heart within him is a broken heart but it is the heart of an Englishman. And all England is regarding him.

Some had been his fellows in the Temple, some had drunk with him at the Mermaid, some had known him as the gallant favourite at a brilliant court, some had fought beside him in Ireland in the service of the Queen and some had been with him when he drove his questing keels through perilous seas to shores unknown. And now they see him once again—see him with a front as bold as when he stormed the Spanish Main.

> Home is the sailor, home from the sea,
> And the hunter is home from the hills.

The sheriff asks him respectfully whether he will step within and warm himself at the fire before ascending the scaffold. "Nay, if it please you we will have it over quickly." Without help he reaches the scaffold. Turning towards the headsman standing there he touches lightly the edge of the axe. "Sharp medicine!" says he.

A few words of farewell with his face turned towards the hushed assembly. Then there is a response that rolls across Old Palace Yard and out from the windows where some of England's greatest stand. Then he lays aside his cloak and kneels and bows his head till his neck rests on the curving surface of the block, so artfully carved to fit between a man's head and shoulders. Standing over him, the headsman seems nervous and hesitant.

"Strike, man!" They are his last words.

His body was laid in Saint Margaret's, Westminster. There in the chancel you may read his name. His head, wrapped in a cloth, was carried from the scaffold on that morning to a closed carriage not far away in which his lady sat waiting to receive it. She took it home and laid it in a shrine she had made for it and kept it all her days and when she died she left it to her son—and that is the end of the story.

The Houses of Parliament are by tradition a Royal Palace and by virtue of that fact are in the custody of the Lord Great Chamberlain, an hereditary office not to be confused with that of the Lord Chamberlain. It has a King's Robing Room used

by the King during his State visits; a Royal Gallery and a Prince's Chamber, besides the House of Lords, the House of Commons and more than a thousand chambers and apartments, the Speaker's House and miles of passage.

The exterior of Westminster Palace presents a richly ornamented late Gothic style of architecture dominated by Victoria Tower on the South end and by the Clock Tower on the North. Its Western front is partly occupied by Old Westminster Hall incorporated on that side, but the East front rising from the river presents in an unbroken stretch the outlines of a well proportioned and stately building, a legend expressed in modern terms but with a fine sense of its ancient glories. It shows what the nineteenth century could do.

. . . . . .

It is interesting and instructive to compare these two ancient cities, London and Westminster, lying side by side on the same bank of the Thames. In its history Westminster is not identified with the stout resistance of London or with that intense civic loyalty and impregnable defence that accentuates the CITY'S history down to the present time. The history of Westminster leaves one to infer that it has been remarkably indifferent to all these things. Until it became a Metropolitan borough, almost the only government that city had known was an ecclesiastical government, following its traditional position of an estate attached to the Abbey. Its population had inherited no experience of government and it had no

civic consciousness. Yet Westminster was the birthplace of modern constitutional government and remains the seat of national administration and of organized Society as represented by Parliament.

It is the peculiar quality of London on the other hand that it always had a strong civic consciousness and also, from the time its history becomes clear, the kind of assurance that is born of long experience with the management of its affairs. What was the source of that consciousness and that assurance and how did London gain that experience? The Saxons were not city builders; they knew only village life. These attributes did not come in with the Normans for they preceded and survived the coming of the Norman monarchy. They could only have been derived from a Roman London that preserved its identity and passed on its customs and traditions. Its walls are down but its defences, built up of Charters of the CITY, Charters of the City Companies, customs that have the force of law and privileges that no one can explain and that owe their firm validity to their never having been questioned, or being questioned have been successfully maintained,—these defences have been proof against all assaults up to the present day. It seems to me that the modern historians who have presented the view that London derives its singular position from Roman times have an irresistible argument that could be developed much farther than has yet been done.

Quite apart from London's historic and traditional estate, each of these two cities occupies in the affairs

of today a separate and distinct preëminence of its own. The City of London is the financial and economic centre of things and the City of Westminster is the political centre of the most extended system of government the world has known.

XII

WHITEHALL

3rd Gentleman.

So she parted,
And with the same full state paced back again,
To York place where the feast is held.

1st Gentleman.

Sir, you
Must no more call it York place, that is past,
For since the Cardinal fell that title's lost,
'Tis now the King's and called Whitehall.

3rd Gentleman.

I know it,
But 'tis so lately altered that the old name
Is fresh about me.

KING HENRY VIII, Act IV, Scene 1.

FROM Trafalgar Square the street that runs due south is called for the first few yards Charing Cross. As its southern end it is known as Parliament Street. Its main course between is Whitehall, the broad way that takes its name from the Royal Palace that witnessed so many vivid events in English History. Today the name associates itself with the government of the British Empire. It contains all the Offices of that government and it contains Downing Street. To the stranger visiting London therefore it promises something of the awesome thrill that is evoked by the presence of power. Here are the seats of the

mighty. Here is the powerhouse of the Empire. The visitor starting from the base of Nelson's monument passes the statue of Charles I and following the direction of the Monarch's gaze, he presently finds himself in Whitehall. At his right is the Admiralty. On his left he passes the War Office, then on his right rises the Horse Guards, then the Treasury. The buildings tower above him, worn and weather stained like a line of cliffs. Suddenly on his right there is a narrow opening, a cleft in the rocks and the visitor sees the words DOWNING STREET. It is not a street, it is a narrow opening like a cave in the uncompromising line of cliffs. The visitor pauses. He is thinking of lions. The figure of a lion has been somewhere in his mind since he left Trafalgar Square—a huge and imposing lion couchant. With a startled feeling the stranger realizes that he has reached the Lion's den. It is in that cavern marked Downing Street. The mouth is guarded by a policeman whom the stranger considers with some misgiving. He stands motionless and resembles other London policemen; he is without arms of any kind and there is no menace in his pose. Reassured, the stranger takes his courage in his hands and ventures within. He sees a narrow vista, short and open at the other end, and in the distance a leafy perspective, calm, placid and detached. The visitor is half relieved but more than half disappointed. He ventured into the Lion's den and it offers the prospect of a little gateway leading to a playground open to the sky. He stops uncertain and looks about him.

Close at hand is a row of three small houses, dingy and unpretentious, with perfectly plain brick fronts. They all look alike and are altogether unimpressive. The threshold of each small door is on the level of the pavement of the public thoroughfare and without the smallest vestige of protection. The nearest door has the number 10 plainly marked so that the visitor may not go wrong. It is 10 Downing Street, the official residence of the Prime Minister and First Lord of the Treasury, trying to efface itself from the public eye. It takes the stranger in London some time to be reconciled to this discovery and to get over a feeling that almost amounts to the resentment of one who has been trifled with. When he becomes more accustomed to Whitehall however, Downing Street grows upon the stranger and in time leaves an impression of great dignity that goes a long way to restore his preconceived ideas. But no one can forget his first view of that modest tenement or the feeling of wonder that it leaves on his mind.

From the Thames to St. James's Park, the whole district was included in Whitehall Palace. Its history begins in the thirteenth century when Hubert de Burgh, who owned a palace on the bank of the Thames, bequeathed it to the Dominicans. The Black Friars never occupied the property but sold it to the Archbishop of York, and it was thereafter known as York Place. For two hundred and fifty years it remained the town house of the Archbishops of York and the last of the long line of prelates to occupy it was Cardinal Wolsey. It then acquired

The Palace of Whitehall Showing King Charles II and His Consort Witnessing from a Terrace of the Palace the Lord Mayor's Procession in 1683. The Picture is at Windsor Castle and the Illustration Here Shown is Reduced from a Large Photogravure Published in 1909 by the London Topographical Society by Permission of the King, and Made by Emery Walker

a splendour to match the pomp in which Wolsey lived.

The House of his predecessors was not on a scale to meet Wolsey's needs. It was not ample enough to contain the power with which he saw fit to surround himself. He therefore built himself a palace on a magnificent scale and furnished it in a style of surpassing richness. When Wolsey fell like Lucifer from that dizzy height, his imperious master Henry took over York Place and in his turn built even more magnificent additions and added a tilt yard and a cockpit, together with new tennis courts and a new bowling green. The Palace completed by these two builders was of brick and in the same style as Hampton Court. It was of a prodigious size for it covered twenty three acres. Hampton Court Palace covers eight acres and Buckingham Palace only two and a half. It was Henry who changed the name from York Place to Whitehall.

The palace precincts were intersected by a narrow public way called King Street nearly on the line of the present Whitehall. To protect the royal domain Henry erected two fine gates on this street, one to the south called King Street Gate and the other on the north called Holbein's Gate, a towered structure designed by the artist after whom it was named. These gates were removed in the eighteenth century. Under Elizabeth the chief Royal residence was at Whitehall and the brillant court of the great Queen more than matched its earlier fame. James I intended to build an entirely new palace on the site of

the old and plans prepared by Inigo Jones contemplated an enormous building covering twenty four acres, unmatched in Europe for size and magnificence. The work was begun and, but for the misfortunes of the Stuarts and their constant financial difficulties, it would have been carried to completion. The only part ever finished was the Banqueting Hall, which stands opposite the Horse Guards and now contains the collections of the Royal United Service Museum. In 1697 all of the buildings of Whitehall Palace except this new Banqueting Hall were burned to the ground and the court removed to St. James's. That ended the career of Whitehall as a Royal residence. Most of the grounds were given away or sold and parts of them are now occupied by Richmond Terrace, Montague House and Whitehall Gardens.

Underneath the Board of Trade Buildings in Whitehall Gardens is a large vaulted chamber with heavy groins. It is thirty feet wide and seventy feet long and fifteen high. It is reached by a doorway having a flat pointed arch in a square architrave with shields in the spandrels containing the arms of York and those of Wolsey. This chamber that shows all the properties of Tudor architecture was the great Cardinal's wine cellar. It is all that remains of Wolsey's building and together with the Banqueting Hall of James I is all that is left of the great palace of Whitehall.

To recall the associations of Whitehall would be to recall the history of the English court for one hun-

dred and fifty years, under Tudor and Stuart. There Shakespeare places the meeting of Henry and Anne Boleyn at a festival given by Wolsey. There Henry married Anne and there he died. It was there that Cromwell died. There the revelries of Charles II and his court took place. There Monmouth pled in vain with James II for his life after the battle of Sedgemoor and thence James went into exile in 1688.

But one event that associates itself with Whitehall stands out in sharp relief, detaching itself from all the others and making the name a symbol for all ages. The execution of Charles I is English history but London's part in that business must be recalled. At the outset of the trouble the CITY was solidly Royalist, though if anyone had cause for grievance, it was the Londoner. Only the unaccountable and almost incredible blunders of the King turned a majority against him. In 1641 Charles was splendidly entertained at the Guildhall by the Lord Mayor and the CITY officials. Then came the attempt to seize the five members of Parliament. It was an act without precedent for the King to enter the House of Commons, and when he appeared in that chamber the five members had taken warning and fled to the CITY where they hid themselves. The next act of the King lost him the support of London. He entered the Guildhall while the Lord Mayor was presiding at a meeting of the Common Council and demanded the arrest of the five members of Parliament who were hiding in London. This act was a violation of

the CITY'S rights, was accordingly resented and the royal request refused.

On January 10, 1642, King Charles I went out from Whitehall to join his army and when he returned seven years later, it was to mount the scaffold erected by his enemies in front of the Banqueting Hall of the Palace. If Charles had kept London on his side he could have won. Without the CITY'S support he lost. When it came to war, official London was on Parliament's side and the CITY trainbands went out to join the parliamentary forces, but even then and to the bitter end a strong minority in London remained Royalist.

When on January 6, 1648, the Parliament created a court to try the King it was apprehensive about the attitude of the CITY. Therefore, an election of the City Council taking place at that time, Parliament prevented all but its known friends from taking part in that election. The Lord Mayor who was known to be a man of independent mind was thus left with a Council that did not represent London but represented only the parliamentary faction. When, on January 18, the Lord Mayor came to the Guildhall for a meeting of his court he was confronted by a Council that refused to take the oath and immediately proceeded to draw up a petition to Parliament signifying their assent to the trial of the King. The Lord Mayor and the Aldermen then left the hall. In the absence of the Lord Mayor there was no court of the Common Council but that did not prevent the councilmen from going on with the petition.

The court created to try the King met in Old Westminster Hall. Among the judges appointed by Parliament were five London aldermen. Three of these refused to attend and the other two though present took no part in the proceedings. When the time came for the members of the court to sign the King's death warrant, the Londoners refused. The CITY therefore took no part in the trial and never gave its assent to the execution. On the other hand the CITY took no active steps to save the King although there were signs that caused the Parliament uneasiness. As the King passed out of Westminster Hall after his sentence had been passed, the crowd of citizens filling the lower end of the ancient edifice had shouted "God save the King."

Now London had always claimed the right to a separate voice in the election of a king and on the same ground might exercise the prerogative of a separate demand in the momentous events that were now developing. But the Lord Mayor, having a Council that did not represent the CITY but the King's enemies, was deprived of the constitutional means of giving expression to the CITY'S right or the CITY'S will. If the Lord Mayor had led a popular movement on behalf of the King, he might indeed have prevailed but he would be acting not as a magistrate but as the leader of a popular demonstration.

The scaffold was erected in the road in front of the Banqueting Hall of Whitehall, now the Royal United Service Museum. Charles, having slept at St. James's Palace walked across St. James's Park

on the morning appointed for his execution, entered the Hall and stepped upon the scaffold through an open window that is now marked with a tablet. Troops of his enemies were placed between him and the citizens. Two bodies of troops marched back and forth between Westminster and Charing Cross to prevent the crowd from forming. Charles appeared calm, selfpossessed and very kingly. His speech, heard by few, has been imperfectly reported, but it shows him in full possession of his wits and with a clear perception of the rights and wrongs of his cause. It also shows a courage that was proof against suffering and disaster. The crowd, regarding him in that supreme moment, was profoundly moved. An eyewitness wrote as follows.

> The blow I saw given and can truly say with a sad heart, at the instant whereof, I remember well, there was such a grone by the Thousands then present as I never heard before and desire I may never hear again.

The tragedy of Charles I is that like the rest of the Stuarts he did not understand his subjects. Had he possessed that knowledge of his people that is the security alike of sovereigns and of realms and makes for the greatness of both, his reign might have been one of the most brilliant in English History. The foreigner in London today is impressed at once by the strength and security of the Throne. If he comes from parts where Republican institutions prevail he is sometimes surprised at the immense in-

fluence that the Crown brings to bear on the national life, an influence that makes itself felt to the farthest confines of the Empire. It is true that the secret of that overshadowing power of the Throne is not to be found in the Constitution. From that unwritten law one must appeal to the presiding genius of English History. The secret begins to reveal itself to a superficial observation in the brilliant exercise of a gift for understanding their subjects that belongs to the present occupants of the British Throne. It is further explained by the sensitiveness of the same subjects to that understanding, and their quick response to the gesture of intelligence and sympathy. The subjects of Charles I were just as sensitive as the subjects of King George and could he but have shown them a fraction of that penetration of their minds and that knowledge of their hearts that the subjects of George V are accustomed to, he might have led them to great ends. The difference today is in the Monarchy itself, not in the people; it is in the Sovereign, not in the subject. That is a lesson that London teaches. The Capital that has dealt with its kings for a thousand years has demonstrated to the world a pattern of Constitutional Monarchy that claims allegiance in lands as far from London as it is possible to travel on the circumference of the earth. True, this theme belongs in National History, but London has always led the national aspirations and represented the national cause. It is also true that the course of political evolution and the trend of Imperial development are among the

causes of the present ascendancy of the Crown—but these aspects of Constitutional government in England are closely related to the great rôle of London as the Capital of the Empire.

London Under the Commonwealth

Parliament having removed the King, it passed an act abolishing the Monarchy. Since the Lord Mayor would not do its bidding he was put in the Tower and fined £2000. Then the City at the bidding of Parliament elected his successor to whom was assigned the duty of reading publicly the proclamation abolishing the Monarchy. It was greeted with hoots and groans. Two of the aldermen who failed to attend the ceremony were called before the bar of the House where one stated that he had taken the oath of allegiance to the King and could not be absolved from that oath. The other stated that the whole business was obnoxious to him. Both were deprived of the right to hold office.

But London was going through a new chapter of experiences, different from anything it had known. There was general prohibition of old sports, pastimes and favourite amusements; pageants were forbidden; the theatres were closed. Ancient monuments that enshrined the popular traditions, idols of the City, like Eleanor's Cross at Charing and Eleanor's Cross in Cheapside, ancient emblems of a great King's love and a great public grief, were demolished to reprove the sin of idolatry. There was no protest, for the City had been weakened and wearied by the war, and

besides it was threatened by the army of Parliament. Yet things were happening. Charles, already regarded by many as a martyr, began to assume in the popular estimation the likeness of the crucified Christ. All the nobler qualities that had been his were present in men's minds. They remembered the scenes in Old Westminster Hall and they recalled his bearing on the scaffold. They began to talk of his son in exile, and they began, first in secret and then openly, to drink to the health of King Charles. The City Council, no longer subservient, called out six regiments of CITY militia and began to repair the gates and replace the great chains. It was London's old, old way: mend the walls, close the gates, up with the defences. Then General Monck, under orders from Parliament, entered London with the army and took up his quarters in Whitehall. No one knew what he meant to do. Parliament dissolved the City Council, ordered the gates to be removed and instructed General Monck to occupy the CITY with his troops. Monck complied by holding a conference with the Lord Mayor and Aldermen. The repairing of the gates went on. Then from within those gates Monck began to issue demands upon Parliament which now discovered that the army of General Monck had been won over by the CITY. Now people talked openly about the Restoration. The Skinners Company placed the Royal Arms on the front of their Hall and a man climbed up on the Royal Exchange and removed the motto that had been placed there by the Government.

The Council issued a proclamation disavowing its acts during the last twenty years and expressing a hope that the country would now return to the old order of King, Lords and Commons.

London and the Restoration

Meantime the old Parliament had dissolved itself and a new one was elected. It was Royalist through and through. The Royal exile was waiting at the Hague. A commission was sent to him by the new Parliament and by the City and he was proclaimed King. Then the feelings of the City broke loose and got beyond all bounds. Even Pepys thought the crowd went too far. Bonfires were lit, everyone was made to go on his knees and drink the King's health. Monck's soldiers were feasted till there wasn't a sober man among them. To pay their respects in proper form to the Rump Parliament they carried around on poles, rumps of mutton and of beef which they roasted at the bonfires and ate while they drank deep and roared their duty to the King. Pepys wrote in his diary that he went home at 10 o'clock—a very late hour—and left it going strong.

The old sports and pastimes came back with a great rebound. Theatres were opened, maypoles went up with shouts of approval, with dancing and the pleasant sound of pipes. The people had not forgotten how to play. After the winter of their discontent their spirits ran high like a stream in springtime freed from its bonds of ice. All the little things they cared for were made their own again, as

life and youth came back to the ways they are wont to go.

Charles was received with tumultuous demonstrations and his entry into the CITY brought back all the splendours of mediæval pagentry. The repudiation of puritanism and its ways was complete and overwhelming. King and people together came back to their own in a blaze of glory. They came back to their own together—the King and his subjects. They still had many differences to adjust between them, many disputes and many old scores to settle before they were to meet after many generations to work together for the fulfillment of their common destiny. But they had come back together and they were happy in the event. Whatever happened afterwards, the people of England never permitted themselves to be without a King.

John Milton, secretary to Oliver Cromwell, wrote a pamphlet on behalf of his employers to justify the execution of Charles I. One of the charges that he brought against the King was the charge that he had been in the habit of spending hours in solitude reading the works of William Shakespeare. That was not in the catalogue of sins compiled by the enemies of Charles II. He was a real sinner and a very different type of man from his father. He kept his mistresses at Whitehall and his court was gay and festive, but the wicked, profligate and corrupt court that figures in contemporary gossip and literature and in the minds of later generations is a fiction. The losing side had to have its revenge somehow.

Charles was a shrewd and masterful monarch whose days and nights in a large measure were spent in outwitting everyone with whom he found himself in conflict on his way to supreme power. His court at Whitehall had manners that might have shocked some of his predecessors. It doubtless would have enraged Cromwell and we know that it offended Milton, but the days of the puritans were over. The Restoration was the sequel to that episode; life had entered its protest; the language of the day rang with life's challenge; the manners of the day proclaimed Nature's revulsion and the Court at Whitehall was the undisguised emblem of the common revolt.

St. James's Palace, Buckingham Palace and Marlborough House

In the tenth century there stood, westward from the City a hospital dedicated to St. James the Less. On the site of that hospital Henry VIII built in 1522 a hunting lodge from plans by Holbein. That hunting lodge was the nucleus of St. James's Palace that retains in its gate on the north, in the chapel and in the presence chamber parts of the original structure. When Whitehall was burned down in 1697 the Court moved to St. James's. It is no longer a Royal residence but its tradition is so persistent that the Court is still known officially as the Court of St. James's. The King's levees are still held at St. James's Palace and the Prince of Wales when in London lives at York House which is that part of the Palace to the west of the old gate that looks up St. James's Street.

The Palace is a brick structure, low and picturesque, built about a number of courts. In the Friary court-yard opening on the east side, there takes place every morning at 10:30 one of those colourful sights that belong to London, the changing of the guard. For that event the crowd never fails to arrive punctually. It takes place, irrespective of the weather on every day of the year and there are three hundred and sixty five days in the year if not more. It is one of four or five free shows that take place in different parts of London with the same punctuality and a very fine and gallant show it is.

Opposite St. James's Palace across a narrow road called Marlborough Gate that connects the Mall with Pall Mall is Marlborough House, built by Sir Christopher Wren for the Duke of Marlborough. There Edward VII when Prince of Wales, brought his young bride in 1862 and there they lived till Edward's accession in 1901. There the present King was born and there Queen Alexandra returned after the King's death in 1910.

The history of the Palace in which the Court resides today, Buckingham Palace, splendidly situated at the west end of the Mall does not take us so far back in history as the other Royal Residences that were successively occupied by the sovereigns since the early Saxon Kings. It is the newest of them all and though it belonged to George III who bought it from the Duke of Buckingham, and although George IV altered it, Queen Victoria was the first monarch to make Buckingham Palace a Royal Residence.

Westminster Palace, The Tower, Whitehall, St. James's, Kensington Palace, Buckingham Palace, these are the successive Town Residences of the sovereigns since the Saxons. Of each of these some part at least remains, but of Bridewell, which was also a Royal Residence, nothing is left.

XIII

THE THRONE

This Royal Throne of Kings.—SHAKESPEARE.

The rule of the many is not well. One must be chief
In war and one the King.—HOMER.

It is a great error in my opinion to believe that a government is more firm or assured when it is supported by force than when founded on affection.
—TERENCE.

THE dictionary defines a throne as a royal, viceregal or episcopal chair of state standing on a dais or platform. London has been on record as a royal city, the residence of a King since the days of Alfred, well over a thousand years, and with that fact in mind one might expect to find an ancient throne or royal chair of state. Where is the Throne in London? What is it like and how old is it? To most people, I suppose, it would occur that Buckingham Palace or perhaps Windsor Castle would be the place. It is natural that each of these royal residences should have a throne or chair of state but that is different from *the* Throne. Some observant people would doubtless think of the ancient coronation chair in Westminster Abbey as the Throne, but that relic is a ceremonial seat used only in a particular part of the coronation ceremony and is not the Throne. The actual Throne is in the House of Lords, separated from the woolsack by a brass rail except when the

Sovereign is present. It is the chair occupied by the King at the opening of Parliament and from which on these occasions of State he reads the Speech from the Throne. The two houses of Parliament are situated in Westminster Palace, that has been a Royal palace since the days of King Canute and, besides having State Apartments, it retains the dignity of being the abiding place of the Throne.

It is a Gothic chair of carved oak not very magnificent or very rich or very ancient. It is by no means like that high

> . . . Throne of Royal State that far
> Outshone the wealth of Ormus and of Ind,
> Or where the gorgeous East with richest hand,
> Showers on her kings barbaric pearl and gold.

It has nothing of Oriental splendour about it, and although it is today the Throne of the ruler of Ormus and of Ind, it is quite plain compared to the reputed throne of Solomon or of Haroun al Rashid or of Shah Jehan. But when, within the British Empire, a subject of the King speaks of the Throne, the image that is evoked is something much more glorious. It is an ideal concept fashioned from the set of associations that cluster round that historic theme and rendered corporeal in the person of the King. If I am not mistaken there is in being today a new conception of this Throne, that makes of it a new force in the world, different from anything in the past and perhaps a more potent force than has been known in the history of kingship. It is a spiritual force

that is felt not in England alone but powerfully also throughout all British countries. Certainly the British Throne is one of the most impressive facts in the affairs of the world today. Whether you like it or not and whether this manifestation marches with the times or not, you have to recognize it as a fact. The Throne is today a reality that commends itself to all the peoples who shared with it the ordeal of war and felt the presence of a common peril. Having passed through the fiery furnace unharmed and strengthened, the virtues that have ever been inherent in the institution appear to have revealed themselves anew to men's minds. It has sometimes been said that Great Britain is a crowned Republic. Like all apt and catching phrases this one is more concerned with sound than with substance. Whatever it may mean, it may be observed that it is not the Crown that is on trial today but that third estate that has climbed into the seats of power but has yet to prove its fitness to govern. Having now been betrayed by the need of a name into using that phrase "third estate," I must explain that I was led to use it only for want of a better. In the British Constitution, the three estates do not exist and unless you wish to account for them by the Lords Spiritual, Lords Temporal and the Commons, you cannot fit them into the realm. By the spirit of the Constitution, the King does not correspond to a separate estate for he represents the nation as a whole. He is Sovereign of the Realm and all estates alike are his subjects. It is clear that it does not matter who for the time being holds the

reins of power, the stability of the system is not affected by the shifting or transfer of power from one group to another, and the relation between Sovereign and subject is in no way disturbed by the changing issues of a perpetual conflict of political forces that is a condition of the evolution of a state. Where this evolution will eventually lead in England no one can foresee but the developments that have been witnessed by the present generation are plain enough. The old party system of government has broken down temporarily at least, the House of Commons has lost much of its old time prestige and the House of Lords has been partly paralyzed by its conflict with the Commons. The country's faith in representative government has undergone a change. Together with a broadening of the franchise there has been a contraction of interest in parliamentary affairs. Public life is not as high, its standards not so well understood and the traditional qualities of leadership are not so well sustained. These thoughts are pretty generally in men's minds, thoughts that pervade the whole body politic and tend to create an atmosphere of mistrust. The foundations of popular government in short are severely shaken. Yet in spite of this and as I believe, partly because of this, the Throne stands in higher esteem and more firmly than ever before. It seems to carry off all the honours.

Certain changes in the distribution of parliamentary and legislative power having recently taken place, the papers are calling it revolution. These changes in the political situation have come about in

entire conformity with the British Constitution and in a manner strictly in keeping with the spirit of British tradition and yet the correspondents and professional writers on politics, some of them in terms of regret and others with a certain exultation, describe the event as a sudden and violent overturning of the social structure of the realm, irrevocably ending old traditions. And while their solemn declarations are being read by their bewildered readers, the Labour Prime Minister and the members of his cabinet are going happily to Cardiff in company with the Prince of Wales and the Duke of York to see a football match between Wales and Ireland. This use of words on the part of the press and its contributors is clearly not in keeping with the implications of European history. It is repeatedly pointed out that certain groups of people most familiar with the functions of government have been replaced by another group without experience and that there is a corresponding dislocation of privilege. That of course is true enough in a certain measure but the privileges of the House of Commons on the one hand and the privileges of the Crown on the other remain as they were—intact, and if the former appears even remotely to be threatened, the latter does not come within the scope of controversy at all. The country took the change with perfect composure and the only sign of its concern was a quiet demand from all quarters that the new party in office (though not exactly in power) should have fair play. If there has been a violent dislocation of social privilege or political

advantage, the country is certainly taking it very calmly and serenely.

Compare this state of feeling with what might be anticipated if some turn of affairs should be found to encroach on the position of the Crown or if some accident should threaten the succession. That the general reaction would be very different is demonstrated every day in one way or another. I am sure many people feel that a failure of the succession would mean the end of all things, but it is quite clear that the great majority would take a much less optimistic view of it than that. It happens that the Prince of Wales is devoted to riding and especially to steeplechasing, a manly sport but a dangerous one. In a recent contest of this kind his horse went down at a water jump and he was slightly injured. Every rider in that game has his falls, but for the heir to the Throne to place himself in jeopardy was a serious matter that threatened dire consequences for the State. The country that had swallowed the Labour Party with equanimity felt a genuine and a grave alarm when the heir to the Throne met with an accident to which he himself attached no importance whatever. Moreover the Prince of Wales has shown a disinclination to choose for himself a wife and it has been made clearly manifest that this reluctance on his part is causing the nation serious concern, although it would appear that the succession is reasonably assured even if he should choose to remain a bachelor.

Such a manifest concern, publicly expressed,

would seem perilously near an intrusion on the sacred privacy of the individual and that individual the one whom it is especially desired to honour. That is a paradox. The right of privacy is incontestable ground that everyone, however small, claims for himself. It does not admit of limitation and it does not admit even of being mentioned. To this there is one exception only and that exception is the highest in the land. For the King and for his heir the most cherished privilege of the Englishman is subject to limitations that no one else would think of enduring for a moment. To understand this paradox it must be realized that the Throne is regarded as a great National Asset and its permanence and security are therefore matters that concern everybody. These ends obviously cannot be attained without some reference however slight to the private lives of the King and the Heir Apparent.

But if the Royal Family is expected to preserve the succession unbroken and if a reckless disposition and a contempt for danger on the part of the heir develops in some of the more radical elements an inclination to put him under forcible restraint to prevent him from risking his neck; on the other hand the same public that makes these high destinies its special care spreads round about the Throne a kind of ethical no man's land the better to safeguard the person of the Sovereign and secure for him and his, immunities which he has never thought of claiming for himself. For these immunities the public has found its own formula. The rules of conduct that

it has prescribed for itself in that connection, though quite unknown to the statute books are matter of common understanding. One cannot remain long in London without discovering some of these rules. Freedom of speech always has been and is, quite absolute and in the laws of the realm the King enjoys no immunity from public criticism that is not equally enjoyed by his subjects. Many people who knew London as recently as the end of the last century can well remember, as I do, that members of the Royal Family and the Throne itself were often the subjects of harsh criticism and even abuse on the part of occasional public orators in Hyde Park and Hampstead Heath. Even then these critics were not popular but they were tolerated. Since the war I have observed that the London crowd in similar circumstances is just as patient and as tolerant as ever and just as liberal in regard to the use of free speech as applied to all other matters whatsoever but as applied to the members of the Royal Family, any expression that betrays a disregard of the accepted proprieties is promptly resented. It is simply not tolerated. The communist propagandists have learned this lesson and are careful to avoid the subject. You may hear everything else denounced with every possible degree of vehemence, but of the Throne you will not hear a syllable from these very discreet idealists. That at least has been my experience and I am not unacquainted with the diversions of radicalism in London's spacious parks.

Hyde Park has been called the lungs of London.

It is also the grand amplifier of the human cerebrum. You can learn more about the process of cerebration there on a Sunday morning than anywhere else in all your days. It does not take long to appraise the instinct of the crowd that seems to find entertainment in these diversified excursions. It is the same crowd that one knew in former days and it is the same remote policeman with the same look of detachment and abstraction that is somewhere in the perspective ready to take an interest in the proceedings if occasion should arise, but nothing short of a riot will engage his interest; hence his habitual look of mild boredom. The unspoken loyalties of that good natured crowd become articulate whenever its own privileges are breached. One of its privileges is to see fair play and with a common accord they have decided that to subject the Sovereign to any form of public criticism is not fair play. That is the impression that I have received of the temper of the London crowd today.

I observed one little demonstration of the same temper that will serve to illustrate its vitality and the vigour with which it is capable of asserting itself. A certain artist whose professional activities lay in the field of caricature had been the recipient for years of a certain measure of public favour. He had however been living on the Continent and his mentality had apparently become more Continental than English. In the summer of 1923 a private gallery in Leicester Square, where contemporary paintings are exhibited and sold, held an exhibition of the

work of this artist. Among the pieces shown were three or four that essayed to caricature the Prince of Wales and some of his ancestors, not the King. The public indignation found immediate expression. The papers protested, the man in the street became ominous. One or two of the papers, evidently from motives of personal friendship made excuses for the artist. After all, they pointed out, there were precedents for what he had done. One had only to go back to the days of George I, or no farther than the Mid-Victorian period. . . . That settled it. If anything had been needed for the utter damnation of artist and exhibitor it was that. The pictures were removed. Of course the people most concerned took no notice at all. That is correct for it illustrates one of the limitations of the Monarchy. The corresponding privilege pertains to the people themselves who did take notice. As for the condemned pictures they were harmless enough though wanting in merit. Decidedly dull and rather coarse, they lacked entirely the one quality that might have condoned them; they were not funny. In general style they were examples of the art of caricature such as you might see in *Le Figaro* at any time, but never in *Punch*. The "inarticulate masses" whose interest in any form of art is not really ardent or critical, formed their opinion promptly and gave it prompt expression. The verdict was not qualified by any recommendation to mercy on account of former kindness. The pictures were offensive; they were in bad taste; they were out of keeping with the code as

generally understood; such things were not done; away with them! So the pictures suddenly faded away and were forgotten, for, together with his tenacity, the Londoner, like all his countrymen, has the happy faculty of forgetfulness.

It is inevitable that this universal sense of the national honour and the dignity of the Crown should sometimes find expression in popular verdicts at the polls where political issues are decided. Mr. H. G. Wells who is really an able writer of popular fiction and a professed socialist whose books bring him large royalties—the only Royalties he cares for—decided to run for Parliament as a Labour candidate. He ran at the two last elections for the University of London. That was at the time when the Labour Party was coming into power. There may have lingered in people's minds a memory of a very little incident that occurred in the darkest year of the war and at the most tragic moment of the world's history, the moment when the Russian revolution left the Allied cause in perilous suspense. In that terrible moment, when the fate of European civilization depended entirely on England being true to herself, Mr. Wells in a communication to the *Times* expressed the hope that England would follow the example of Russia. That may have been forgotten, as no doubt Mr. Wells would like it to be forgotten, but he had more recently talked about the Prince of Wales after his own fashion and that was not the popular fashion. Consequently at the polls Wells was defeated and his Conservative opponent was

elected. Moreover at both elections he came out at the bottom of the poll. The popular writer had the surprise of his life when he learned that the time has gone by when anyone can make political capital in England out of the abuse of Royalty. If he had been one tenth as closely in touch with the common people for whom he professes so much devotion, as the Prince of Wales is closely in touch with them, he would have learned that lesson sooner and less painfully.

The Prince of Wales today can put in motion by a simple gesture more concentrated voluntary effort than any other of his father's subjects. Any public benefit to which he gives his support is assured of immediate success. The Empire Exhibition opened in April, 1924, was a project in which he took a special interest and when as President of the Exhibition he called upon the nation to subscribe the huge sum of money required for an exposition on an unprecedented scale to show the products of all his father's Dominions, the response was instant and the entire amount was made up almost immediately and at a time when money was scarce, when the burden of debt was felt as never before, when taxes were high and when the industrial productivity of the country was painfully low. Many could see that the scheme would provide a stimulus to trade and advance the cause of education. The exhibition was needed by way of encouragement. It was needed to restore the confidence of the country in its mission and to reassure it of its place in the world. But at such a time

the personal influence of the Prince alone could have made its realization possible. The belief in him expresses itself in all quarters and in all sorts of ways. At the very time when the wild men from north of the Tweed were doing their utmost in the House of Commons to break up parliamentary government, all Scotland was urging that an old title of the eldest son of the Sovereign should be revived so that the heir to the Throne should be called Prince of Scotland and of Wales. The general solicitude for his safety and happiness, taken together with his reckless riding and his apparent aversion to domestic settlement are the occasion of much perplexity, for it is rightly felt to be an unwarranted intrusion on his privacy to advance weighty arguments to restrain his ardour in the one direction or accelerate his progress in the other. The papers nevertheless do not hesitate to apply their powers of persuasion with offers of advice. Moreover the matter of his safety was introduced in Parliament in the gravest manner of the House of Commons. It is said also that private influences of a more powerful nature have been brought to bear on the young man touching what is conceived to be his duty to the State but as it would seem, without effect, for he has his own views on that subject. Curiosity and speculation are naturally strained in an effort to explain the mystery that is growing up around him and there are not wanting elusive legends of a hopeless romance in the life of the Prince of Wales. But the chances are that there is no more to it than that he likes the sport of steeple-

chasing and enjoys the risks that the exercise involves. Perhaps his feeling of partiality for a horse has something in common with the thought expressed by Ben Jonson.

> Princes learn no art truly but the art of horsemanship. The reason is the brave beast is no flatterer. He will throw a Prince as soon as his groom.

I cannot forget the impression made on my mind when on one occasion, from a good position in Old Palace Yard, Westminster, I saw the King accompanied by the Queen going in State to open Parliament—the second after the signing of peace. As a spectacle it was wonderful. For impressiveness, the part contributed by the crowd was as great as that supplied by the ceremony itself. There was no mistaking the sentiment of that uncovered crowd and there was no question of its unanimous approval. It was one in thought and in feeling. That was what seemed to give authority to the ceremonial and that was what carried conviction to the interested spectator. Everyone in that crowd knew that the King upon entering Parliament would deliver from the Throne a message, every word of which had been written by his ministers and for which he assumed and could assume no responsibility. They knew also that the King and the members of his family were the only people in the realm that had no share in the government—belonged to no faction or political party or group or class—the only people in the coun-

try who had no vote and no political opinions; and they honoured the King and every member of his family shared that honour. Whoever was responsible for their troubles, it was not their King. Moreover in private life the King's actions were his own and as there was no fault in the way he performed the functions of the Crown so also there was nought but matter for respect and admiration in the way he discharged his domestic duties and played his part as a man. There was splendour in the ceremony and they liked that too. It was as it ought to be. It was the first time the King had appeared in full State since the beginning of the war and they took it as a sign that they had returned to settled life again. It was a good omen and it made them happy.

I have brought together these observations, which I might easily multiply, to illustrate the fact that the Throne stands today more firmly established in the hearts of the people than at any time in the memory of the living and that the affection in which it is held goes hand in hand with a reasoned conviction and a concern for the welfare of the State. It is a relationship not capable of simple definition for it is involved in the complexities of human nature and in the composition of the British character. Its force is not abated in its passage overseas for in the Dominions, sentiment that plays so large a part in this relationship is apt to receive even larger reinforcement from considerations of statesmanship and polity than in the United Kingdom. The fact that the march of events as thus revealed has gone counter

to the march of events on the Continent is nothing new, for historic movements in England have always shown a tendency to run counter to continental currents. But never before has England been so bombarded with foreign ideas as during the period since the war, and never before have the attacking forces launched their campaigns with so much fury as since 1918 and especially in 1919 when the Third International rallied the forces of revolution and spoliation for a determined drive against the ancient citadel of conservatism. The response has been a consolidation of the old position, with the old war cries, the old banners of insular nationality and over all the Royal Standard. No one who was not in London in 1919 can realize the intensity of the conflict in which the hopes of bolshevism were shattered, and not for a generation will the victory won be seen in its true relation to the vital issues at stake since the war. The secret archives of Scotland Yard will doubtless furnish some very remarkable details for some future historian. In all that struggle the Throne was the chief objective of the assault, as the emblem of all that is most detested by continental communism and all the associated forces that rose out of the demoralization of post-war Europe. The offensive also thought that the Throne would prove the weakest point in the defense. It was in reality the strongest.

Behind this strength lies the substantial fact that the Englishman believes and always has believed in the Monarchy. Nothing will shake that belief. It

is an inborn trait, a political sense. You will find it running true in the greatest exponents of the race that have put themselves on record. Shakespeare is the voice of England and we find that trait running like a clear concordant note through all his works and rising at times into a glorification of kingship. The feeling was one with his genius and it is inseparable from the genius of his race.

The article of faith on which the Throne is based is one that has served the English nation well. The King can do no wrong. That subtle formula imbedded in the constitution carries with it the natural implication that whatever the King does is right. It is therefore the most logical thing in the world that they should have on the Throne a King who is gifted with the faculty of always doing the right thing. In that happy circumstance is seen the influence of their star but it is also their reward. It is quite true that the King takes no active part in the government. He does not rule if to rule means the act of legislation for his subjects or the initiation of public policy, but he certainly does reign; and if we seek a definition of that act, there is nothing for it but to watch how it is done. Apparently it is done by appearing in public at opportune times and places and in the habit suitable to each occasion. These occasions are always greeted with demonstrations of satisfaction. The personality of the King is pleasing, his voice is resonant and his figure if not commanding has plenty of strength and assurance. There is in his expression something that recalls the familiar por-

traits of Charles I, his ancestor, and there is a quiet dignity in his public manner that wins the confidence of all. In company with the Queen he visits towns and villages, factories, hospitals and schools. Nothing could be more unassuming than the manner of these visits, a manner that shows the visitors to be at home everywhere, meeting and talking with all sorts of people who find themselves quite comfortable and at ease in the presence of their Majesties. These and like activities that make up a large part of their daily life belong in the region of exterior circumstance, just as the forms and ceremonies inseparable from Royalty represent the exterior decorations of the reigning House. To put it in another way they are part of the appointed task, a task that is not limited by hours of labour. They are such actions as a man might play, or you may think so until you have tried it. They are functions prescribed by custom or dictated by a sense of duty or they are simply graceful actions prompted by the amenities of public life. They satisfy the natural desire of the people to see their King and Queen, to feel in touch with them and to show their affection. But the sphere of the reigning Sovereign is in fact not limited by place and circumstance. It is undefined and intangible. After all is said, to reign after the manner of the House of Windsor is to have a thousand years back of you, a thousand years of continuous experience, for the King never dies. What latent powers are implied in that situation, owing to the operation of natural causes is something undreamed of yet in

science or philosophy. But science and philosophy know no phenomenon more explicit than that of human susceptibility to example. It is an instinct of the race, a decree of nature that, I suppose, has for its purpose the preservation of the species. This human quality is a source of the Sovereign's power and prerogative. To reign is to set an example that the collective conscience of the subjects will approve. They will follow usually without troubling their conscience overmuch, but the *right* example is an assumption that is implicit in that aggregation of untabulated customs called the Constitution. Mankind needs a model. Others may rule but only a King or a Queen can reign. In the exceptional conditions that now obtain under the British system the relation between Sovereign and subject is a sensitive and delicately adjusted mechanism. It is so tuned that the influence of example, emanating from the Throne, excites responsive action in the subject and modifies his conduct no matter where or in what condition of life his lot may be cast. It is not that this reciprocal process is conscious on the part of Sovereign or subject; on the contrary it is largely unconscious, like most of the natural harmonies by which the universe is governed. In some of its manifold reactions it comes into contact with the conscious. In all the Dominions of the Crown the normal condition of law and order, the reign of law, is called the King's Peace, a phrase that contains the germ of a feeling that is prevalent in the general conscience of the British Commonwealth. To break the law is to

break the King's Peace and is therefore felt as an offense against his person and estate.

It has been a matter of frequent remark that the number of criminal offenses dealt with by the courts in the United Kingdom and in the British Dominions is phenomenally low in comparison with other countries, a condition that has caused much perplexity and speculation on the part of students of criminal statistics and on the part of magistrates in the United States in particular. For example it has been shown that in the year 1921 there were 9,500 homicides committed in the United States, or about 8.6 per 100,000. In England Wales during the same period the number of homicides committed was 203 or about 0.5 per 100,000. In the Dominion of Canada in the same year the number of homicides committed was 57 or about 0.6 per 100,000. In September of 1921 the American Bar Association, meeting in Cincinnati, appointed a committee of eminent jurists to investigate this condition. The committee submitted its report on August 10, 1922, a report that has been printed in full. To have a definite basis for comparison the committee took the conditions in Canada for the same period, the year 1921, and placed them side by side with the corresponding conditions in the United States as revealed by their investigations. In an article dealing with the report submitted to the American Bar Association, Judge W. B. Swaney, chairman of the investigating committee makes the following remarks.[1]

[1] *Current History,* September, 1922.

It was the endeavour of the committee to use such statistics as could be obtained in this country and to show by comparison the lamentable conditions now prevailing here. Canada was chosen for evident reasons. . . .

The committee was of opinion that the greatest factors in favour of Canada were the swiftness and certainty of punishment, the methods of applying the law, the practical absence of interference with the judgments of the courts and the strong public sentiment in favour of law and order. . . . One of the most significant and pregnant sentences in the report is this: "Finally there prevails an undefined but palpable difference in the attitude toward the law of the two men upon the street—the Canadian and the American." A volume might be written on this one point.

What is the inwardness of that "undefined but palpable difference"?

I do not think that anyone will contend that a man is less free in Canada, or that his actions are more subject to government supervision, or that his neighbours are more vigilant in their concern for his principles than in the United States. An American writer whose home is in Princeton, New Jersey, and whose sound Americanism is not in question has recorded her impressions on a ten days' holiday in Canada during 1922. I can only quote a few characteristic sentences from that article written by an American for American readers.[1]

For all its familiarity this is as much a part of the British Empire as New Zealand or South Africa. Big Ben would not more definitely place you for a foreigner. . . .

[1] Katharine Fullerton Gerould in *Harper's Magazine*, January, 1923.

What emerged presently from the Canadian air . . . was a very present sense of freedom . . . one felt a free person. It was the sharp and by no means welcome conviction that in the British Empire you are free, as in the United States you are not. . . . I am not a political animal or politically sophisticated, but anyone knows the difference between breathing freely and not breathing freely, as a fish knows whether it is in water or not. Here one was breathing freely again. All the old passionately credited phrases meant something once more; convictions were again on speaking terms with life. The whole port and demeanor of men and women was that of free and sober citizens, privileged to think and speak as they chose, so long as they kept their hands clean of injury to others.

What stands out boldly in this entire article is the sense of freedom experienced by one who went a short journey across what has often been called an "imaginary boundary line," a freedom that revealed itself in all directions and associated itself with a look of happiness that struck the visitor as a novel experience. Again, what is the inwardness of this experience, the condition back of this outward difference that shows in a contrasting light two neighbouring peoples of the same origin with the same tasks, the same endeavours and similar natural surroundings?

The content of these unbiassed testimonies is substantial evidence, set forth by chapter and verse, that "the man on the street" in Canada has greater freedom and also greater respect for the law than the corresponding man in the United States. Each wit-

ness records the fact as a matter of observation but propounds no explanation. They are as perplexed as they are deeply concerned. The statement that the law is better administered in Canada does not go to the root of the matter and the observation that the Canadian has a different attitude towards the law from that of the citizen of the United States leaves the whole matter unexplained. No one will maintain that the American is by nature more vicious or less humanly and socially amenable than a Canadian or an Australian or a Welshman. That is not the case.

I have before me a volume of unemotional statistics. It is the Annual Report of the Police Department, City of New York, for the year 1921. In this Report the Police Commissioner, in calling attention to the conditions revealed by the figures tabulated makes the following observation.

> The United States seems to lead the world in the relative proportion of murders and other felonies, while other English speaking countries not under the American flag have the least number of murders and felonies according to their population.

If in connection with this statement we keep in mind the fact that the people of the United States are the only one of the English speaking peoples for whom the Throne has no meaning and who are not subject to its impalpable persuasions, the inference is irresistible. I hope that I have made it clear that

discipline and restraint are among the benefits derived from the relation of Sovereign and Subject and that the Throne acts as a guarantee of social stability. As it presents itself to me, the greater prevalence of law and order within the British Commonwealth, as shown by the American documents that I have quoted is due mainly to three causes: first the preservation, in complete form and unbroken continuity, of an old tradition and an uncorrupted system in the administration of justice; and second, closely involved in the first and indeed inseparable from it, the prevailing influence of the Crown, the standard of conduct that it continuously demonstrates, its high sense of duty, its social ascendancy and humanizing example; and third the tradition that is symbolized by Tyburn, the long continued elimination of the criminal class by the swift and sure execution of the law. I put the last last and not first as some may be inclined to do, because that relation accords best with the facts and because I am unwilling to believe that among civilized peoples, government based on force is better assured than government based on affection.

XIV

RESIDENTIAL LONDON AND THE BOROUGHS

> All the arts which belong to polished life have some common tie and are connected by some relationship.—CICERO.

CHELSEA

CHELSEA leads its charming life beside the Thames, not oblivious of the distinguished lives it has harboured but quite at ease with that splendid company and, unconcerned about its reputation, adopts all sorts of real people with supreme indifference. Old china made in Chelsea is less rare today than the buns for which it was once more famous.

When Chelsea was a village up river from Westminster, over the brook Westbourne, kings loved it and there they built them their retreats. It adopted its tone in those far off village days and it has never changed its tone or been untrue to its traditions. The chosen home of Fame, it remains unspoiled and like some of the pensioners in its Royal Hospital it never grows old or shabby or decayed. It is still the home of genius and the quiet, unassuming partner of the CITY in some of its greatest glories. It is now a Borough of the great Metropolis and it remains the loveliest of the places where men and women live.

It begins its history as a Saxon village with its Manor. In the eighth century the Pope sent his emissaries to England to reform the religion and these legates held their synod at Cealchythe (Chelsea). In the reign of Edward the Confessor, Thurston, Archbishop of York, having received Chilchelle (Chelsea) from the King, conveyed it to Westminster Abbey. The charter by which Edward confirmed the grant is preserved in the British Museum. In Domesday Book the name is written Cealchylle and also Chilched. In the reign of Henry VII the old Manor was in possession of the Bray family whose tomb is the oldest in Chelsea Old Church. From the Brays the Manor House was bought by Henry VIII. At that time Sir Thomas More was living "at my pore howse in Chelcith." The Manor next became a part of the marriage jointure of Queen Catherine Parr, sixth and last wife of Henry whom she survived. She lived in the old Manor House with her fourth husband, Lord Seymour. Later the house was owned by the Duke of Northumberland, father in law to Lady Jane Grey, and after his execution on Tower Hill his Duchess continued to hold it. Queen Elizabeth, who, as a young and inconspicuous princess, had lived there with her stepmother, Catherine Parr, afterwards gave the Manor to Lady Katherine Howard, widow of the great Lord Howard. It remained in the Howard family for several generations till bought by the Duke of Hamilton in 1639. During the Commonwealth it was seized and sold by the

Number 16 Cheyne Walk, Chelsea

government but the agents of the Hamiltons bought it and held it for the family. Not long afterwards it was sold to Charles Cheyne and finally in 1712 Sir Hans Sloane, founder of the British Museum, bought it from Lord Cheyne. The descendants of Sloane, the Cadogans, are still the owners of the property but the old Manor House has long since disappeared.

Another ancient Manor House, the site of which is known, was Shrewsbury House, built in the reign of Henry VIII by the Earl of Shrewsbury whose grandson, the powerful sixth Earl, was one of Elizabeth's favourites and the keeper of Mary Queen of Scots during a part of her imprisoned life. Shrewsbury's second wife who survived him many years and inherited the Chelsea house was a very remarkable woman. He was her fourth husband and each of the four was enormously wealthy. During her final widowhood therefore she had great possessions, the greater part of which she left to her son by her second husband, Sir William Cavendish. This son, William Cavendish, was created Baron Cavendish and Earl of Devonshire and was the first of the distinguished line of noblemen represented in later history by the Dukes of Devonshire. After the death of the first Earl of Devonshire, Shrewsbury House passed out of the family. Thereafter it had different owners at different times, and it would appear that this old mansion was the original home of the famous Chelsea China Manufactory, but this has not been definitely established. However that may

be, Shrewsbury House was finally the place where a celebrated pictured wall paper was made.

I believe it can be proved that people are born in Chelsea, but one never hears about them. Perhaps its wonderful gardeners are born there but those inhabitants of Chelsea who, though perhaps no greater are better known, all appear to have been born elsewhere. Sir Thomas More was born in Milk Street, Cheapside. Sir Hans Sloane was born in Ireland. Nell Gwynne was born I do not know where. Joseph Addison was born in Wilts. Sir Robert Walpole was born in Norfolk. The Kingsleys were born, one in Devonshire and one in Northamptonshire, George Eliot in Warwickshire, Thomas Carlyle in Ecclefechan, Dumfriesshire, Leigh Hunt in Southgate, Turner and Rossetti in London, Whistler in Lowell, Massachusetts, and Henry James in New York. All these and many more went to live in Chelsea because they loved it. Walk where you will, you are reminded of them at every step, till entering Chelsea Old Church you find yourself among them. One of the oldest tombs, though not the very oldest, is that of Sir Thomas More with its epitaph by himself. The latest tomb is that of Henry James.

The great living glory of Chelsea is the Royal Hospital founded by Charles II. There is a legend that it was suggested to the King by Nell Gwynne, but others say that the idea originated with Sir Stephen Fox, Paymaster General. Doubtless both stories are true. The pensioners give Charles him-

self all the credit and still celebrate his birthday annually. It is a truly Royal foundation, formerly supported by the Army and in later years by the Nation.

The annual May flower show in the grounds of the hospital where the decorative instincts of Nature are in alliance and collusion with the decorative Arts of Man is always a scene of beauty triumphant. Perhaps to some minds it may recall the vanished scenes in the adjacent Ranelagh Gardens where in eighteenth century days, the wealth and beauty and fashion of London used to come to walk and take the air and see and bravely to be seen.

Mayfair

If the name of Chelsea conceals a meaning associated with the background of a Saxon Manor, a meaning that leaves modern scholars perplexed, the name of Mayfair presents an image that reveals at once the earlier history of the district. It is a fascinating name in whose engaging sound there is nothing obscure. In Stuart times the country north of Piccadilly was open country, and there in the green fields an annual fair was held in the pleasant month of May. It probably started after the Restoration and, beginning on the first day of May each year, lasted fifteen days. In the last year of the seventeenth century, the advertisements in the London Gazette announced that the two first days of the Fair would be for the sale of leather and live cattle. So it appears that there was marketing, but we are given

to understand that the amenities and chief business of the fair included music, plays, jugglers, boxing matches, prize fights, gaming, lotteries and bull baiting. In 1708 "the yearly riotous and tumultuous assembly—called May Fair" was suppressed because it was pronounced "a public nuisance and inconvenience." It is said to be hard to put down a good thing, and we find May Fair revived after a few years and going strong throughout the eighteenth century. Then in the reign of George III some residents of Piccadilly, disturbed by the uproar that reached them from the fields, brought about its removal. In the meantime we are told that the Fair was very popular and that the nobility of London especially came in great numbers. The fashionable district had a fair beginning and good start.

It was said many years ago that the district known as Mayfair contained more ability and intelligence than any space of equal size in the world. When we consider the number of its great houses formerly the residences of great men, the claim appears to be justified. It continues to share with its southern neighbour Belgravia the fashionable life of London.

The names of Mayfair and Belgravia are unofficial. The districts to which they apply are included in the official divisions of Westminster and Marylebone. They are usually regarded as the most select and desirable residential districts of the West End, a name applied to the whole region from the west boundary of the CITY right through Westminster, Holborn, Paddington, Marylebone, Chelsea

and Kensington. In this wide region the higher life of London for the most part resides and there the best shops and hotels are located.

The Metropolitan Boroughs

We are now brought face to face with the geography and government of the Metropolis, for the six names that I have just used belong to places which, though presenting no break in the continuity of streets and houses, are in effect distinct cities for municipal purposes and are called boroughs.

When a Londoner speaks of The Borough he means Southwark, which lies on the south side of the river as you come over London Bridge. But Southwark is only one of the boroughs of which there are twenty eight in all. Each borough has its Mayor, Aldermen and Council, just as though it were a separate city, and the way in which the inclusion of these Metropolitan Boroughs was effected calls for comment. London has grown by accretions, or by allying with itself the parishes that came gradually within the sphere of its expanding influence. The inclusion of new districts had to be accomplished without affecting the independence and separate existence of the City or coming in conflict with the rights of its Corporation, or in any way encroaching on its constitution. Therefore each parish as its time came to be brought under the Metropolitan jurisdiction was made a borough by converting the Parish Vestry into Mayor, Aldermen and Council. Each borough went on managing its own

affairs, and was brought into harmonious relationship with all the other boroughs and with the CITY by means of an invention called The London County Council, a body having control of all matters requiring uniformity of action throughout the Metropolis and leaving to the borough councils those powers that are capable of local administration. The London County Council however does not exercise the same authority within the CITY that it exercises among the boroughs. Within those ancient boundaries the City Corporation remains supreme and no other municipal body in the Metropolis, or anywhere else for that matter, rises to the dignity of that unassailable system of mediæval government.

While we have in mind this august distinction let us be careful to observe that the form of local government in each borough is simply a copy of the City Corporation, namely, Mayor, Aldermen and Council. When the newspapers quote the utterances of a Labour Mayor in the borough of Poplar, or some other borough having advanced ideas, we may be pardoned if we have a sense of something incongruous in London's political legacy. But we are apt to forget that the Lord Mayor of London is today, as in mediæval times, chosen by the trade guilds, the labour organizations that were already in existence when the oldest London records were made.

The boroughs to the West of the CITY are Westminster, Holborn, Paddington, Marylebone, Chelsea, Kensington, Fulham, Hammersmith, St. Pan-

cras. To the East are Bethnal Green, Poplar and Stepney, corresponding to the East End; to the North are Finsbury, Shoreditch, Hackney, Islington, Hampstead and Stoke Newington; on the South side of the Thames are Southwark, Bermondsey, Battersea, Camberwell, Wandsworth, Lambeth, Greenwich, Woolwich, Deptford and Lewisham. For administrative purposes Charing Cross is considered the centre of the Metropolis and any parish of which the whole is included within a fifteen mile radius or of which any part comes within a twelve mile radius is included in the Metropolitan Police District, always excepting the CITY.

Besides the City Corporation, the Borough Councils and the London County Council, there are no less than 170 bodies in all having jurisdiction over parts of the government of the great City. The mere figures are enough to show that it is a complicated machine. It is moreover entirely unlike the municipal government of any other city in the United Kingdom and different from everything else, notwithstanding the fact that it has served as the model for so many cities in all the world. It is something that could not be copied.

XV

LONDON BRIDGE

> Of all the strange and beautiful showes methinketh there is none so notable as the Bridge which crosseth the Thames which is in manner of a continuall street, well replenished with large and stately houses on both sides.—JOHN LYLY.

ONE day in the summer of 1921, the London papers announced a discovery on the north bank of the Thames at Adelaide Place. This was nothing less than an arch of Old London Bridge, begun in 1176 by Peter of Colechurch—priest, master mason and member of the Craft or Mystery of Bridge Builders. I was so fortunate as to see this newly found fragment of mediæval London several times during that same summer and again in the summer of 1922. What I saw was a most impressive monument, presenting to a twentieth century generation the actual workmanship of a generation of twelfth century craftsmen. I am quite sure that no engineer could stand below that arch today without a feeling of humility. I hoped that it would be preserved but in 1923 I found that it had been removed.

The discovery was due to the sinking of foundations for an office building on the river bank. A complete arch with masonry intact was found standing a few yards below the present London Bridge,

well under the level of the ground. It had been spared by the wreckers of Old London Bridge when, after the completion of the new bridge in 1832, the old bridge was removed. Evidently this shore arch was spared simply because it was not in anybody's way and nobody happened to want the stone.

To London Bridge belong legend and romance. Its history, like its arches, presents a series of connecting links, joining age to age. I believe that when the brambles of Thorney shall have reclaimed the site of Westminster Abbey and the Houses of Parliament; when the last traces of St. Paul's shall have disappeared and antiquarians shall have searched in vain for the site of the Tower, an arch of London Bridge will still look down upon the Thames. Its structure is the most enduring in London today.

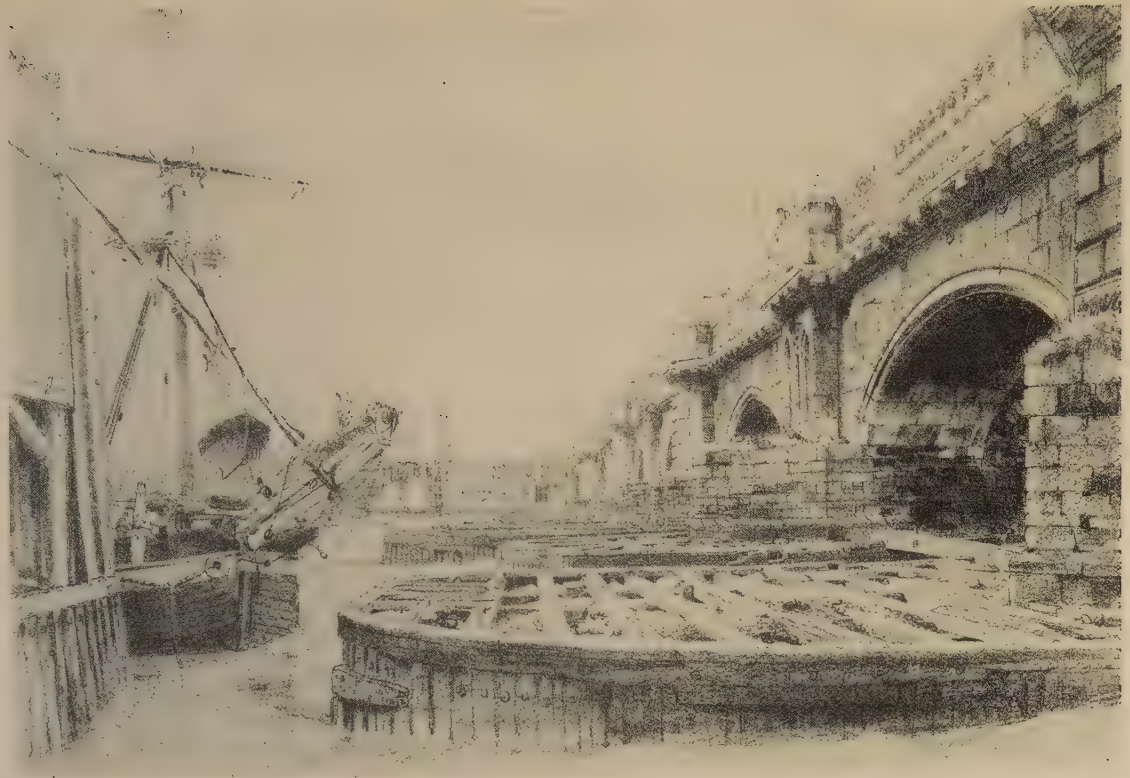
I am not aware of anything connected with London that has played so powerfully on the imagination of Britain in all ages. I know of no other edifice that has worked its way into the folklore and legends of a people and a nation like London Bridge. In Celtic folklore and fable it is at least as old as Arthur. It crops up in mediæval legend, in nursery rhyme, in proverb and in prophecy, coupled with giants, goblins, dreamgold and enchantments. There could be no better testimony to the fame of London Bridge from a very early time and to the strong impression it made on men's minds.

London Bridge was in existence before the Romans, who renewed it in their own time and in

their own manner. That much we know but it is a curious fact that the Roman historians fail to mention the building of such important works as London Bridge and London Wall. Either this same bridge or another that replaced it was in use throughout the Saxon Period. When Canute's ships sailed up the Thames to take part in the siege of London, they were unable to pass the bridge which must therefore have been a substantial structure capable of strong defense. The method devised by Canute to overcome the obstacle was to dig a canal, leading from the river below the bridge into Surrey and back into the river above the bridge. Through this canal his fleet was passed to the point of attack.

The immediate successor of the Saxon Bridge was Old London Bridge begun in 1176 and finished thirty years later. At the beginning of the present century were many people living who remembered and doubtless there are still a few who could recall it. It rested on nineteen stone arches together with a drawbridge in the middle. The stone piers, protected by starlings, acted as a kind of barrage that caused a series of cataracts at the ebbing and flowing of the tide. It was the sport to shoot the bridge in small boats, a dangerous exercise in which accidents were recorded. The drawbridge in the middle permitted the passage of large vessels.

On both sides of the draw, reaching to either shore were rows of houses, one on either side of the roadway and projecting over the water. One of the central piers was of extra size to support a chapel



A View of Old London Bridge after the Houses Had Been Removed. Reduced from a Print Published in 1913 by the London Topographical Society and Engraved by Emery Walker from a Drawing Made in 1810 by E. W. Cooke, R.A., and Now in the Possession of the Corporation of London

dedicated to Thomas à Becket, already become the patron saint of London. The Chapel of Saint Thomas towered 110 feet above the water and its interior dimensions were 20 feet by 60 feet. It was built entirely of stone with groined vaults and clustered columns and carved bosses. Beneath the chapel was a vaulted crypt. In both chapel and crypt divine service was performed daily.

Over the seventh and eighth arches from the Southwark side rose Nonsuch House, spanning the bridge and projecting over each side. It was a palace of fine proportions and striking appearance whether viewed from the shore or from the water.

This celebrated edifice overhung the east and west sides of the bridge, and there presented to the Thames two fronts of scarcely less magnificence than it exhibited to Southwark and the City, the columns, windows and carvings being similarly splendid: and, equally curious and interesting was the Nonsuch House seen from the water. Its southern front only, however, stood perfectly unconnected with other erections, that being entirely free for about fifty feet, and presenting the appearance of a large building projecting beyond the bridge on either side, having a square tower at each extremity, crowned by short domes, or Kremlin spires, whilst an antiquely-carved gable arose in each centre. The whole of the front, too, was ornamented with a profusion of transom casement windows, with carved wooden galleries before them; and richly sculptured wooden panels and gilded columns were to be found in every part of it. In the centre was an arch, of the width of the drawbridge, leading over the bridge; and above it,

on the south side, were carved the arms of St. George, of the City of London, and those of Elizabeth, France, and England, quarterly, supported by the Lion and Dragon; from which circumstances only can we estimate the time when the Nonsuch House was erected.—Thomson's Chronicles of London Bridge.

At intervals on either side of the roadway there were open spaces in the line of the buildings for the convenience of the crowd. There were also chain posts along the way for the protection and convenience of foot passengers. The approach to either end of the bridge was protected by a gate with towers. In the southern gate was the portcullis, together with the gear for working the drawbridge. On top of this south gate were numerous upright rods on which were displayed the heads of people who had been convicted of treason. Among the persons whose heads were so displayed were those of Sir William Wallace, Jack Cade, the Earl of Northumberland, Bishop Fisher and Sir Thomas More. One traveller who visited London in 1598 wrote that he counted thirty heads on London Bridge at one time. Queen Elizabeth is said to have called the attention of the French Ambassador to the presence of 300 heads in the same place. Apparently such heads remained indefinitely and were allowed to accumulate. The practise was discontinued after the reign of Charles II. A cage and pillory completed the furnishing of London Bridge. At the North end of the bridge a great system of waterworks was erected to supply

London with water from the Thames. This remarkable invention supplied the City with water for 200 years. In some of the spaces between the piers, grist mills were erected, driven by waterwheels.

The Arches of this Bridge serve not only for Strength and Ornament to the Bridge itself, but also for communication of the Benefits of the River Thames, to all that live upon its Banks from Westminster and upwards, unto those Parts of it where it falls into the Sea. For through these great Arches Vessels of considerable Burthen pass with Goods as well as small Wherries with Passengers. Other Uses were made of these Arches, as for Conveyance of Thames Water into the City, to supply the southern Parts, and for Mills for grinding corn. On which last use I find there were, in Queen Elizabeth's reign, certain Mills erected for that purpose under or near London Bridge, by order of the Magistrates of the City. To which, as soon as they were set up, some exception was taken and complaint made, as it seems, to the Court, as that they might prove injurious to the Bridge or to the River. But it was shewn that the Bridge could take no harm by these Works. And it was provided for by this Means, that the water had, or should have its full course through the Arches; and that that part of the Mill which should stand nearest unto the stone work of the Bridge should be twelve feet off from any part of the Bridge.

The Profit of these Mills was, that whereas, in Time of Dearth, the common People could not have any corn ground under four, five or sixpence the Bushel, and many Times could not have it ground at all in a long space, by Means whereof, People were constrained to buy Meal in the Market at such Prices as the Seller himself would, this

would be remedied by the use of these Mills. Also the Badgers, or Meal-Sellers, enhanced the Prices as they listed; which could not be remedied, but by good Provision of Corn made by the Citizens, and sold in the Market, as experience has shewed.

The two arches next London are now stopped up for the use of the Water-Mills, but without any Prejudice to the Current of the Thames. The third Arch, on Southwark Side, is seldom and very rarely passed through, because of a Rock grown there a little to the East, which is visible at low Water. This Rock hath been observed this many a year. Therefore this Arch is called The Rock Lock. Two of these Arches are much larger than the rest; viz, That over which is the drawbridge; and the other called The Simile Rock. These were for the Use of greater Vessels, that went through Bridge, westward. The Draw-Bridge formerly was, upon such occasions, taken up; but now-a-days never, but when it wants repairing.—Strype.

In 1633 the houses on the west side were burnt and when they were rebuilt they were

Very beautiful and substantial; for the Houses were three Stories high, besides the Cellars, which were within and between the Piers. And over the Houses were stately Platforms, leaded, with Rails and Ballasters about them very commodious, and pleasant for Walking, and enjoying so fine a Prospect up and down the River; and some had pretty little Gardens with Arbours. This Half being thus finished, the other Half was intended to be rebuilt answerable to this, which would have been a great Glory to the Bridge and Honour to the City.—Strype.

The houses were removed altogether in 1756-61 in response to the increasing demand of the Traffic.

Among the people who lived on London Bridge were Holbein and Hogarth. During the last two hundred years of their existence at least, the lower storeys of the houses were devoted to the uses of trade. Shops for the sale of all kinds of small wares lined the roadway from end to end. In particular the booksellers and printsellers of London Bridge were of great repute and made a good business.

Old London Bridge must have been very picturesque indeed. The drawings, of which there are many, made during the sixteenth century and later do it but scant justice.

The history of the bridge is crowded with incident. In 1212 it had a great fire among its houses, in which many people lost their lives. In the Wars of the Roses Falconbridge tried to capture the City over the bridge and was defeated by the Londoners. Over its roadway came Wat Tyler's rabble in 1381. I am unable to learn whether on that occasion the Londoners did not think it worth while to close the gates against the peasants of Kent and Essex or whether the cumbrous drawbridge was out of repair and could not be raised.

For some reason the bridge was often chosen as the scene of single combats and many famous duels were fought upon it, to the great edification of the London crowd. Once a Scottish nobleman, the Earl of Crawfurd, rode to London under safe conduct of the English King to fight an English nobleman,

Lord Wellis. On London Bridge, the place selected for the great fight, a dense crowd was gathered. A fine description of this duel is given by Hector Boece. The opponents were in full armour and mounted on armoured steeds. At the first onset, Lord Wellis's spear caught his opponent square on the helmet, but the spear was broken and the Earl kept his seat. Then some of the excited crowd shouted that he was bound in his saddle, contrary to the rules of arms. Hearing this, the Scottish Earl dismounted and again remounted to show that they were mistaken. In the third encounter Lord Wellis was flung violently from his saddle. Earl David "dismounted hastily from his horse and tenderly embraced him, that the people might understand he fought with no hatred but only for the glory of victory. In sign of more humanity he visited him each day till he was well."

This event took place towards the end of the fourteenth century during a brief truce between England and Scotland when Richard II was King of England and Robert III was King of Scotland. Briefly and in modern English the narrative of Hector Boece is as follows.

During the peace, many companies of knights from either country were in the other to do battle for the defence of their honour and for the glory of their arms. Lord Wellis was sent to Scotland as Ambassador and at a banquet there, while the English and the Scots were discussing chivalry, Lord Wellis said: "If you really want to know what Eng-

A View of London Bridge Made in 1832 Just After its Completion and During the Demolition of Old London Bridge of Which a Single Arch is Shown at the Right of the Picture. From a Drawing by E. W. Cooke, R.A., in the Possession of the Corporation of London. Published in 1913 by the London Topographical Society and Engraved by Emery Walker. This Illustration is Reduced from the Society's Engraving

lish chivalry and valour are like, name the place and the day and I will be glad to show you."

Then said Earl David: "I accept your challenge." It was thereupon agreed that Lord Wellis should choose the place and that Earl David should choose the day. The former chose London Bridge and the latter St. George's Day. Before the day came round the Earl arrived in London with thirty retainers. On St. George's Day both champions were escorted to London Bridge where the great battle was fought and in the third round Earl David threw his opponent from his horse and then dismounting, embraced him. He afterwards visited him till he had recovered from his injuries. There were many other similar incidents at that time; each man trying to show that his own nation was the more loving.

Not long after, Earl David gave a banquet at which were present many English nobles who did not cease to pay themselves compliments. At last when the English Herald had blazoned the Earl David for a valiant and noble knight, an Englishman said: "No wonder the Scots should be noble and valiant seeing that they were begotten by our nobility when their own men were banished and their country almost conquered." Then answered Earl David: "No wonder that the English should be weak and degenerate, for they were begotten by cooks and friars of England when the great nobles thereof were begetting us in Scotland."

Such humanities and kindnesses continuing between the English and Scots, Earl David returned to Scotland with many nobles of England and, because he vanquished Lord Wellis on St. George's Day, he employed seven priests to sing for him in Our Lady Church at Dundee in honour of St. George.

The original passage reads as follows.

During the peace betwix Inglismen and Scottis, frequent cumpanyis wer of Inglismen in Scotland; and siclik of Scottis in England: throw quhilk, oftimes mony honorabil tornamentis wer betwix Scottis and Inglis, for defence of thair honouris, and glore in armes. Among quhom, wes not litil apprisit, the honorabill victorie gottin be David, Erle of Crawfurd, on the brig of Londoun, aganis Lord Wellis, in this manner: Lord Wellis was send ambassatour in Scotland, concerning certane hie materis betwix the two Kingis of Inglis and Scottis. And quhen he wes at ane solempne banket, quhare Scottismen and Inglis wer commoning on dedis of armes, this Lord Wellis said: "Lat wourdis have na place. Gif ye know nocht the chevelry and vailyeant dedis of Inglisemen, assailye me, day and place quhen ye list, and ye sall sone have experience." Than said David, Erle of Crawfurd, "I will assailye." Incontinent, be consent of athir parteis, day and place wes assignit: Lord Wellis chesit the brig of Londoun for the place, and Erle David chesit Sanct Georgis Day, be reason that he wes sum time ane vailyeant knicht. Thus departit Lord Wellis towart London. Afore the day, Erle David come with xxx personis, weil acoutterit, to London.

Als sone as the day of battall wes cumin, baith the partyis wer convoyit to the brig. Sone eftir, be sound of trumpat, the two partyis ran haistelie togidder, on thair bardit cursouris, with square and groundin speris, to the deith. Erle David, nochtwithstanding the violent dint of speris brokin in his hewmont and visage, sat so stranglie, that the pepill, movit of vane suspitioun, cryit, Erle David, contrar the lawis of armis, wes bound in the sadil. Erle David, herand this murmour, demontit of his hors; and, but ony support, ascendit agane in the sadill. Incontinent, thay

ruschit togidder, with new speris, the secound time, with birnand ire to conques honoure. Bot in the third rink, Lord Wellis wes doung out of the sadill, with sic violence, that he fell to the ground, with gret displeseir of Inglismen. Erle David, seing him fall, demontit haistelie fra his hors, and tenderly embrasit him; that the pepill micht understand he faucht with na hatrant, bot allanerlie for the glore of victorie. In signe of more humanite, he vesyit him ilk day, quhill he recoverit his heill. Mony othir contentionis wes at this time, betwix Inglismen and Scottis; ilk man contending to decore his awin nation with maist loving.

Not lang eftir, Erle David maid ane solempne banket, quhair mony noblis of Ingland wer present for the time; nocht ceissing, as thair custome is, to loif maist thameself. At last, quhen the herald of Ingland had blasonit this Erle David, for ane vailyeant and nobil knicht, ane Inglisman, movit of invy, said, "It is not mervel thocht Scottis be nobill and vailyeant; for thay wer gottin be our nobil eldaris, quhen thair faderis wer banist, and thair realme neir conquest. Than said Erle David, "It is no mervell thoucht Inglisemen be febill and degenerat; for thay wer gottin be cukis and freiris of Ingland, quhen the gret nobillis thairof gat us in Scotland." Sic humaniteis and kindnes continewing betwix Inglis and Scottis, Erle David returnit in Scotland, with mony nobillis of Ingland. And becaus he vincust Lord Wellis apon Sanct Georgis Day, he foundit VII preistis to sing for him, in our Lady Kirk of Dunde, in the honour of Sanct George.[1]

The greatest fight that ever took place on London Bridge was when the Londoners fought and defeated

[1] From the "History and Chronicles of Scotland Written in Latin," By Hector Boece, Canon of Aberdeen; and Translated By John Bellenden, Archdeacon of Moray, and Canon of Ross. The Sixteenth Book, Chapter Ten.

the army of Jack Cade. The rebel leader had captured Southwark, held the south end of the bridge and made his headquarters at the White Hart Inn. The machinery for raising the drawbridge being in the southern gate which was thus held, the Londoners were unable to raise the drawbridge for the defence of the City. Of course they could have destroyed the drawbridge. Why didn't they? Perhaps Cade's men were in possession of the drawbridge as well as the gate. From Southwark Jack Cade made a sudden dash across the Bridge.

> Hath my sword therefore broke through London gates,
> that you should leave me at the White Hart in Southwark.
> KING HENRY VI, Act IV, Sc. 8.

Having held parts of London for two days, the rebel army withdrew in good order to Southwark and prepared for the general assault and capture of the City. The Londoners meantime assembled, arming themselves hastily, and found a leader. The fight on London Bridge deserves an epic. The two forces met in the middle, pressing forward from opposite ends with an urge so impetuous that at times they were deadlocked breast to breast. At times both sides relaxed a little from breathlessness and drew back a space for air. When this movement left their sword arms free the men in the front ranks fought hand to hand and the fighting became furious. The bridge ran with blood that dripped over the edges into the Thames where the breaks in the line

of houses gave it a spillway. As the front of each column crumbled it was replaced from behind. Sometimes the action moved foot by foot towards the North and at times foot by foot towards the South. Piles of bodies marked the places where the fighting had been deadlocked. Night came on and found the heat of battle undiminished, swaying to and fro on the bridge. On the side of the Londoners, leader after leader had gone down, but there was always a leader at their head. On the side of the rebels the losses were no less heavy and the fighting no less determined. Their leaders were experienced and their ranks were disciplined, for it was no mere rabble that followed Jack Cade on that remarkable adventure, but a disciplined army in whose ranks were many men of consequence. All through the hours of the night the fight went on and when the dawn broke, the defenders had forged their way foot by foot towards Southwark. Foot by foot the besiegers were driven back, until losing their last foothold on the bridge, they were thrust backward into Surrey and scattered along its highways. Jack Cade himself was afterwards captured and his head placed on the Gate of London Bridge.

In 1824 the new bridge was begun, 60 yards to the west of the Old Bridge. It was finished in 1831 and in the following year the demolition of the Old Bridge was begun. In the Chapel Crypt of St. Thomas were found the bones of Peter of Colechurch, who, dying before his work was completed, was buried there. His bones, we are told, were

thrown into a barge together with the débris from the Chapel.

Walking on London Bridge one day it occurred to me that nothing could better illustrate the continuity that has impressed itself upon my mind than London Bridge. It seemed to span the centuries, one end hidden in primeval mists, the other shorelocked on the World's Metropolis. Below the arches a tide was running as it ran when they built a Temple to the God of Waters at the top of Ludgate Hill. Above the arches another stream was flowing as it has flowed without ceasing since the ancient Britons flung their first rude wooden bridge across that tide. I was standing on the very spot where the much heralded traveller from New Zealand, amid a vast solitude, claims the right to take his stand on a broken arch of London Bridge to sketch the ruins of Saint Paul's; and as I turned and looked upon that mighty Dome that watches over London where it hives below, the great bell tolled and it boomed above the City like the challenge of a sentinel, informing the attentive stars how London stands. I heard the loud vibrations die away to little whisperings like responses in the air—tiny elfin tongues that told the listening Thames some secret for the sea. That was a good many years ago, but only yesterday I passed that way again and found that there was no change at all except within myself.

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Events continue to focus attention sharply on London. For reasons that are written large in today's

JOHN NORDEN'S VIEW OF LONDON BRIDGE FROM EAST TO WEST. THIS ILLUSTRATION SHOWING OLD LONDON BRIDGE IS REDUCED FROM A LARGE PHOTO-ENGRAVING PUBLISHED IN 1919, BY THE LONDON TOPOGRAPHICAL SOCIETY AND MADE BY EMERY WALKER FROM AN IMPRESSION ENGRAVED IN THE YEAR 1597

chronicles from the Baltic to the Yellow Sea, it is the centre of an interest more concentrated than ever before. From St. George's Channel you may travel west and westward still till you come again to London Dock and amid confusion growing ever more confused, you will see at every step what is left of civilization looking with mixed anxiety and hope towards that ancient policeman on the Thames, for a question that lingers at the heart of civilization today is "How does London stand?" I can only say that during a month of days and nights last summer I walked its streets, mingled with its crowds and talked to many people. I was looking for some change in London but there was none that I could name; its human tide that ebbs and flows was still the same; its pageantry like another phenomenon of Nature still flamed with scarlet and gold. Up along the Thames the nightingale was singing as sweetly and as bravely as before. I knew that there were hidden wounds unhealed. I knew how close and constant was the companionship of pain in that great City and how very near its heart, but I did not hear a single murmur of complaint and I did not see a single sign of bitterness or hate.

I have said that London is a silent City, but there are different kinds of silence. There is the piercing silence of the midnight stars, there is the savage silence of the desert, the brooding silence of the ocean in its calm, and the mouldering silence of the churchyard; but the silence of London is the measured silence of a beating heart, a beating heart.

I have taken it upon myself to speak of ancient London and I think it was very bold of me for I am aware that few are equal to the task and none is altogether worthy. I am happy if I have been able to strike a few feeble murmurs from that harp of many strings, and the note on which I want to end is the one on which I began—the changeless humanity of London, the retrospective calm that sits in judgment on its ceaseless onward surge. It is like a canvas by some old master of the Giant school, reflecting in its matchless mood the colours of old sunsets and remembered dawns, the lights and shadows of its matchless story. If I were of English descent as many of you are and as I am not, I could not recall its name without emotion, but all of us may claim a share in that inheritance—claim kindred there and have our claim allowed. It belongs to the Londoners, but its gates are open wide to all the world, and whoever enters there is free, for you may do anything in London—except break the law. England's Royal City, Stronghold in the Waters of devouring Time!

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